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PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE,

Earl of *Chesterfield*,

TO

HIS SON,

PHILIP STANHOPE, Esq;

Late Envoy Extraordinary at the Court of DRESDEN:

TOGETHER WITH

SEVERAL OTHER PIECES

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

PUBLISHED BY

Mrs. EUGENIA STANHOPE,

FROM THE ORIGINALS NOW IN HER POSSESSION.

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M.DCC.LXXIV.

LORD CHESTERFIELD's LETTERS.

LETTER CCLXI.

Bath, November the 28th, 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

SINCE my laſt to you, I have read Madame Maintenon's letters; I am ſure they are genuine, and they both entertained and informed me. They have brought me acquainted with the character of that able and artful Lady; whom I am convinced that I now know, much better than her *directeur* the *Abbé* de Fenelon (afterwards Archbiſhop of Cambray) did, when he wrote her the 185th letter; and I know him the better too for that letter. The *Abbé*, though brimful of the divine love, had a great mind to be firſt Miniſter, and Cardinal; in order, *no doubt*, to have an opportunity of doing the more good. His being *directeur* at that time to Madame Maintenon, ſeemed to be a good ſtep towards thoſe views. She put herſelf

upon him for a ſaint, and he was weak enough to believe it; he, on the other hand, would have put himſelf upon her for a ſaint too, which, I dare ſay, ſhe did not believe; but both of them knew, that it was neceſſary for them to appear ſaints to Lewis the XIV, who they were very ſure was a bigot. It is to be preſumed, nay, indeed it is plain by that 185th letter, that Madame Maintenon had hinted to her *directeur* ſome ſcruples of conſcience, with relation to her commerce with the King; and which I humbly apprehend to have been only ſome ſcruples of prudence, at once to flatter the bigot character, and increaſe the deſires of the King. The pious *Abbé*, frightened out of his wits, leſt the King ſhould impute to the *directeur* any ſcruples or difficulties which he might meet with on the part of the Lady, writes her the above-mentioned letter; in which he not only bids her, not teaze the King by advice and exhortations, but to have the utmoſt ſubmiſſion to his will; and, that ſhe may not miſtake the nature of that ſubmiſſion, he tells her, it is the ſame that Sarah had for Abraham; to which ſubmiſſion Iſaac perhaps was owing. No bawd could have written a more ſeducing letter to an innocent country girl, than the *directeur* did to his *penitente*; who, I dare ſay, had no occaſion for his good advice. Thoſe who would juſtify the good *directeur*, alias the pimp, in this affair, muſt not attempt to do it, by ſaying, that the King and Madame Maintenon were at that time privately married; that the *directeur* knew it; and that this was the meaning of his *enigme*. That

is absolutely impossible; for that private marriage must have removed all scruples between the parties; nay, could not have been contracted upon any other principle, since it was kept private, and consequently prevented no public scandal. It is therefore extremely evident, that Madame Maintenon could not be married to the King, at the time when she scrupled granting, and when the *directeur* advised her to grant, those favours which Sarah with so much submission granted to Abraham: and what the *directeur* is pleased to call *le mystere de Dieu*, was most evidently a state of concubinage. The letters are very well worth your reading; they throw light upon many things of those times.

I have just received a letter from Sir William Stanhope, from Lyons; in which he tells me that he saw you at Paris, that he thinks you a little grown, but that you do not make the most of it, for that you stoop still; *d'ailleurs* his letter was a panegyric of you.

The young Comte de Schullemburg, the Chambellan whom you knew at Hanover, is come over with the King, *et fait aussi vos éloges*.

Though, as I told you in my last, I have done buying pictures, by way of *virtù*, yet there are some portraits of remarkable people that would tempt me. For instance, if you could by chance pick up at Paris, at a reasonable price, and undoubted originals (whether heads, half lengths, or whole lengths, no matter) of Cardinals Richelieu, Mazarin, and Retz; Monsieur de Turenne, le grand Prince de Condé; Mesdames de Montespan, de Fontanges, de

 Mombason,

Mombason, de Sevigné, de Maintenon, de Chevreuse, de Longueville, d'Olonne, &c. I should be tempted to purchase them. I am sensible that they can only be met with, by great accident, at family sales and auctions, so I only mention the affair to you eventually.

I do not understand, or else I do not remember, what affair you mean in your last letter; which you think will come to nothing, and for which, you say, I had once a mind that you should take the road again. Explain it to me.

I shall go to town in four or five days, and carry back with me a little more hearing than I brought: but yet, not half enough for common use. One wants ready pocket money much oftener than one wants great sums; and, to use a very odd expression, I want to hear at sight. I love every-day senses, every-day wit and entertainment; a man who is only good on holydays, is good for very little.

Adieu.

LETTER CCLXII.

London, New-Year's-Day, 1753.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IT is now above a fortnight since I have received a letter from you. I hope, however, that you are well, but engrossed by the business of Lord Albemarle's *bureau* in the mornings, and by business of a gen-

a genteeler nature in the evenings; for I willingly give up my own satisfaction to your improvement, either in business or manners.

Here have been lately imported from Paris two gentlemen, who, I find, were much acquainted with you there; Comte Sinzendorf, and Monsieur Clairaut, the Academician. The former is a very pretty man, well-bred, and with a great deal of useful knowledge; for those two things are very consistent. I examined him about you, thinking him a competent judge. He told me, *que vous parliez l'Allemand comme un Allemand; que vous sçaviez le droit public de l'Empire parfaitement bien; que vous aviez le goût sûr, et des connoissances fort étendues.* I told him, that I knew all this very well; but that I wanted to know whether you had *l'air, les manieres, les attentions, enfin le brillant d'un honnête homme:* his answer was, *Mais oui en vérité, c'est fort bien.* This, you see, is but cold, in comparison of what I do wish, and of what you ought to wish. Your friend Clairaut interposed, and said, *Mais je vous assure qu'il est fort poli*; to which I answered, *Je le crois bien, vis a-vis des Lapons vos amis; je vous recuse pour Juge, jusqu'à ce que vous aiez été délaponné, au moins dix ans, parmi les honnêtes gens.* These testimonies in your favour are such as perhaps you are satisfied with, and think sufficient: but I am not: they are only the cold depositions of disinterested and unconcerned witnesses, upon a strict examination. When, upon a trial, a man calls witnesses to his character, and those witnesses only say, that they never heard,

nor do not know any ill of him; it intimates at beſt a neutral and inſignificant, though innocent character. Now I want, and you ought to endeavour, that *les agrémens, les graces, les attentions, &c.* should be a diſtinguiſhing part of your character, and ſpecified of you by people unaſked. I wiſh to hear people ſay of you, *ah qu'il eſt aimable! Quelles manieres, quelles graces, quel art de plaire!* Nature, thank God, has given you all the powers neceſſary; and if ſhe has not yet, I hope in God ſhe will give you the will of exerting them.

I have lately read, with great pleaſure, Voltaire's two little Hiſtories of *les Croiſades*, and *l'Eſprit humain*; which I recommend to your peruſal, if you have not already read them. They are bound up with a moſt poor performance, called *Micromégas*, which is ſaid to be Voltaire's too; but I cannot believe it, it is ſo very unworthy of him: it conſiſts only of thoughts ſtolen from Swift, but miſerably mangled and disfigured. But his Hiſtory of the Croiſades ſhows, in a very ſhort and ſtrong light, the moſt immoral and wicked ſcheme, that was ever contrived by knaves, and executed by madmen and fools, againſt humanity. There is a ſtrange, but never-failing relation, between honeſt madmen and ſkilful knaves; and wherever one meets with collected numbers of the former, one may be very ſure that they are ſecretly directed by the latter. The Popes, who have generally been both the ableſt and the greateſt knaves in Europe, wanted all the power and money of the Eaſt: for they had all that was

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in Europe already. The times and the minds favoured their deſign, for they were dark and uninformed; and Peter the Hermit, at once a knave and a madman, was a fine papal tool for ſo wild and wicked an undertaking. I wiſh we had good hiſtories of every part of Europe, and indeed of the world, written upon the plan of Voltaire's *de l'Eſprit humain*; for, I own, I am provoked at the contempt which moſt hiſtorians ſhow for humanity in general; one would think by them, that the whole human ſpecies conſiſted but of about a hundred and fifty people, called and dignified (commonly very undeſervedly too) by the titles of Emperors, Kings, Popes, Generals, and Miniſters.

I have never ſeen in any of the news-papers, any mention of the affairs of the Cevennes, or Grenoble, which you gave me an account of ſome time ago; and the Duke de Mirepoix pretends, at leaſt, to know nothing of either. Were they falſe reports; or does the French Court chuſe to ſtifle them? I hope that they are both true, becauſe I am very willing, that the cares of the French government ſhould be employed and confined to themſelves.

Your friend, the Electreſs Palatine, has ſent me ſix wild boars heads, and other *pièces de ſa chaſſe*, in return for the fans, which ſhe approved of extremely. This preſent was ſignified to me by one Mr. Harold, who wrote me a letter in a very indifferent Engliſh; I ſuppoſe he is a Dane, who has been in England.

Mr. Harte came to town yeſterday, and dined with

me to-day. We talked you over; and I can assure you, that though a Parson, and no member *du beau monde*, he thinks all the most shining accomplishments of it full as necessary for you, as I do. His expression was, *that is all that he wants; but if he wants that, considering his situation and destination, he might as well want every thing else.*

This is the day when people reciprocally offer, and receive, the kindest and the warmest wishes, though, in general, without meaning them on one side, or believing them on the other. They are formed by the head, in compliance with custom, though disavowed by the heart, in consequence of nature. His wishes, upon this occasion, are the best, that are the best turned; you do not, I am sure, doubt the truth of mine, and therefore I will express them with a Quaker-like simplicity. May this new year be a very new one indeed to you; may you put off the old, and put on the new man! but I mean the outward, not the inward man. With this alteration, I might justly sum up all my wishes for you in these words,

Dii tibi dent annos, de te nam cætera sumes.

This minute, I receive your letter of the 26th past, which gives me a very disagreeable reason for your late silence. By the symptoms which you mention of your illness, I both hope and believe, that it was wholly owing to your own want of care. You are rather inclined to be fat, you have naturally a good stomach, and you eat at the best tables; which must

of

of courſe make you plethoric: and, upon my word, you will be very ſubject to theſe accidents, if you will not from time to time, when you find yourſelf full, heated, or your head aching, take ſome little eaſy preventive purge, that would not confine you; ſuch as chewing a little rhubarb, when you go to bed at night, or ſome ſenna-tea in the morning. You do very well to live extremely low, for ſome time; and I could wiſh, though I do not expect it, that you would take one gentle vomit: for thoſe giddineſſes, and ſwimmings in the head, always proceed from ſome foulneſs of the ſtomach. However, upon the whole, I am very glad that your old complaint has not mixed itſelf with this: which, I am fully convinced, ariſes ſingly from your own negligence. Adieu.

I am ſorry for Monſieur Kurzé, upon his ſiſter's account.

LETTER CCLXIII.

London, January the 15th, 1753.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I NEVER think my time ſo well employed, as when I think it employed to your advantage. You have long had the greateſt ſhare of it; you now engroſs it. The moment is now deciſive; the piece is going to be exhibited to the public; the mere out-lines, and the general colouring, are not ſuffi-

cient

cient to attract the eyes, and to ſecure applauſe; but the laſt finiſhing, artful, and delicate ſtrokes, are neceſſary. Skilful judges will diſcern, and acknowledge their merit; the ignorant will, without knowing why, feel their power. In that view, I have thrown together, for your uſe, the encloſed Maxims *; or, to ſpeak more properly, obſervations on men and things; for I have no merit as to the invention; I am no ſyſtem-monger; and, inſtead of giving way to my imagination, I have only conſulted my memory; and my concluſions are all drawn from facts, not from fancy. Moſt maxim-mongers have preferred the prettineſs to the juſtneſs of a thought, and the turn to the truth; but I have refuſed myſelf to every thing that my own experience did not juſtify and confirm. I wiſh you would conſider them ſeriouſly, and ſeparately, and recur to them again *pro re natâ* in ſimilar caſes. Young men are as apt to think themſelves wiſe enough, as drunken men are to think themſelves ſober enough. They look upon ſpirit to be a much better thing than experience; which they call coldneſs. They are but half miſtaken; for though ſpirit, without experience, is dangerous, experience, without ſpirit, is languid and defective. Their union, which is very rare, is perfection: you may join them, if you pleaſe; for all my experience is at your ſervice; and I do not deſire one grain of your ſpirit in return. Uſe them both; and let them reciprocally animate and check each

* Turn to the end of the volume.

other.

other. I mean here, by the ſpirit of youth, only the vivacity and preſumption of youth; which hinder them from ſeeing the difficulties, or dangers of an undertaking; but I do not mean, what the ſilly vulgar calls ſpirit, by which they are captious, jealous of their rank, ſuſpicious of being undervalued, and tart (as they call it) in their repartees, upon the ſlighteſt occaſions. This is an evil, and a very ſilly ſpirit, which ſhould be driven out, and transferred to an herd of ſwine. This is not the ſpirit of a man of faſhion, who has kept good company. People of an ordinary, low education, when they happen to fall into good-company, imagine themſelves the only object of its attention; if the company whiſpers, it is, to be ſure, concerning them; if they laugh, it is at them, and if any thing ambiguous, that by the moſt forced interpretation can be applied to them, happens to be ſaid, they are convinced that it was meant at them; upon which they grow out of countenance firſt, and then angry. This miſtake is very well ridiculed in the Stratagem, where Scrub ſays, *I am ſure they talked of me, for they laughed conſumedly.* A well-bred man ſeldom thinks, but never ſeems to think, himſelf ſlighted, undervalued, or laughed at in company, unleſs where it is ſo plainly marked out, that his honour obliges him to reſent it in a proper manner; *mais les honnêtes gens ne ſe boudent jamais.* I will admit, that it is very difficult to command one's-ſelf enough, to behave with eaſe, frankneſs, and good-breeding towards thoſe, who one knows diſlike, ſlight, and injure one as far as they can

without

without perſonal conſequences; but I aſſert, that it is abſolutely neceſſary to do it: you muſt embrace the man you hate, if you cannot be juſtified in knocking him down; for otherwiſe you avow the injury, which you cannot revenge. A prudent Cuckold (and there are many ſuch at Paris) pockets his horns, when he cannot gore with them; and will not add to the triumph of his maker, by only butting with them ineffectually. A ſeeming ignorance is very often a moſt neceſſary part of worldly knowledge. It is, for inſtance, commonly adviſeable to ſeem ignorant of what people offer to tell you; and, when they ſay, Have not you heard of ſuch a thing? to anſwer, No, and to let them go on, though you know it already. Some have a pleaſure in telling it, becauſe they think that they tell it well; others have a pride in it, as being the ſagacious diſcoverers; and many have a vanity in ſhowing that they have been, though very undeſervedly, truſted: all theſe would be diſappointed, and conſequently diſpleaſed, if you ſaid, Yes. Seem always ignorant (unleſs to one moſt intimate friend) of all matters of private ſcandal and defamation, though you ſhould hear them a thouſand times; for the parties affected always look upon the receiver to be almoſt as bad as the thief: and, whenever they become the topic of converſation, ſeem to be a ſceptic, though you are really a ſerious believer; and always take the extenuating part. But all this ſeeming ignorance ſhould be joined to thorough and extenſive private informations: and, indeed, it is the beſt

method

method of procuring them; for most people have such a vanity, in shewing a superiority over others, though but for a moment, and in the merest trifles, that they will tell you what they should not, rather than not show that they can tell what you did not know: besides that, such seeming ignorance will make you pass for incurious, and consequently undesigning. However, fish for facts, and take pains to be well informed of every thing that passes; but fish judiciously, and not always, nor indeed often, in the shape of direct questions; which always put people upon their guard, and, often repeated, grow tiresome. But sometimes take the things that you would know, for granted; upon which somebody will, kindly and officiously, set you right: sometimes say, that you have heard so and so; and at other times seem to know more than you do, in order to know all that you want: but avoid direct questioning, as much as you can. All these necessary arts of the world require constant attention, presence of mind, and coolness. Achilles, though invulnerable, never went to battle, but completely armed. Courts are to be the theatres of your wars, where you should be always as completely armed, and even with the addition of a heel-piece. The least inattention, the least *distraction*, may prove fatal. I would fain see you what pedants call *omnis homo*, and what Pope much better calls *all-accomplished*: you have the means in your power, add the will, and you may bring it about. The vulgar have a coarse saying, of *spoiling a hog for a halfpenny-worth*

of tar: prevent the application, by providing the tar; it is very eaſily to be had, in compariſon with what you have already got.

The fine Mrs. Pitt, who, it ſeems, ſaw you often at Paris, ſpeaking of you the other day, ſaid, in French, for ſhe ſpeaks little Engliſh — —
— — — — — — —
— — — — — — —
whether it is that you did not pay the homage due to her beauty, or that it did not ſtrike you as it does others, I cannot determine; but I hope ſhe had ſome other reaſon than truth, for ſaying it. I will ſuppoſe that you did not care a pin for her; but, however, ſhe ſurely deſerved a degree of propitiatory adoration from you, which I am afraid you neglected. Had I been in your caſe, I ſhould have endeavoured, at leaſt, to have ſupplanted Mr. Mackay in his office of nocturnal reader to her. I played at cards, two days ago, with your friend Mrs. Fitzgerald, and her moſt ſublime mother, Mrs. Seagrave; they both inquired after you: and Mrs. Fitzgerald ſaid, ſhe hoped you went on with your dancing; I ſaid Yes, and that you aſſured me, you had made ſuch conſiderable improvements in it, that you had now learned to ſtand ſtill, and even upright. Your *virtuoſa*, la Signora Veſtri, ſung here the other day, with great applauſe: I preſume you are *intimately* acquainted with her merit. Good night to you, whoever you paſs it with.

I have this moment received a packet, ſealed

with

with your ſeal, though not directed by your hand, for Lady Hervey. No letter from you! Are you not well?

LETTER CCLXIV.

London, May the 27th, O. S. 1753.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Have this day been tired, jaded, nay tormented, by the company of a moſt worthy, ſenſible, and learned man, a near relation of mine, who dined and paſſed the evening with me. This ſeems a paradox, but is a plain truth; he has no knowledge of the world, no manners, no addreſs; far from talking without book, as is commonly ſaid of people who talk ſillily, he only talks by book; which, in general converſation, is ten times worſe. He has formed in his own cloſet, from books, certain ſyſtems of every thing, argues tenaciouſly upon thoſe principles, and is both ſurpriſed and angry at whatever deviates from them. His theories are good, but, unfortunately, are all impracticable. Why? Becauſe he has only read, and not converſed. He is acquainted with books and an abſolute ſtranger to men. Labouring with his matter, he is delivered of it with pangs; he heſitates, ſtops in his utterance, and always expreſſes himſelf inelegantly. His actions are all ungraceful; ſo that, with all his merit and knowledge,

ledge, I would rather converſe ſix hours with the moſt frivolous tittle-tattle woman, who knew ſomething of the world, than with him. The prepoſterous notions of a ſyſtematical man, who does not know the world, tire the patience of a man who does. It would be endleſs to correct his miſtakes, nor would he take it kindly; for he has conſidered every thing deliberately, and is very ſure that he is in the right. Impropriety is a characteriſtic, and a never-failing one, of theſe people. Regardleſs, becauſe ignorant, of cuſtom and manners, they violate them every moment. They often ſhock, though they never mean to offend; never attending either to the general character, or the particular diſtinguiſhing circumſtances of the people to whom, or before whom they talk: whereas the knowledge of the world teaches one, that the very ſame things which are exceedingly right and proper in one company, time, and place, are exceedingly abſurd in others. In ſhort, a man who has great knowledge, from experience and obſervation, of the characters, cuſtoms, and manners of mankind, is a being as different from, and as ſuperior to a man of mere book and ſyſtematical knowledge, as a well-managed horſe is to an aſs. Study therefore, cultivate, and frequent men and women; not only in their outward, and conſequently guarded, but in their interior, domeſtic, and conſequently leſs diſguiſed, characters and manners. Take your notions of things, as by obſervation and experience you find they really are, and not as you read that they are or ſhould be; for they

never

never are quite what they ſhould be. For this purpoſe, do not content yourſelf with general and common acquaintance; but wherever you can, eſtabliſh yourſelf, with a kind of domeſtic familiarity, in good houſes. For inſtance, go again to Orli, for two or three days, and ſo at two or three *repriſes*. Go and ſtay two or three days at a time at Verſailles, and improve and extend the acquaintance you have there. Be at home at St. Cloud; and, whenever any private perſon of faſhion invites you to paſs a few days at his country houſe, accept of the invitation. This will neceſſarily give you a verſatility of mind, and a facility to adopt various manners and cuſtoms; for every body deſires to pleaſe thoſe in whoſe houſe they are; and people are only to be pleaſed in their own way. Nothing is more engaging than a chearful and eaſy conformity to people's particular manners, habits, and even weakneſſes; nothing (to uſe a vulgar expreſſion) ſhould come amiſs to a young fellow. He ſhould be, for good purpoſes, what Alcibiades was commonly for bad ones, a Proteus, aſſuming with eaſe, and wearing with chearfulneſs, any ſhape. Heat, cold, luxury, abſtinence, gravity, gaiety, ceremony, eaſineſs, learning, trifling, buſineſs, and pleaſure, are modes which he ſhould be able to take, lay aſide, or change occaſionally, with as much eaſe as he would take or lay aſide his hat. All this is only to be acquired by uſe and knowledge of the world, by keeping a great deal of company, analyſing every character, and inſinuating yourſelf into the familiarity of various acquaintance. A right, a generous am-

bition to make a figure in the world, neceſſarily gives the deſire of pleaſing; the deſire of pleaſing points out, to a great degree, the means of doing it; and the art of pleaſing is, in truth, the art of riſing, of diſtinguiſhing one's-ſelf, of making a figure and a fortune in the world. But without pleaſing, without the Graces, as I have told you a thouſand times, *ogni fatica è vana.* You are now but nineteen, an age at which moſt of your countrymen are illiberally getting drunk in Port, at the Univerſity. You have greatly got the ſtart of them in learning; and, if you can equally get the ſtart of them in the knowledge and manners of the world, you may be very ſure of outrunning them in Court and Parliament, as you ſet out ſo much earlier than they. They generally begin but to ſee the world at one-and-twenty; you will by that age have ſeen all Europe. They ſet out upon their travels unlicked cubs; and in their travels they only lick one another, for they ſeldom go into any other company. They know nothing but the Engliſh world, and the worſt part of that too, and generally very little of any but the Engliſh language; and they come home, at three or four-and-twenty, refined and poliſhed (as is ſaid in one of Congreve's plays) like Dutch ſkippers from a whale-fiſhing. The care which has been taken of you, and (to do you juſtice) the care you have taken of yourſelf, has left you, at the age of nineteen only, nothing to acquire but the knowledge of the world, manners, addreſs, and thoſe exterior accompliſhments. But they are great and neceſſary acquiſi-

tions,

tions; to those who have sense enough to know their true value; and your getting them before you are one-and-twenty, and before you enter upon the active and shining scene of life, will give you such an advantage over all your cotemporaries, that they cannot overtake you; they must be distanced. You may probably be placed about a young Prince, who will probably be a young King. There all the various arts of pleasing, the engaging address, the versatility of manners, the *brillant*, the Graces, will outweigh and yet outrun all solid knowledge and unpolished merit. Oil yourself therefore, and be both supple and shining, for that race, if you would be first, or early, at the goal. Ladies will most probably too, have something to say there; and those who are best with them, will probably be best *somewhere else*. Labour this great point, my dear child, indefatigably; attend to the very smallest parts, the minutest graces, the most trifling circumstances, that can possibly concur in forming the shining character of a complete Gentleman, *un galant homme, un homme de Cour*, a man of business and pleasure; *estimé des hommes, recherché des femmes, aimé de tout le monde.* In this view, observe the shining part of every man of fashion, who is liked and esteemed; attend to, and imitate that particular accomplishment for which you hear him chiefly celebrated and distinguished: then collect those various parts, and make yourself a Mosaic of the whole. No one body possesses every thing, and almost every body possesses some one thing worthy of imitation: only chuse your mo-

dels well; and, in order to do so, chuse by your ear more than by your eye. The best model is always that which is most universally allowed to be the best, though in strictness it may possibly not be so. We must take most things as they are, we cannot make them what we would, nor often what they should be; and, where moral duties are not concerned, it is more prudent to follow, than to attempt to lead. Adieu.

LETTER CCLXV.

Bath, October the 3d, 1753.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU have set out well at the Hague; you are in love with Madame Munter, which I am very glad of: you are in the fine company there, and I hope one of it; for it is not enough, at your age, to be merely in good company; but you should by your address and attentions, make that good company think you one of them. There is a tribute due to beauty, even independently of farther views; which tribute, I hope, you paid with alacrity to Madame Munter and Madame Degenfeldt: depend upon it they expected it, and were offended in proportion as that tribute seemed either unwillingly or scantily paid. I believe my friend Kreuningen admits nobody now to his table, for fear of their communicating the plague to him, or at least the bite of a mad

mad dog. Pray profit of the *entrées libres*, that the French Embaſſador has given you; frequent him, and *ſpeak* to him. I think you will not do amiſs to call upon Mr. Burriſh, at Aix la Chapelle, ſince it is ſo little out of your way; and you will do ſtill better, if you would, which I know you will not, drink thoſe waters, for five or ſix days only, to ſcour your ſtomach and bowels a little: I am ſure it would do you a great deal of good. Mr. Burriſh can, doubtleſs, give you the beſt letters to Munich; and he will naturally give you ſome to Comte Preyſing, or Comte Sinſheim, and ſuch ſort of grave people; but I could wiſh that you would aſk him for ſome to young fellows of pleaſure, or faſhionable coquettes, that you may be *dans l'honnête débauche de Munich*. *A propos* of your future motions; I leave you in a great meaſure the maſter of them, ſo ſhall only ſuggeſt my thoughts to you upon that ſubject.

You have three Electoral Courts in view, Bonn, Munich, and Manheim. I would adviſe you to ſee two of them rather curſorily, and fix your tabernacle at the third, whichever that may be, for a conſiderable time. For inſtance, ſhould you chuſe (as I fancy you will) to make Manheim the place of your reſidence, ſtay only ten or twelve days at Bonn, and as long at Munich, and then go and fix at Manheim; and ſo, *vice verſâ*, if you ſhould like Bonn or Munich better than you think you would Manheim; make that the place of your reſidence, and only viſit the other two. It is certain that no man can be much pleaſed himſelf, or pleaſe others much,

in any place where he is only a bird of passage for eight or ten days; neither party thinking it worth while to make an acquaintance, still less to form any connection, for so short a time: but when months are the case, a man may domesticate himself pretty well; and very soon not be looked upon as a stranger. This is the real utility of travelling, when, by contracting a familiarity at any place, you get into the inside of it, and see it in its undress. That is the only way of knowing the customs, the manners, and all the little characteristical peculiarities, that distinguish one place from another; but then this familiarity is not to be brought about by cold, formal visits of half an hour: no; you must show a willingness, a desire, an impatience, of forming connections, *il faut s'y prêter, et y mettre du liant, du désir de plaire.* Whatever you do approve, you must be lavish in your praises of; and you must learn to commend what you do not approve of, if it is approved of there. You are not much given to praise, I know; but it is because you do not yet know, how extremely people are engaged by a seeming sanction to their own opinions, prejudices, and weaknesses, even in the merest trifles. Our self-love is mortified, when we think our opinions, and even our tastes, customs, and dresses, either arraigned or condemned; as, on the contrary, it is tickled and flattered by approbation. I will give you a remarkable instance of this kind. The famous Earl of Shaftesbury, in the flagitious reign of Charles the Second, while he was Chancellor, had a mind to be a Favourite as well as

a Mi-

a Minister of the King: in order therefore to please His Majesty, whose prevailing passion was women, my Lord kept a w——e, whom he had no occasion for, and made no manner of use of. The King soon heard of it, and asked him if it was true; he owned it was; but that, though he kept that one woman, he had several others besides, for he loved variety. A few days afterwards, the King, at his public levée, saw Lord Shaftesbury at some distance, and said in the circle, "One would not think that that little, "weak man is the greatest whore-master in England; "but I can assure you that he is." Upon Lord Shaftesbury's coming into the circle, there was a general smile; the King said, "This is concerning you, my "Lord." "Me, Sir!" answered the Chancellor, with some surprise. "Yes, you," answered the King, "for I had just said, that you were the "greatest whore-master in England: Is it not "true?" "Of a *subject*, Sir," replied Lord Shaftesbury, "perhaps I am." It is the same in every thing; we think a difference of opinion, of conduct, of manners, a tacit reproach, at least, upon our own; we must therefore use ourselves to a ready conformity to whatever is neither criminal nor dishonourable. Whoever differs from any general custom, is supposed both to think, and proclaim himself wiser than the rest of the world; which the rest of the world cannot bear, especially in a young man. A young fellow is always forgiven, and often applauded, when he carries a fashion to an excess; but never if he stops short of it. The first is ascribed

to youth and fire; but the latter is imputed to an affectation of singularity, or superiority. At your age, one is allowed to *outrer* fashion, dress, vivacity, gallantry, *&c.* but by no means to be behind hand in any one of them. And one may apply to youth in this case, *Si non errasset, fecerat ille minus.* Adieu.

LETTER CCLXVI.

Bath, October the 19th, 1753.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

OF all the various ingredients that compose the useful and necessary art of pleasing, no one is so effectual and engaging, as that gentleness, that *douceur* of countenance and manners, to which you are no stranger, though (God knows why) a sworn enemy. Other people take great pains to conceal, or disguise, their natural imperfections; some, by the make of their clothes, and other arts, endeavour to conceal the defects of their shape; women, who unfortunately have natural bad complexions, lay on good ones; and both men and women, upon whom unkind nature has inflicted a surliness and ferocity of countenance, do at least all they can, though often without success, to soften and mitigate it; they affect *douceur*, and aim at smiles, though often in the attempt, like the Devil in *Milton*, they *grin horribly, a ghastly smile.* But you are the only person I ever knew, in the whole course of my life, who not only disdain,

disdain, but absolutely reject and disguise a great advantage, that nature has kindly granted. You easily guess I mean *countenance*; for she has given you a very pleasing one; but you beg to be excused, you will not accept it; on the contrary, take singular pains to put on the most *funeste*, forbidding, and unpleasing one, that can possibly be imagined. This one would think impossible; but you know it to be true. If you imagine that it gives you a manly, thoughtful, and decisive air, as some, though very few of your countrymen do, you are most exceedingly mistaken; for it is at best the air of a German corporal, part of whose exercise is to look fierce, and to *blasemeer-op*. You will say, perhaps, What, am I always to be studying my countenance, in order to wear this *douceur*? I answer, No, do it but for a fortnight, and you never will have occasion to think of it more. Take but half the pains to recover the countenance that nature gave you, that you must have taken to disguise and deform it as you have, and the business will be done. Accustom your eyes to a certain softness, of which they are very capable, and your face to smiles, which become it more than most faces I know. Give all your motions too, an air of *douceur*, which is directly the reverse of their present celerity and rapidity. I wish you would adopt a little of *l'air du Couvent* (you very well know what I mean) to a certain degree; it has something extremely engaging; there is a mixture of benevolence, affection, and unction, in it: it is frequently really sincere, but is almost always thought so, and consequently

quently pleaſing. Will you call this trouble? It will not be half an hour's trouble to you in a week's time. But ſuppoſe it be, pray tell me, why did you give yourſelf the trouble of learning to dance ſo well as you do? It is neither a religious, moral, or civil duty. You muſt own, that you did it then ſingly to pleaſe, and you were in the right on't. Why do you wear fine clothes, and curl your hair? Both are troubleſome; lank locks, and plain flimſy rags, are much eaſier. This then you alſo do in order to pleaſe, and you do very right. But then, for God's ſake, reaſon and act conſequentially; and endeavour to pleaſe in other things too, ſtill more eſſential; and without which the trouble you have taken in thoſe is wholly thrown away. You ſhow your dancing, perhaps, ſix times a year, at moſt; but you ſhow your countenance, and your common motions, every day, and all day. Which then, I appeal to yourſelf, ought you to think of the moſt, and care to render eaſy, graceful, and engaging? *Douceur* of countenance and geſture, can alone make them ſo? You are by no means ill-natured; and would you then moſt unjuſtly be reckoned ſo? Yet your common countenance intimates, and would make any body, who did not know you, believe it. *A propos* of this; I muſt tell you what was ſaid the other day to a fine lady whom you know, who is very good-natured in truth, but whoſe common countenance implies ill-nature, even to brutality. It was Miſs H——n, Lady M—y's niece, whom you have ſeen, both at Blackheath and at Lady Hervey's. Lady M—y was ſaying to me,

that

that you had a very engaging countenance, when you had a mind to it, but that you had not always that mind; upon which Miss H——n said, that she liked your countenance best, when it was as glum as her own. Why then, replied Lady M—y, you two should marry; for, while you both wear your worst countenances, nobody else will venture upon either of you; and they call her now Mrs. Stanhope. To complete this *douceur* of countenance and motions, which I so earnestly recommend to you, you should carry it also to your expressions, and manner of thinking, *mettez y toujours de l'affectueux de l'onction*; take the gentle, the favourable, the indulgent side of most questions. I own, that the manly and sublime John Trott, your countryman, seldom does; but, to show his spirit and decision, takes the rough and harsh side, which he generally adorns with an oath, to seem more formidable. This he only thinks fine; for, to do John justice, he is commonly as good-natured as any body. These are among the many little things which you have not, and I have lived long enough in the world to know of what infinite consequence they are, in the course of life. Reason then, I repeat it again, within yourself *consequentially*; and let not the pains you have taken, and still take, to please in some things, be *a pure perte*, by your negligence of, and inattention to others, of much less trouble, and much more consequence.

I have been of late much engaged, or rather bewildered, in Oriental history, particularly that of the Jews, since the destruction of their temple, and their

their dispersion by Titus; but the confusion and uncertainty of the whole, and the monstrous extravagancies and falsehoods of the greatest part of it, disgusted me extremely. Their Thalmud, their Mischna, their Targums, and other traditions and writings of their Rabbins and Doctors, who were most of them Cabalists, are really more extravagant and absurd, if possible, than all that you have read in Comte de Gabalis; and indeed, most of his stuff is taken from them. Take this sample of their nonsense, which is transmitted in the writings of one of their most considerable Rabbins. "One Abas Saul, a man of ten feet high, was digging a grave, and happened to find the eye of Goliah, in which he thought proper to bury himself, and so he did, all but his head, which the Giant's eye was unfortunately not quite deep enough to receive." This, I assure you, is the most modest lye of ten thousand. I have also read the Turkish History, which, excepting the religious part, is not fabulous, though very possibly not true. For the Turks, having no notion of letters, and being, even by their religion, forbid the use of them, except for reading and transcribing the Koran; they have no historians of their own, nor any authentic records or memorials for other historians to work upon: so that what histories we have of that country, are written by foreigners; as Platina, Sir Paul Rycaut, Prince Cantemir, *&c.* or else snatches only of particular and short periods, by some who happened to reside there at those times: such as Busbequius, whom I have just finished. I like him,

as far as he goes, much the beſt of any of them: but then his account is, properly, only an account of his own embaſſy, from the Emperor Charles the Vth to Solyman the Magnificent. However, there he gives, epiſodically, the beſt account I know, of the cuſtoms and manners of the Turks, and of the nature of that government, which is a moſt extraordinary one. For, deſpotic as it always ſeems, and ſometimes is, it is in truth a military republic; and the real power reſides in the Janiſſaries; who ſometimes order their Sultan to ſtrangle his Vizir, and ſometimes the Vizir to depoſe or ſtrangle his Sultan, according as they happen to be angry at the one or the other. I own, I am glad that the capital ſtrangler ſhould, in his turn, be *ſtrangle-able*, and now and then ſtrangled: for I know of no brute ſo fierce, nor criminal ſo guilty, as the creature called a Sovereign, whether King, Sultan, or Sophy, who thinks himſelf, either by divine or human right, veſted with an abſolute power of deſtroying his fellow-creatures; or who, without enquiring into his right, lawleſsly exerts that power. The moſt excuſable of all thoſe human monſters, are the Turks, whoſe religion teaches them inevitable fataliſm. *A propos* of the Turks; my Loyola, I pretend, is ſuperior to your Sultan. Perhaps you think this impoſſible, and wonder who this Loyola is. Know then, that I have had a Barbet brought me from France, ſo exactly like Sultan, that he has been miſtaken for him ſeveral times; only his ſnout is ſhorter, and his ears

longer than Sultan's. He has alſo the acquired knowledge of Sultan; and I am apt to think that he ſtudied under the ſame maſter at Paris. His habit, and his white band, ſhow him to be an Eccleſiaſtic; and his begging, which he does very earneſtly, proves him to be of a Mendicant order; which, added to his flattery and inſinuation, make him ſuppoſed to be a Jeſuit, and have acquired him the name of Loyola. I muſt not omit too, that, when he breaks wind, he ſmells exactly like Sultan.

I do not yet hear one jot the better for all my bathings and pumpings, though I have been here already full half my time; I conſequently go very little into company, being very little fit for any. I hope you keep company enough for us both; you will get more by that, than I ſhall by all my reading. I read ſingly to amuſe myſelf, and fill up my time, of which I have too much; but you have two much better reaſons for going into company, Pleaſure and Profit. May you find a great deal of both, in a great deal of company! Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER CCLXVII.

London, November the 20th, 1753.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

TWO mails are now due from Holland, ſo that I have no letter from you to acknowledge; but that, you know by long experience, does not hinder my writing to you: I always receive your letters with pleaſure; but I mean, and endeavour, that you ſhould receive mine with ſome profit; preferring always your advantage to my own pleaſure.

If you find yourſelf well ſettled and naturalized at Manheim, ſtay there ſome time, and do not leave a certain for an uncertain good: but if you think you ſhall be as well, or better eſtabliſhed at Munich, go there as ſoon as you pleaſe; and if diſappointed, you can always return to Manheim. I mentioned, in a former letter, your paſſing the Carnival at Berlin, which, I think, may be both uſeful and pleaſing to you; however, do as you will; but let me know what you reſolve. That King and that country have, and will have, ſo great a ſhare in the affairs of Europe, that they are well worth being thoroughly known.

Whether, where you are now, or ever may be hereafter, you ſpeak French, German, or Engliſh moſt, I earneſtly recommend to you a particular attention to the propriety and elegancy of your ſtyle: employ the beſt words you can find in the language, avoid *cacophony*, and make your periods as harmo-

nious as you can. I need not, I am ſure, tell you, what you muſt often have felt, how much the elegancy of diction adorns the beſt thoughts, and palliates the worſt. In the Houſe of Commons, it is almoſt every thing; and indeed, in every aſſembly, whether public or private. Words, which are the dreſs of thoughts, deſerve, ſurely, more care than clothes, which are only the dreſs of the perſon, and which, however, ought to have their ſhare of attention. If you attend to your ſtyle, in any one language, it will give you an habit of attending to it in every other; and if once you ſpeak either French or German very elegantly, you will afterwards ſpeak much the better Engliſh for it. I repeat it to you again, for at leaſt the thouſandth time; exert your whole attention now in acquiring the ornamental parts of character. People know very little of the world, and talk nonſenſe, when they talk of plainneſs and ſolidity unadorned; they will do in nothing: mankind has been long out of a ſtate of nature, and the golden age of native ſimplicity will never return. Whether for the better or the worſe, no matter; but we are refined; and plain manners, plain dreſs, and plain diction, would as little do in life, as acorns, herbage, and the water of the neighbouring ſpring, would do at table. Some people are juſt come, who interrupt me in the middle of my ſermon; ſo good night.

LETTER CCLXVIII.

London, November the 26th, 1753.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

FINE doings at Manheim! If one may give credit to the weekly histories of Monsieur Roderigue, the finest writer among the moderns; not only *des chasses brillantes et nombreuses, des opéras où les acteurs se surpassent, les jours des Saints de L. L. AA. EE. sérénissimes, célébrés en grand gala*; but, to crown the whole, Monsieur Zuchmantel is happily arrived, and Monsieur Wartensleben hourly expected. I hope that you are *pars magna* of all these delights; though, as Noll Bluff says, in the Old Bachelor, *that rascally Gazetteer takes no more notice of you, than if you were not in the land of the living.* I should think, that he might at least have taken notice, that in those rejoicings you appeared with a rejoicing, and not a gloomy countenance; and you distinguished yourself, in that numerous and shining company, by your air, dress, address, and attentions. If this was the case, as I will both hope and suppose that it was, I will, if you require it, have him written to, to do you justice in his next *supplément*. Seriously, I am very glad, that you are whirled in that *tourbillon* of pleasures; they smooth, polish, and rub off rough corners: perhaps too, you have some particular *collision*, which is still more effectual.

Schannat's History of the Palatinate was, I find, written originally in German, in which language, I

 suppose,

ſuppoſe, it is that you have read it; but, as I muſt humbly content myſelf with the French tranſlation, Vaillant has ſent for it for me, from Holland, ſo that I have not yet read it. While you are in the Palatinate, you do very well to read every thing relative to it; you will do ſtill better if you make that reading the foundation of your inquiries into the more minute circumſtances and anecdotes of that country, whenever you are in company with informed and knowing people.

The Miniſters here, intimidated by the abſurd and groundleſs clamours of the mob, have, very weakly in my mind, repealed, this ſeſſion, the bill which they had paſſed in the laſt, for rendering Jews capable of being naturalized, by ſubſequent acts of parliament. The clamourers triumph, and will, doubtleſs, make farther demands; which, if not granted, this piece of complaiſance will ſoon be forgotten. Nothing is truer in politics, than this reflection of the Cardinal de Retz, *Que le peuple craint toujours quand on ne le craint pas*; and, conſequently, they grow unreaſonable and inſolent, when they find that they are feared. Wiſe and honeſt governors will never, if they can help it, give the people juſt cauſe to complain; but then, on the other hand, they will firmly withſtand groundleſs clamour. Beſides that this noiſe againſt the Jew bill proceeds from that narrow mob-ſpirit of *intoleration* in religious, and inhoſpitality in civil matters; both which all wiſe governments ſhould oppoſe.

The confuſion in France increaſes daily, as, no doubt,

doubt, you are informed, where you are. There is an anſwer of the Clergy's to the remonſtrances of the Parliament, lately publiſhed; which was ſent me by the laſt poſt from France, and which I would have ſent you, encloſed in this, were it not too bulky. Very probably you may ſee it at Manheim, from the French Miniſter: it is very well worth your reading, being moſt artfully and plauſibly written, though founded upon falſe principles; the *jus divinum* of the Clergy, and, conſequently, their ſupremacy in all matters of faith and doctrine, are aſſerted; both which I abſolutely deny. Were thoſe two points allowed the Clergy of any country whatſoever, they muſt neceſſarily govern that country abſolutely; every thing being, directly or indirectly, relative to faith or doctrine; and whoever is ſuppoſed to have the power of ſaving and damning ſouls, to all eternity, (which power the Clergy pretend to) will be much more conſidered, and better obeyed, than any civil power, that forms no pretenſions beyond this world. Whereas, in truth, the Clergy in every country are, like all other ſubjects, dependant upon the ſupreme legiſlative power; and are appointed by that power, under whatever reſtrictions and limitations it pleaſes, to keep up decency and decorum in the church, juſt as conſtables are to keep peace in the pariſh. This Fra. Paolo has clearly proved, even upon their own principles of the old and new Teſtament, in his book *de Beneficiis*, which I recommend to you to read with attention; it is ſhort. Adieu!

LETTER CCLXIX.

London, December the 25th, 1753.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YEsterday again I received two letters at once from you, the one of the 7th, the other of the 15th, from Manheim.

You never had in your life so good a reason for not writing, either to me or to any body else, as your sore finger lately furnished you. I believe it was painful, and I am glad it is cured; but a sore finger, however painful, is a much lesser evil than laziness, of either body or mind, and attended by fewer ill consequences.

I am very glad to hear that you were distinguished at the Court of Manheim, from the rest of your countrymen and fellow-travellers: it is a sign that you had better manners and address than they; for take it for granted, the best-bred people will always be the best received, wherever they go. Good manners are the settled medium of social, as *specie* is of commercial life; returns are equally expected for both; and people will no more advance their civility to a Bear, than their money to a Bankrupt. I really both hope, and believe, that the German Courts will do you a great deal of good; their ceremony and restraint being the proper correctives, and antidotes, for your negligence and inattention. I believe they would not greatly relish your weltering in your own laziness, and an easy chair, nor take

take it very kindly, if, when they ſpoke to you, or you to them, you looked another way; as much as to ſay, kiſs my b—h. As they give, ſo they require attention; and, by the way, take this maxim for an undoubted truth, That no young man can poſſibly improve in any company, for which he has not reſpect enough to be under ſome degree of reſtraint.

I dare not truſt to Meyſſonier's report of his Rheniſh, his Burgundy not having anſwered, either his account or my expectations. I doubt, as a wine-merchant, he is the *perfidus caupo*, whatever he may be as a banker. I ſhall therefore venture upon none of his wine; but delay making my proviſion of Old Hock, till I go abroad myſelf next ſpring; as I told you in the utmoſt ſecrecy, in my laſt, that I intend to do; and then, probably, I may taſte ſome that I like, and go upon ſure ground. There is commonly very good, both at Aix-la-Chapelle and Liege; where I formerly got ſome excellent, which I carried with me to Spa, where I drank no other wine.

As my letters to you frequently miſcarry, I will repeat in this, that part of my laſt, which related to your future motions. Whenever you ſhall be tired of Berlin, go to Dreſden; where Sir Charles Williams will be, who will receive you with open arms. He dined with me to-day; and ſets out for Dreſden in about ſix weeks. He ſpoke of you with great kindneſs, and impatience to ſee you again. He will truſt and employ you in buſineſs (and he is now in the whole ſecret of importance) till we fix our place

 to

to meet in; which, probably, will be Spa. Where-ever you are, inform yourself minutely of, and attend particularly to the affairs of France; they grow serious, and, in my opinion, will grow more and more so every day. The King is despised, and I do not wonder at it; but he has brought it about, to be hated at the same time, which seldom happens to the same man. His Ministers are known to be as disunited as incapable: he hesitates between the Church and the Parliaments, like the Ass in the fable, that starved between two hampers of hay; too much in love with his mistress to part with her, and too much afraid for his soul, to enjoy her: jealous of the Parliaments, who would support his authority; and a devoted bigot to the Church, that would destroy it. The people are poor, consequently discontented: those who have religion, are divided in their notions of it; which is saying, that they hate one another. The Clergy never do forgive; much less will they forgive the Parliament: the Parliament never will forgive them. The Army must, without doubt, take, in their own minds at least, different parts in all these disputes, which, upon occasion, would break out. Armies, though always the supporters and tools of absolute power for the time being, are always the destroyers of it too; by frequently changing the hands in which they think proper to lodge it. This was the case of the Prætorian bands, who deposed and murdered the monsters they had raised to oppress mankind. The Janissaries in Turkey, and the regiments of guards in Russia,

do the same now. The French nation reasons freely, which they never did before, upon matters of religion and government, and begin to be *spregiudicati*; the officers do so too; in short, all the symptoms, which I have ever met with in history, previous to great changes and revolutions in Government, now exist, and daily increase in France. I am glad of it; the rest of Europe will be the quieter, and have time to recover. England, I am sure, wants rest; for it wants men and money: the Republic of the United Provinces wants both, still more: the other Powers cannot well dance, when neither France, nor the maritime Powers, can, as they used to do, pay the piper. The first squabble in Europe, that I foresee, will be about the Crown of Poland, should the present King die; and therefore I wish his Majesty a long life, and a merry Christmas. So much for foreign politics: but, *a propos* of them, pray take care, while you are in those parts of Germany, to inform yourself correctly of all the details, discussions, and agreements, which the several wars, confiscations, bans, and treaties, occasioned between the Bavarian and Palatine Electorates; they are interesting and curious.

I shall not, upon the occasion of the approaching new year, repeat to you the wishes which I continue to form for you; you know them all already; and you know that it is absolutely in your own power to satisfy most of them. Among many other wishes, this is my most earnest one, That you would open the new year with a most solemn and devout sacrifice to

the Graces; who never reject those that supplicate them with fervour: without them, let me tell you, that your friend Dame Fortune will stand you in little stead: may they all be your friends!

Adieu.

LETTER CCLXX.

London, January the 15th, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 26th past, from Munich. Since you are got so well out of the distress and dangers of your journey from Manheim, I am glad that you were in them,

Condisce i diletti
Memoria di pene,
Ne sà che sia bene
Chi mal non soffrì.

They were but little samples of the much greater distress and dangers which you must expect to meet with in your great, and, I hope, long journey through life. In some parts of it, flowers are scattered with profusion, the road is smooth, and the prospect pleasant; but in others (and I fear the greater number) the road is rugged, beset with thorns and briars, and cut by torrents. Gather the flowers in your way; but at the same time guard against the briars that

that are either mixed with them, or that most certainly succeed them.

I thank you for your wild boar, who, now he is dead, I assure him *se laissera bien manger malgré qu'il en ait*; though I am not sure that I should have had that personal valour which so successfully distinguished you in single combat with him, which made him bite the dust like Homer's heroes, and, to conclude my period sublimely, put him into that *pickle*, from which I propose eating him. At the same time that I applaud your valour, I must do justice to your modesty; which candidly admits, that you were not overmatched, and that your adversary was of about your own age and size. A *Marcassin*, being under a year old, would have been below your indignation. *Bête de compagnie*, being under two years old, was still, in my opinion, below your glory; but I guess that your enemy was *un Ragot*, that is, from two to three years old; an age and size which, between man and boar, answer pretty well to yours.

If accidents of bad roads or waters do not retain you at Munich, I do not fancy that pleasures will; and I rather believe you will seek for, and find them at the Carnival at Berlin; in which supposition, I eventually direct this letter to your banker there. While you are at Berlin (I earnestly recommend it to you again and again) pray *care* to see, hear, know, and mind, every thing there. *The ablest Prince in Europe*, is surely an object that deserves attention; and the least thing that he does, like the smallest

ſmalleſt ſketches of the greateſt painters, has its value, and a conſiderable one too.

Read with care the *Code Frederick*, and inform yourſelf of the good effects of it, in thoſe parts of his dominions where it has taken place, and where it has baniſhed the former chicanes, quirks, and quibbles of the old law. Do not think any detail too minute, or trifling, for your inquiry and obſervation. I wiſh that you could find one hour's leiſure every day, to read ſome good Italian author, and to converſe in that language with our worthy friend Signor Angelo Cori: it would both refreſh and improve your Italian, which, of the many languages you know, I take to be that in which you are the leaſt perfect; but of which too, you already know enough to make yourſelf maſter of, with very little trouble, whenever you pleaſe.

Live, dwell, and grow, at the ſeveral Courts there; uſe them ſo much to your face, that they may not look upon you as a ſtranger. Obſerve, and take their tone, even to their affectations and follies; for ſuch there are, and perhaps ſhould be, at all Courts. Stay, in all events, at Berlin, till I inform you of Sir Charles Williams's arrival at Dreſden; where, I ſuppoſe, you would not care to be before him, and where you may go as ſoon after him as ever you pleaſe. Your time there will neither be unprofitably nor diſagreeably ſpent; he will introduce you into all the beſt company, though he can introduce you to none, ſo good as his own. He has of late applied himſelf very ſeriouſly to foreign affairs,

especially those of Saxony and Poland; he knows them perfectly well, and will tell you what he knows. He always expresses, and I have good reason to believe very sincerely, great kindness and affection for you.

The works of the late Lord Bolingbroke are just published, and have plunged me into philosophical studies; which hitherto I have not been much used to, or delighted with; convinced of the futility of those researches: but I have read his Philosophical Essay upon the extent of human knowledge, which, by the way, makes two large quarto's and an half. He there shows very clearly, and with most splendid eloquence, what the human mind can, and cannot do; that our understandings are wisely calculated for our place in this planet, and for the link which we form in the universal chain of things; but that they are by no means capable of that degree of knowledge, which our curiosity makes us search after, and which our vanity makes us often believe we arrive at. I shall not recommend to you the reading of that work. But, when you return hither, I shall recommend to your frequent and diligent perusal, all his tracts, that are relative to our history and constitution; upon which he throws lights, and scatters graces, which no other writer has ever done.

Reading, which was always a pleasure to me, in the time even of my greatest dissipation, is now become my only refuge; and, I fear, I indulge it too much, at the expence of my eyes. But what can I

do?

do? I muſt do ſomething; I cannot bear abſolute idleneſs: my ears grow every day more uſeleſs to me, my eyes, conſequently, more neceſſary; I will not hoard them like a miſer, but will rather riſk the loſs, than not enjoy the uſe of them.

Pray let me know all the particulars, not only of your reception at Munich, but alſo at Berlin; at the latter, I believe, it will be a good one; for his Pruſſian Majeſty knows, that I have long been *an admirer and reſpecter of his great and various talents.*

Adieu.

LETTER CCLXXI.

London, February the 1ſt, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received, yeſterday, yours of the 12th from Munich; in conſequence of which, I direct this to you there, though I directed my three laſt to Berlin, where, I ſuppoſe, you will find them at your arrival. Since you are not only domeſticated, but *niché* at Munich, you are much in the right to ſtay there. It is not by ſeeing places, that one knows them, but by familiar and daily converſations with the people of faſhion. I would not care to be in the place of that prodigy of beauty, whom you are to drive *dans la courſe de Traineaux*; and I am apt to think, you are much more likely to break her bones, than ſhe is, though ever ſo cruel, to break your heart. Nay,

I am

I am not ſure but that, according to all the rules of gallantry, you are obliged to overturn her on purpoſe: in the firſt place, for the chance of ſeeing her backſide; in the next, for the ſake of the contrition and concern which it would give you an opportunity of ſhowing; and, laſtly, upon account of all the *gentilleſſes et epigrammes*, which it would naturally ſuggeſt. Voiture has made ſeveral ſtanzas, upon an accident of that kind, which happened to a lady of his acquaintance. There is a great deal of wit in them, rather too much; for, according to the taſte of thoſe times, they are full of what the Italians call *concetti ſpiritoſiſſimi*; the Spaniards, *agudeze*; and we, affectation and quaintneſs. I hope you have endeavoured to ſuit your *Traineau* to the character of the fair one whom it is to contain. If ſhe is of an iraſcible, impetuous diſpoſition (as fine women can ſometimes be) you will, doubtleſs, place her in the body of a lion, a tyger, a dragon, or ſome tremendous beaſt of prey and fury; if ſhe is a ſublime and ſtately beauty, which I think more probable (for unqueſtionably ſhe is *hogh gebohrne)* you will, I ſuppoſe, provide a magnificent ſwan or proud peacock for her reception; but if ſhe is all tenderneſs and ſoftneſs, you have, to be ſure, taken care, amorous doves and wanton ſparrows ſhould ſeem to flutter round her. Proper mottos, I take it for granted, that you have eventually prepared; but if not, you may find a great many ready-made ones, in *Les entretiens d'Ariſte et d'Eugéne, ſur les deviſes*, written by Pere Bouhours, and worth your reading at any

time.

time. I will not ſay to you, upon this occaſion, like the Father in Ovid,

Parce puer ſtimulis et fortius utere loris.

On the contrary, drive on briſkly; it is not the chariot of the ſun that you drive, but you carry the ſun in your chariot; conſequently, the faſter it goes, the leſs it will be likely either to ſcorch or conſume. This is Spaniſh enough, I am ſure.

If this finds you ſtill at Munich, pray make many compliments from me to Mr. Burriſh, to whom I am very much obliged for all his kindneſs to you: it is true, that while I had power, I endeavoured to ſerve him; but it is as true too, that I ſerved many others more, who have neither returned nor remembered thoſe ſervices.

I have been very ill this laſt fortnight, of your old Carniolian complaint, the *arthritis vaga*; luckily, it did not fall upon my breaſt, but ſeized on my right arm; there it fixed its ſeat of empire; but, as in all tyrannical governments, the remoteſt parts felt their ſhare of its ſeverity. Laſt poſt I was not able to hold a pen long enough to write to you, and therefore deſired Mr. Grevenkop to do it for me; but that letter was directed to Berlin. My pain is now much abated, though I have ſtill ſome fine remains of it in my ſhoulder, where, I fear, it will teaze me a great while. I muſt be careful to take Horace's advice, and conſider well, *Quid valeant humeri, quid ferre recuſent.*

Lady

Lady Chesterfield bids me make you her compliments, and assure you, that the music will be much more welcome to her with you, than without you.

In some of my last letters, which were directed to, and will, I suppose, wait for you at Berlin, I complimented you, and with justice, upon your great improvement of late in the epistolary way, both with regard to the style and the turn of your letters; your four or five last to me have been very good ones, and one that you wrote to Mr. Harte, upon the New Year, was so pretty a one, and he was so much and so justly pleased with it, that he sent it me from Windsor, the instant he had read it. This talent (and a most necessary one it is in the course of life) is to be acquired by resolving, and taking pains to acquire it; and, indeed, so is every talent except poetry, which is, undoubtedly, a gift. Think therefore, night and day, of the turn, the purity, the correctness, the perspicuity, and the elegancy of whatever you speak or write: take my word for it your labour will not be in vain, but greatly rewarded by the harvest of praise and success which it will bring you. Delicacy of turn, and elegancy of style, are ornaments as necessary to common sense, as attentions, address, and fashionable manners, are to common civility; both may subsist without them, but then, without being of the least use to the owner. The figure of a man is exactly the same, in dirty rags, or in the finest and best-chosen clothes; but in which of the two he is the most likely to please,

and to be received in good company, I leave to you to determine.

Both my arm and my paper hint to me, to bid you good night.

LETTER CCLXXII.

London, February the 12th, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Take my aim, and let off this letter at you, at Berlin; I ſhould be ſorry it miſſed you, becauſe I believe you will read it with as much pleaſure as I write it. It is to inform you, that, after ſome difficulties and dangers, your ſeat in the new Parliament is at laſt abſolutely ſecured, and that without oppoſition, or the leaſt neceſſity of your perſonal trouble or appearance. This ſucceſs, I muſt farther inform you, is, in a great degree, owing to Mr. Eliot's friendſhip to us both; for he brings you in with himſelf, at his ſureſt borough. As it was impoſſible to act with more zeal and friendſhip, than Mr. Eliot has acted in this whole affair, I deſire that you will, by the very next poſt, write him a letter of thanks; warm and young thanks, not old and cold ones. You may encloſe it in yours to me, and I will ſend it to him, for he is now in Cornwall.

Thus, ſure of being a Senator, I dare ſay you do not propoſe to be one of the *pedarii ſenatores et*

pedibus

pedibus ire in sententiam; for, as the House of Commons is the theatre where you must make your fortune and figure in the world, you must resolve to be an actor, and not a *persona muta*, which is just equivalent to a candle-snuffer upon other theatres. Whoever does not shine there is obscure, insignificant, and contemptible; and you cannot conceive how easy it is, for a man of half your sense and knowledge, to shine there if he pleases. The receipt to make a speaker, and an applauded one too, is short and easy. Take of common sense *quantum sufficit*, add a little application to the rules and orders of the house, throw obvious thoughts in a new light, and make up the whole with a large quantity of purity, correctness, and elegancy of style. Take it for granted, that by far the greatest part of mankind do neither analyse nor search to the bottom; they are incapable of penetrating deeper than the surface. All have senses to be gratified, very few have reason to be applied to. Graceful utterance and action please their eyes, elegant diction tickles their ears; but strong reason would be thrown away upon them. I am not only persuaded by theory, but convinced by my experience, that (supposing a certain degree of common sense) what is called a good speaker, is as much a mechanic as a good shoemaker; and that the two trades are equally to be learned by the same degree of application. Therefore, for God's sake, let this trade be the principal object of your thoughts; never lose sight of it. Attend minutely to your style, whatever language you

ſpeak or write in; ſeek for the beſt words, and think of the beſt turns. Whenever you doubt of the propriety or elegancy of any word, ſearch the dictionary, or ſome good author for it, or inquire of ſomebody, who is maſter of that language; and in a little time, propriety and elegancy of diction will become ſo habitual to you, that they will coſt you no more trouble. As I have laid this down to be mechanical, and attainable by whoever will take the neceſſary pains, there will be no great vanity in my ſaying, that I ſaw the importance of the object ſo early, and attended to it ſo young, that it would now coſt me more trouble to ſpeak or write ungrammatically, vulgarly, and inelegantly, than ever it did to avoid doing ſo. The late Lord Bolingbroke, without the leaſt trouble, talked all day long, full as elegantly as he wrote: Why? Not by a peculiar gift from heaven; but, as he has often told me himſelf, by an early and conſtant attention to his ſtyle. The preſent Solicitor-general, Murray, has leſs law than many lawyers, but has more practice than any; merely upon account of his eloquence, of which he has a never-failing ſtream. I remember, ſo long ago as when I was at Cambridge, whenever I read pieces of eloquence (and indeed they were my chief ſtudy) whether ancient or modern, I uſed to write down the ſhining paſſages, and then tranſlate them, as well and as elegantly as ever I could; if Latin or French, into Engliſh; if Engliſh, into French. This, which I practiſed for ſome years, not only improved and formed my ſtyle, but imprinted

in

in my mind and memory the beſt thoughts of the beſt authors. The trouble was little, but the advantage, I have experienced, was great. While you are abroad, you can neither have time nor opportunity to read pieces of Engliſh, or Parliamentary eloquence, as I hope you will carefully do when you return; but, in the mean time, whenever pieces of French eloquence come in your way, ſuch as the ſpeeches of perſons received into the Academy, *oraiſons funèbres*, repreſentations of the ſeveral Parliaments to the King, *&c.* read them in that view, in that ſpirit; obſerve the harmony, the turn and elegancy of the ſtyle; examine in what you think it might have been better; and conſider in what, had you written it yourſelf, you might have done worſe. Compare the different manners of expreſſing the ſame thoughts, in different authors; and obſerve how differently the ſame things appear in different dreſſes. Vulgar, coarſe, and ill-choſen words, will deform and degrade the beſt thoughts, as much as rags and dirt will the beſt figure. In ſhort, you now know your object; purſue it ſteadily, and have no digreſſions that are not relative to, and connected with the main action. Your ſucceſs in Parliament will effectually remove all *other objections*; either a foreign or a domeſtic deſtination will no longer be refuſed you, if you make your way to it through Weſtminſter.

I think I may now ſay, that I am quite recovered of my late illneſs, ſtrength and ſpirits excepted,

 which

which are not yet reſtored. Aix-la-Chapelle and Spa will, I believe, anſwer all my purpoſes.

I long to hear an account of your reception at Berlin, which I fancy will be a moſt gracious one. Adieu.

LETTER CCLXXIII.

London, February the 15th, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CAN now with great truth apply your own motto to you, *Nullum numen abeſt, ſi ſit prudentia.* You are ſure of being, as early as your age will permit, a Member of that Houſe; which is the only road to figure and fortune in this country. Thoſe indeed who are bred up to, and diſtinguiſh themſelves in particular profeſſions, as the army, the navy, and the law, may by their own merit raiſe themſelves to a certain degree; but you may obſerve too, that they never get to the top, without the aſſiſtance of Parliamentary talents and influence. The means of diſtinguiſhing yourſelf in Parliament are, as I told you in my laſt, much more eaſily attained than I believe you imagine. Cloſe attendance to the buſineſs of the Houſe will ſoon give you the Parliamentary *routine*; and ſtrict attention to your ſtyle will ſoon make you, not only a ſpeaker, but a good one. The vulgar look upon a man, who is reckoned a fine ſpeaker,

ſpeaker, as a phænomenon, a ſupernatural being, and endowed with ſome peculiar gift of Heaven: they ſtare at him, if he walks in the Park, and cry, *that is he.* You will, I am ſure, view him in a juſter light, and *nulla formidine.* You will conſider him only as a man of good ſenſe, who adorns common thoughts with the graces of elocution, and the elegancy of ſtyle. The miracle will then ceaſe; and you will be convinced, that with the ſame application and attention, to the ſame objects, you may moſt certainly equal, and perhaps ſurpaſs, this prodigy. Sir W—— Y——, with not a quarter of your parts, and not a thouſandth part of your knowledge, has, by a glibneſs of tongue ſingly, raiſed himſelf ſucceſſively to the beſt employments of the kingdom: he has been Lord of the Admiralty, Lord of the Treaſury, Secretary at War, and is now Vice-Treaſurer of Ireland; and all this, with a moſt ſullied, not to ſay blaſted character. Repreſent the thing to yourſelf, as it really is, eaſily attainable, and you will find it ſo. Have but ambition enough paſſionately to deſire the object, and ſpirit enough to uſe the means, and I will be anſwerable for your ſucceſs. When I was younger than you are, I reſolved within myſelf, that I would in all events be a ſpeaker in Parliament, and a good one too, if I could. I conſequently never loſt ſight of that object, and never neglected any of the means that I thought led to it. I ſucceeded to a certain degree; and, I aſſure you, with great eaſe, and without ſuperior talents. Young people are very apt to over-rate both men and things,

from not being enough acquainted with them. In proportion as you come to know them better, you will value them lefs. You will find that reafon, which always ought to direct mankind, feldom does; but that paffions and weakneffes commonly ufurp its feat, and rule in its ftead. You will find, that the ableft have their weak fides too, and are only comparatively able, with regard to the ftill weaker herd: having fewer weakneffes themfelves, they are able to avail themfelves of the innumerable ones of the generality of mankind: being more mafters of themfelves, they become more eafily mafters of others. They addrefs themfelves to their weakneffes, their fenfes, their paffions; never to their reafon; and confequently feldom fail of fuccefs. But then analyfe thofe great, thofe governing, and, as the vulgar imagine, thofe perfect Characters; and you will find the great Brutus a thief in Macedonia, the great Cardinal de Richelieu a jealous poetafter, and the great Duke of Marlborough a mifer. Till you come to know mankind by your own experience, I know no thing, nor no man, that can, in the mean time, bring you fo well acquainted with them as le Duc de la Rochefoucault; his little book of Maxims, which I would advife you to look into, for fome moments at leaft, every day of your life, is, I fear, too like, and too exact a picture of human nature. I own, it feems to degrade it; but yet my experience does not convince me, that it degrades it unjuftly.

Now, to bring all this home to my firft point. All thefe confiderations fhould not only invite you

to attempt to make a figure in Parliament, but encourage you to hope that you ſhall ſucceed. To govern mankind, one muſt not over-rate them; and to pleaſe an audience, as a ſpeaker, one muſt not over-value it. When I firſt came into the Houſe of Commons, I reſpected that aſſembly as a venerable one; and felt a certain awe upon me: but, upon better acquaintance, that awe ſoon vaniſhed; and I diſcovered, that, of the five hundred and ſixty, not above thirty could underſtand reaſon, and that all the reſt were *peuple*: that thoſe thirty only required plain common ſenſe, dreſſed up in good language; and that all the others only required flowing and harmonious periods, whether they conveyed any meaning or not; having ears to hear, but not ſenſe enough to judge. Theſe conſiderations made me ſpeak with little concern the firſt time, with leſs the ſecond, and with none at all the third. I gave myſelf no farther trouble about any thing, except my elocution and my ſtyle; preſuming, without much vanity, that I had common ſenſe ſufficient not to talk nonſenſe. Fix theſe three truths ſtrongly in your mind: Firſt, that it is abſolutely neceſſary for you to ſpeak in Parliament; ſecondly, that it only requires a little human attention, and no ſupernatural gifts; and, thirdly, that you have all the reaſon in the world to think that you ſhall ſpeak well. When we meet, this ſhall be the principal ſubject of our converſations; and, if you will follow my advice, I will anſwer for your ſucceſs.

Now from great things to little ones; the tranſition

is to me eaſy, becauſe nothing ſeems little to me, that can be of any uſe to you. I hope you take great care of your mouth and teeth, and that you clean them well every morning with a ſpunge and tepid water, with a few drops of arquebuſade water dropped into it; beſides waſhing your mouth carefully after every meal. I do inſiſt upon your never uſing thoſe ſticks, or any hard ſubſtance whatſoever, which always rub away the gums, and deſtroy the varniſh of the teeth. I ſpeak this from woeful experience; for my negligence of my teeth, when I was younger than you are, made them bad; and afterwards, my deſire to have them look better, made me uſe ſticks, irons, *&c.* which totally deſtroyed them; ſo that I have not now above ſix or ſeven left. I loſt one this morning, which ſuggeſted this advice to you.

I have received the tremendous wild boar, which your ſtill more tremendous arm ſlew in the immenſe deſarts of the Palatinate; but have not yet taſted of it, as it is hitherto above my low regimen. The late King of Pruſſia, whenever he killed any number of wild boars, uſed to oblige the Jews to buy them, at an high price, though they could eat none of them; ſo they defrayed the expence of his hunting. His ſon has juſter rules of government, as the *Code Frederick* plainly ſhows.

I hope, that, by this time, you are as well *ancré* at Berlin as you was at Munich; but if not, you are ſure of being ſo at Dreſden. Adieu.

LETTER CCLXXIV.

London, February 26th, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Have received your letters of the 4th from Munich, and of the 11th from Ratiſbon; but I have not received that of the 31ſt January, to which you refer in the former. It is to this negligence and uncertainty of the poſt, that you owe your accidents between Munich and Ratiſbon; for, had you received my letters regularly, you would have received one from me, before you left Munich, in which I adviſed you to ſtay, ſince you were ſo well there. But at all events, you were in the wrong to ſet out from Munich in ſuch weather and ſuch roads; ſince you could never imagine that I had ſet my heart ſo much upon your going to Berlin, as to venture your being buried in the ſnow for it. Upon the whole, conſidering all, you are very well off. You do very well, in my mind, to return to Munich, or, at leaſt, to keep within the circle of Munich, Ratiſbon, and Manheim, till the weather and the roads are good: ſtay at each or any of thoſe places as long as ever you pleaſe; for I am extremely indifferent about your going to Berlin.

As to our meeting, I will tell you my plan, and you may form your own accordingly. I propoſe ſetting out from hence the laſt week in April, then drinking the Aix-la-Chapelle waters for a week, and from thence being at Spa about the 15th of May, where

where I ſhall ſtay two months at moſt, and then returning ſtrait to England. As I both hope and believe that there will be no mortal at Spa during my reſidence there, the faſhionable ſeaſon not beginning till the middle of July, I would by no means have you come there at firſt, to be locked up with me and ſome few *Capucins*, for two months, in that miſerable hole; but I would adviſe you to ſtay where you like beſt, till about the firſt week in July, and then to come and pick me up at Spa, or meet me upon the road at Liege or Bruſſels. As for the intermediate time, ſhould you be weary of Manheim and Munich, you may, if you pleaſe, go to Dreſden to Sir Charles Williams, who will be there before that time; or you may come for a month or ſix weeks to the Hague; or, in ſhort, go or ſtay wherever you like beſt. So much for your motions.

As you have ſent for all the letters directed to you at Berlin, you will receive from thence volumes of mine, among which you will eaſily perceive that ſome were calculated for a ſuppoſed peruſal previous to your opening them. I will not repeat any thing contained in them, excepting, that I deſire you will ſend me a warm and cordial letter of thanks for Mr. Eliot; who has, in the moſt friendly manner imaginable, fixed you at his own borough of Liſkeard, where you will be elected, jointly with him, without the leaſt oppoſition or difficulty. I will forward that letter to him into Cornwall, where he now is.

Now, that you are to be ſoon a man of buſineſs, I heartily wiſh you would immediately begin to be

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a man of method; nothing contributing more to facilitate and dispatch business, than method and order. Have order and method in your accounts, in your reading, in the allotment of your time; in short, in every thing. You cannot conceive how much time you will save by it, nor how much better every thing you do will be done. The Duke of Marlborough did by no means spend, but he slatterned himself into that immense debt, which is not yet near paid off. The hurry and confusion of the Duke of Newcastle do not proceed from his business, but from his want of method in it. Sir Robert Walpole, who had ten times the business to do, was never seen in a hurry, because he always did it with method. The head of a man who has business, and no method nor order, is properly that *rudis indigestaque moles quam dixere chaos.* As you must be conscious that you are extremely negligent and slatternly, I hope you will resolve not to be so for the future. Prevail with yourself, only to observe good method and order for one fortnight; and I will venture to assure you, that you will never neglect them afterwards, you will find such conveniency and advantage arising from them. Method is the great advantage that lawyers have over other people, in speaking in Parliament; for, as they must necessarily observe it in their pleadings in the Courts of Justice, it becomes habitual to them every where else. Without making you a compliment, I can tell you with pleasure, that order, method, and more activity of mind, are all that you want, to make, some day or

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other, a conſiderable figure in buſineſs. You have more uſeful knowledge, more diſcernment of characters, and much more diſcretion, than is common at your age; much more, I am ſure, than I had at that age. Experience you cannot yet have, and therefore truſt in the mean time to mine. I am an old traveller; am well acquainted with all the bye as well as the great roads; I cannot miſguide you from ignorance, and you are very ſure I ſhall not from deſign.

I can aſſure you, that you will have no opportunity of ſubſcribing yourſelf, my Excellency's, *&c.* Retirement and quiet were my choice ſome years ago, while I had all my ſenſes, and health and ſpirits enough to carry on buſineſs; but now I have loſt my hearing, and find my conſtitution declining daily, they are become my neceſſary and only refuge. I know myſelf, (no common piece of knowledge, let me tell you) I know what I can, what I cannot, and conſequently what I ought to do. I ought not, and therefore will not, return to buſineſs, when I am much leſs fit for it than I was when I quitted it. Still leſs will I go to Ireland, where, from my deafneſs and infirmities, I muſt neceſſarily make a different figure from that which I once made there. My pride would be too much mortified by that difference. The two important ſenſes of ſeeing and hearing ſhould not only be good, but quick, in buſineſs; and the buſineſs of a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland (if he will do it himſelf) requires both thoſe ſenſes in the higheſt perfection. It was the Duke of Dorſet's not doing the buſineſs himſelf, but giving

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it up to favourites, that has occasioned all this confusion in Ireland; and it was my doing the whole myself, without either Favourite, Minister, or Mistress, that made my administration so smooth and quiet. I remember, when I named the late Mr. Liddel for my Secretary, every body was much surprised at it; and some of my friends represented to me, that he was no man of business, but only a very genteel, pretty young fellow; I assured them, and with truth, that that was the very reason why I chose him: for that I was resolved to do all the business myself, and without even the suspicion of having a Minister; which the Lord Lieutenant's Secretary, if he is a Man of business, is always supposed, and commonly with reason, to be. Moreover, I look upon myself now to be *emeritus* in business, in which I have been near forty years together; I give it up to you: apply yourself to it, as I have done, for forty years, and then I consent to your leaving it for a philosophical retirement, among your friends and your books. Statesmen and beauties are very rarely sensible of the gradations of their decay; and, too sanguinely hoping to shine on in their meridian, often set with contempt and ridicule. I retired in time, *uti conviva satur*; or, as Pope says, still better, *E'er tittering youth shall shove you from the stage.* My only remaining ambition is to be the Counsellor and Minister of your rising ambition. Let me see my own youth revived in you; let me be your Mentor, and, with your parts and knowledge, I promise you, you

ſhall go far. You muſt bring, on your part, activity and attention, and I will point out to you the proper objects for them. I own, I fear but one thing for you, and that is what one has generally the leaſt reaſon to fear, from one of your age; I mean your lazineſs; which, if you indulge, will make you ſtagnate in a contemptible obſcurity all your life. It will hinder you from doing any thing that will deſerve to be written, or from writing any thing that may deſerve to be read; and yet one or other of theſe two objects ſhould be at leaſt aimed at by every rational being. I look upon indolence as a ſort of *ſuicide*; for the Man is effectually deſtroyed, though the appetites of the Brute may ſurvive. Buſineſs by no means forbids pleaſures; on the contrary, they reciprocally ſeaſon each other; and I will venture to affirm, that no man enjoys either in perfection, that does not join both. They whet the deſire for each other. Uſe yourſelf therefore, in time, to be alert and diligent in your little concerns: never procraſtinate, never put off till to-morrow, what you can do to-day; and never do two things at a time: purſue your object, be it what it will, ſteadily and indefatigably; and let any difficulties (if ſurmountable) rather animate than ſlacken your endeavours. Perſeverance has ſurpriſing effects.

I wiſh you would uſe yourſelf to tranſlate, every day, only three or fo. :lines, from any book, in any language, into the correcteſt and moſt elegant Engliſh that you can think of; you cannot imagine how

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it will insensibly form your style, and give you an habitual elegancy: it would not take you up a quarter of an hour in a day. This letter is so long, that it will hardly leave you that quarter of an hour, the day you receive it. So good-night.

LETTER CCLXXV.

London, March the 8th, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

A Great and unexpected event has lately happened in our ministerial world—Mr. Pelham died last Monday, of a fever and mortification; occasioned by a general corruption of his whole mass of blood, which had broke out into sores in his back. I regret him as an old acquaintance, a pretty near relation, and a private man, with whom I have lived many years in a social and friendly way. He meaned well to the public; and was incorrupt in a post where corruption is commonly contagious. If he was no shining, enterprizing Minister, he was a safe one, which I like better. Very shining Ministers, like the Sun, are apt to scorch, when they shine the brightest: in our constitution, I prefer the milder light of a less glaring Minister. His successor is not yet, at least publicly, *designatus*. You will easily suppose that many are very willing, and very few able, to fill that post. Various persons are talked of, by different people, for it, according as their

intereſt prompts them to wiſh, or their ignorance to conjecture. Mr. Fox is the moſt talked of, he is ſtrongly ſupported by the Duke of Cumberland. Mr. Legge, the Solicitor General, and Dr. Lee, are likewiſe all ſpoken of, upon the foot of the Duke of Newcaſtle's, and the Chancellor's intereſt. Should it be any one of the three laſt, I think no great alterations will enſue; but ſhould Mr. Fox prevail, it would, in my opinion, ſoon produce changes, by no means favourable to the Duke of Newcaſtle. In the mean time, the wild conjectures of volunteer politicians, and the ridiculous importance which, upon theſe occaſions, blockheads always endeavour to give themſelves, by grave looks, ſignificant ſhrugs, and inſignificant whiſpers, are very entertaining to a by-ſtander, as, thank God, I now am. One *knows ſomething*, but is not yet at liberty to tell it; another has heard ſomething from a very good hand; a third congratulates himſelf upon a certain degree of intimacy, which he has long had with every one of the candidates, though perhaps he has never ſpoken twice to any one of them. In ſhort, in theſe ſort of intervals, vanity, intereſt, and abſurdity, always diſplay themſelves in the moſt ridiculous light. One who has been ſo long behind the ſcenes, as I have, is much more diverted with the entertainment, than thoſe can be who only ſee it from the pit and boxes. I know the whole machinery of the interior, and can laugh the better at the ſilly wonder and wild conjectures of the uninformed ſpectators. This accident, I think, cannot in the leaſt affect your election,

tion, which is finally settled with your friend Mr. Eliot. For, let who will prevail, I presume, he will consider me enough, not to overturn an arrangement of that sort, in which he cannot possibly be personally interested. So pray go on with your parliamentary preparations. Have that object always in your view, and pursue it with attention.

I take it for granted, that your late residence in Germany has made you as perfect and correct in German, as you were before in French, at least it is worth your while to be so; because it is worth every man's while to be perfectly master of whatever language he may ever have occasion to speak. A man is not himself, in a language which he does not thoroughly possess; his thoughts are degraded, when inelegantly or imperfectly expressed; he is cramped and confined, and consequently can never appear to advantage. Examine and analyse those thoughts that strike you the most, either in conversation or in books; and you will find, that they owe at least half their merit to the turn and expression of them. There is nothing truer than that old saying, *Nihil dictum quod non prius dictum.* It is only the manner of saying or writing it, that makes it appear new. Convince yourself, that Manner is almost every thing, in every thing, and study it accordingly.

I am this moment informed, and I believe truly, that Mr. Fox is to succeed Mr. Pelham, as first Commissioner of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer; and your friend Mr. Yorke, of the Hague,

to ſucceed Mr. Fox, as Secretary at War. I am not ſorry for this promotion of Mr. Fox, as I have always been upon civil terms with him, and found him ready to do me any little ſervices. He is frank and gentleman-like in his manner; and, to a certain degree, I really believe will be your friend upon my account; if you can afterwards make him yours, upon your own, *tant mieux*. I have nothing more to ſay now, but Adieu.

LETTER CCLXXVI.

London, March the 15th, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WE are here in the midſt of a ſecond winter; the cold is more ſevere, and the ſnow deeper, than they were in the firſt. I preſume your weather in Germany is not much more gentle; and therefore, I hope that you are quietly and warmly fixed at ſome good town; and will not riſk a ſecond burial in the ſnow, after your late fortunate reſurrection out of it. Your letters, I ſuppoſe, have not been able to make their way through the ice; for I have received none from you ſince that of the 12th of February, from Ratiſbon. I am the more uneaſy at this ſtate of ignorance, becauſe I fear that you may have found ſome ſubſequent inconveniencies from your overturn, which you might not be aware of at firſt.

The curtain of the political theatre was partly

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drawn up the day before yesterday, and exhibited a scene which the public in general did not expect: the Duke of Newcastle was declared first Lord Commissioner of the Treasury, Mr. Fox Secretary of State in his room, and Mr. Henry Legge Chancellor of the Exchequer. The employments of Treasurer of the Navy, and Secretary at War, supposed to be vacant by the promotion of Mr. Fox and Mr. Legge, were to be kept *in petto* till the dissolution of this Parliament, which will probably be next week, to avoid the expence and trouble of unnecessary re-elections; but it was generally supposed that Colonel Yorke, of the Hague, was to succeed Mr. Fox, and George Grenville, Mr. Legge. This scheme, had it taken place, you are, I believe, aware, was more a temporary expedient, for securing the elections of the new Parliament, and forming it, at its first meeting, to the interests and the inclinations of the Duke of Newcastle and the Chancellor, than a plan of Administration either intended or wished to be permanent. This scheme was disturbed yesterday: Mr. Fox, who had sullenly accepted the seals the day before, more sullenly refused them yesterday. His object was to be first Commissioner of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and consequently to have a share in the election of the new Parliament, and a much greater in the management of it when chosen. This necessary consequence of his view defeated it; and the Duke of Newcastle, and the Chancellor, chose to kick him up-stairs into the Secretaryship of State, rather than trust him with

either the election or the management of the new Parliament. In this, considering their respective situations, they certainly acted wisely; but whether Mr. Fox has done so, or not, in refusing the seals, is a point which I cannot determine. If he is, as I presume he is, animated with revenge, and, I believe, would not be over scrupulous in the means of gratifying it, I should have thought he could have done it better, as a Secretary of State, with constant admission into the Closet, than as a private man at the head of an opposition. But I see all these things at too great a distance to be able to judge soundly of them. The true springs and motives of political measures are confined within a very narrow circle, and known to very few; the good reasons alledged are seldom the true ones. The Public commonly judges, or rather guesses, wrong, and I am now one of that Public. I therefore recommend to you a prudent pyrrhonism in all matters of state, until you become one of the wheels of them yourself, and consequently acquainted with the general motion, at least, of the others; for as to all the minute and secret springs, that contribute more or less to the whole machine, no man living ever knows them all, not even he who has the principal direction of it. As in the human body there are innumerable little vessels and glands, that have a good deal to do, and yet escape the knowledge of the most skilful anatomist; he will know more indeed, than those who only see the exterior of our bodies; but he will never know all. This bustle, and these changes at

Court,

Court, far from having disturbed the quiet and security of your election, have, if possible, rather confirmed them; for the Duke of Newcastle (I must do him justice) has, in the kindest manner imaginable to you, wrote a letter to Mr. Eliot, to recommend to him the utmost care of your election.

Though the plan of administration is thus unsettled, mine, for my travels this summer, is finally settled; and I now communicate it to you, that you may form your own upon it. I propose being at Spa on the 10th or 12th of May, and staying there till the 10th of July. As there will be no mortal there during my stay, it would be both unpleasant and unprofitable to you to be shut up *tête-à-tête* with me the whole time; I should therefore think it best for you not to come to me there till the last week in June. In the mean time, I suppose, that, by the middle of April, you will think you have had enough of Manheim, Munich, or Ratisbon, and that district. Where would you chuse to go then? for I leave you absolutely your choice. Would you go to Dresden for a month or six weeks? That is a good deal out of your way; and I am not sure, that Sir Charles will be there by that time. Or would you rather take Bonn in your way, and pass the time till we meet at the Hague? From Manheim you may have a great many good letters of recommendation to the court of Bonn; which Court, and its Elector, in one light or another, are worth your seeing. From thence your journey to the Hague will be but a short one; and you would arrive there

at that ſeaſon of the year when the Hague is, in my mind, the moſt agreeable, ſmiling ſcene in Europe; and from the Hague you would have but three very eaſy days journies to me at Spa. Do as you like; for, as I told you before, *Ella è aſſolutamente padrone*. But, leſt you ſhould anſwer, that you deſire to be determined by me, I will eventually tell you my opinion. I am rather inclined to the latter plan: I mean, that of your coming to Bonn, ſtaying there according as you like it, and then paſſing the remainder of your time, that is May and June, at the Hague. Our connection and tranſactions with the Republic of the United Provinces are ſuch, that you cannot be too well acquainted with that conſtitution, and with thoſe people. You have eſtabliſhed good acquaintances there, and you have been *fêtoïé* round by the foreign Miniſters: ſo that you will be there *en païs connu*. Moreover, you have not ſeen the Stadthouder, the *Gouvernante*, nor the Court there, which *a bon compte* ſhould be ſeen. Upon the whole then, you cannot, in my opinion, paſs the months of May and June more agreeably, or more uſefully, than at the Hague. However, if you have any other plan, that you like better, purſue it: only let me know what you intend to do; and I ſhall moſt chearfully agree to it.

The Parliament will be diſſolved in about ten days, and the writs for the election of the new one iſſued out immediately afterwards; ſo that, by the end of next month, you may depend upon being *Membre de la chambre baſſe*; a title that ſounds high in

in foreign countries, and perhaps higher than it deſerves. I hope you will add a better title to it in your own, I mean that of a good ſpeaker in Parliament: you have, I am ſure, all the materials neceſſary for it, if you will but put them together and adorn them. I ſpoke in Parliament the firſt month I was in it, and a month before I was of age; and from the day I was elected, till the day that I ſpoke, I am ſure I thought nor dreamed of nothing but ſpeaking. The firſt time, to ſay the truth, I ſpoke very indifferently as to the matter; but it paſſed tolerably, in favour of the ſpirit with which I uttered it, and the words in which I dreſſed it. I improved by degrees, till at laſt it did tolerably well. The Houſe, it muſt be owned, is always extremely indulgent to the two or three firſt attempts of a young ſpeaker; and, if they find any degree of common ſenſe in what he ſays, they make great allowances for his inexperience, and for the concern which they ſuppoſe him to be under. I experienced that indulgence; for, had I not been a young Member, I ſhould certainly have been, as I own I deſerved, reprimanded by the Houſe for ſome ſtrong and indiſcreet things that I ſaid. Adieu! it is indeed high time.

LETTER CCLXXVII.

London, March the 26th, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received your letter of the 15th from Manheim, where I find you have been received in the usual gracious manner; which I hope you return in a *graceful* one. As this is a season of great devotion and solemnity, in all Catholic countries, pray inform yourself of, and constantly attend to, all their silly and pompous Church ceremonies: one ought to know them. I am very glad that you wrote the letter to Lord ——, which, in every different case that can possibly be supposed, was, I am sure, both a decent and a prudent step. You will find it very difficult, whenever we meet, to convince me that you could have any good reasons for not doing it; for I will, for argument's sake, suppose, what I cannot in reality believe, that he has both said and done the worst he could, of and by you; what then? How will you help yourself? Are you in a situation to hurt him? Certainly not; but he certainly is in a situation to hurt you. Would you show a sullen, pouting, impotent resentment? I hope not: leave that silly, unavailing sort of resentment to women, and men like them, who are always guided by humour, never by reason and prudence. That pettish, pouting conduct is a great deal too young, and implies too little knowledge of the world, for one who has seen so much of

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it as you have. Let this be one invariable rule of your conduct—Never to show the least symptom of resentment, which you cannot, to a certain degree, gratify; but always to smile, where you cannot strike. There would be no living in Courts, nor indeed in the world, if one could not conceal, and even dissemble, the just causes of resentment, which one meets with every day in active and busy life. Whoever cannot master his humour enough, *pour faire bonne mine a mauvais jeu*, should leave the world, and retire to some hermitage, in an unfrequented desart. By showing an unavailing and sullen resentment, you authorize the resentment of those who can hurt you, and whom you cannot hurt; and give them that very pretence, which perhaps they wished for, of breaking with, and injuring you; whereas the contrary behaviour would lay them under the restraints of decency at least; and either shackle or expose their malice. Besides, captiousness, sullenness, and pouting, are most exceedingly illiberal and vulgar. *Un honnête homme ne les connoit point.*

I am extremely glad to hear that you are soon to have Voltaire at Manheim: immediately upon his arrival, pray make him a thousand compliments from me. I admire him most exceedingly; and whether as an Epic, Dramatic, or Lyric Poet, or Prose-writer, I think I justly apply to him the *Nil molitur inepté.* I long to read his own correct edition of *Les Annales de l'Empire*, of which the *Abrégé Chronologique de l'Histoire Universelle*, which I have read, is, I suppose, a stolen and imperfect part; however, imperfect as it is,

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it has explained to me that chaos of hiſtory of ſeven hundred years, more clearly, than any other book had done before. You judge very rightly, that I love *le ſtyle leger et fleuri*. I do, and ſo does every body who has any parts and taſte. It ſhould, I confeſs, be more or leſs *fleuri*, according to the ſubject; but at the ſame time I aſſert, that there is no ſubject that may not properly, and which ought not to be adorned, by a certain elegancy and beauty of ſtyle. What can be more adorned than Cicero's Philoſophical Works? What more than Plato's? It is their eloquence only, that has preſerved and tranſmitted them down to us, through ſo many centuries; for the philoſophy of them is wretched, and the reaſoning part miſerable. But eloquence will always pleaſe, and has always pleaſed. Study it therefore; make it the object of your thoughts and attention. Uſe yourſelf to relate elegantly; that is a good ſtep towards ſpeaking well in Parliament. Take ſome political ſubject, turn it in your thoughts, conſider what may be ſaid, both for and againſt it, then put thoſe arguments into writing, in the moſt correct and elegant Engliſh you can. For inſtance, a ſtanding army, a place bill, *&c.*; as to the former, conſider, on one ſide, the dangers ariſing to a free country from a great ſtanding military force; on the other ſide, conſider the neceſſity of a force to repel force with. Examine whether a ſtanding army, though in itſelf an evil, may not, from circumſtances, become a neceſſary evil, and preventive of greater dangers. As to the latter, conſider how far places may biaſs and

and warp the conduct of men, from the service of their country, into an unwarrantable complaisance to the Court; and, on the other hand, consider whether they can be supposed to have that effect upon the conduct of people of probity and property, who are more solidly interested in the permanent good of their country, than they can be in an uncertain and precarious employment. Seek for, and answer in your own mind, all the arguments that can be urged on either side, and write them down in an elegant style. This will prepare you for debating, and give you an habitual eloquence; for I would not give a farthing for a mere holyday eloquence, displayed once or twice in a session, in a set declamation; but I want an every-day, ready, and habitual eloquence, to adorn *extempore*, and debating speeches; to make business not only clear but agreeable, and to please even those whom you cannot inform, and who do not desire to be informed. All this you may acquire, and make habitual to you, with as little trouble as it cost you to dance a minuet as well as you do. You now dance it mechanically, and well, without thinking of it.

I am surprised that you found but one letter from me at Manheim, for you ought to have found four or five; there are as many lying for you, at your banker's at Berlin, which I wish you had, because I always endeavoured to put something into them, which, I hope, may be of use to you.

When we meet at Spa, next July, we must have a great many serious conversations; in which I will

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pour out all my experience of the world, and which, I hope, you will truſt to, more than to your own young notions of men and things. You will, in time, diſcover moſt of them to have been erroneous; and, if you follow them long, you will perceive your error too late; but, if you will be led by a guide, who, you are ſure, does not mean to miſlead you, you will unite two things, ſeldom united in the ſame perſon; the vivacity and ſpirit of youth, with the caution and experience of age.

Laſt Saturday, Sir Thomas Robinſon, who had been the King's Miniſter at Vienna, was declared Secretary of State for the ſouthern department, Lord Holderneſs having taken the northern. Sir Thomas accepted it unwillingly, and, as I hear, with a promiſe that he ſhall not keep it long. Both his health and ſpirits are bad, two very diſqualifying circumſtances for that employment; yours, I hope, will enable you, ſome time or other, to go through with it. In all events, aim at it, and if you fail or fall, let it, at leaſt, be ſaid of you, *Magnis tamen excidit auſis.* Adieu.

LETTER CCLXXVIII.

London, April the 5th, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received, yesterday, your letter of the 20th March, from Manheim, with the enclosed for Mr. Eliot; it was a very proper one, and I have forwarded it to him by Mr. Harte, who sets out for Cornwall to-morrow morning.

I am very glad that you use yourself to translations; and I do not care of what, provided you study the correctness and elegancy of your style. The Life of Sextus Quintus is the best book, of the innumerable books written by Gregorio Leti, whom the Italians, very justly, call *Leti caca libri*. But I would rather that you chose some pieces of oratory for your translations; whether ancient or modern, Latin or French; which would give you a more oratorial train of thoughts, and turn of expression. In your letter to me, you make use of two words, which, though true and correct English, are, however, from long disuse, become inelegant, and seem now to be stiff, formal, and, in some degree, scriptural: the first is the word *namely*, which you introduce thus, *You inform me of a very agreeable piece of news*, namely, *that my election is secured*. Instead of *namely*, I would always use, *which is*, or *that is*, that my election is secured. The other word is, *Mine own inclinations*: this is certainly correct, before a subsequent

ſequent word that begins with a vowel; but it is too correct, and is now diſuſed as too formal, notwithſtanding the *hiatus* occaſioned by *my own*. Every language has its peculiarities; they are eſtabliſhed by uſage, and, whether right or wrong, they muſt be complied with. I could inſtance many very abſurd ones in different languages; but ſo authoriſed by the *jus et norma loquendi*, that they muſt be ſubmitted to. *Namely*, and *to wit*, are very good words in themſelves, and contribute to clearneſs, more than the relatives which we now ſubſtitute in their room; but, however, they cannot be uſed, except in a ſermon, or ſome very grave and formal compoſitions. It is with language as with manners; they are both eſtabliſhed by the uſage of people of faſhion; it muſt be imitated, it muſt be complied with. Singularity is only pardonable in old age and retirement; I may now be as ſingular as I pleaſe, but you may not. We will, when we meet, diſcuſs theſe and many other points, provided you will give me attention and credit; without both which it is to no purpoſe to adviſe either you or any body elſe.

I want to know your determination, where you intend to (if I may uſe that expreſſion) *while* away your time, till the laſt week in June, when we are to meet at Spa; I continue rather in the opinion which I mentioned to you formerly, in favour of the Hague; but however I have not the leaſt objection to Dreſden, or to any other place that you may

like

like better. If you prefer the Dutch ſcheme, you take Treves and Coblentz in your way, as alſo Duſſeldorp: all which places I think you have not yet ſeen. At Manheim you may certainly get good letters of recommendation to the Courts of the two Electors of Treves and Cologne, whom you are yet unacquainted with; and I ſhould wiſh you to know them all. For, as I have often told you, *olim hæc meminiſſe juvabit.* There is an utility in having ſeen what other people have ſeen, and there is a juſtifiable pride in having ſeen what others have not ſeen. In the former caſe, you are equal to others; in the latter, ſuperior. As your ſtay abroad will not now be very long, pray, while it laſts, ſee every thing, and every body you can; and ſee them well, with care and attention. It is not to be conceived of what advantage it is to any body to have ſeen more things, people, and countries, than other people in general have: it gives them a credit, makes them referred to, and they become the objects of the attention of the company. They are not out in any part of polite converſation; they are acquainted with all the places, cuſtoms, courts, and families, that are likely to be mentioned; they are, as Monſieur de Maupertuis juſtly obſerves, *de tous les païs, comme les ſçavans ſont de tous les tems.* You have, fortunately, both thoſe advantages; the only remaining point is *de ſçavoir les faire valoir*; for without that, one may as well not have them. Remember that very true maxim of La Bruyere's, *Qu'on ne vaut dans ce monde*

que

que ce qu'on veut valoir. The knowledge of the world will teach you to what degree you ought to ſhow *ce que vous valez.* One muſt by no means, on one hand, be indifferent about it; as, on the other, one muſt not diſplay it with affectation, and in an overbearing manner: but, of the two, it is better to ſhow too much than too little. Adieu.

LETTER CCLXXIX.

Bath, November the 27th, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Heartily congratulate you upon the loſs of your political maidenhead, of which I have received from others a very good account. I hear, that you were ſtopped for ſome time in your career; but recovered breath, and finiſhed it very well. I am not ſurpriſed, nor indeed concerned, at your accident; for I remember the dreadful feeling of that ſituation in myſelf; and as it muſt require a moſt uncommon ſhare of impudence to be unconcerned upon ſuch an occaſion, I am not ſure that I am not rather glad you ſtopped. You muſt therefore now think of hardening yourſelf by degrees, by uſing yourſelf inſenſibly to the ſound of your own voice, and to the act (trifling as it ſeems) of riſing up and ſitting down again. Nothing will contribute ſo much to this as committee work, of elections at night,

night, and of private bills in the morning. There aſking ſhort queſtions, moving for witneſſes to be called in, and all that kind of ſmall ware, will ſoon fit you to ſet up for yourſelf. I am told that you are much mortified at your accident; but without reaſon; pray, let it rather be a ſpur than a curb to you. Perſevere, and depend upon it, it will do well at laſt. When I ſay perſevere, I do not mean that you ſhould ſpeak every day, nor in every debate. Moreover, I would not adviſe you to ſpeak again upon public matters for ſome time, perhaps a month or two; but I mean, never loſe view of that great object; purſue it with diſcretion, but purſue it always. *Pelotez en attendant partie.* You know I have always told you, that ſpeaking in public was but a knack, which thoſe who apply to moſt, will ſucceed in beſt. Two old Members, very good judges, have ſent me compliments upon this occaſion; and have aſſured me, that they plainly find *it will do*, though they perceived, from that natural confuſion you were in, that you neither ſaid all, nor perhaps what you intended. Upon the whole, you have ſet out very well, and have ſufficient encouragement to go on. Attend therefore aſſiduouſly, and obſerve carefully all that paſſes in the Houſe; for it is only knowledge and experience that can make a debater. But if you ſtill want comfort, Mrs. ——, I hope, will adminiſter it to you; for, in my opinion, ſhe may, if ſhe will, be very comfortable; and with women, as with ſpeak-

ing in Parliament, perſeverance will moſt certainly prevail, ſooner or later.

What little I have played for here, I have won; but that is very far from the conſiderable ſum which you heard of. I play every evening from ſeven till ten, at a crown whiſt party, merely to ſave my eyes from reading or writing for three hours by candle-light. I propoſe being in town the week after next, and hope to carry back with me much more health than I brought down here. Good night.

Mr. Stanhope being returned to England, and ſeeing his Father almoſt every day, is the occaſion of an interruption of two years in their correſpondence.

LETTER CCLXXX.

Bath, November the 15th, 1756.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received yours yeſterday morning, together with the Pruſſian papers, which I have read with great attention. If Courts could bluſh, thoſe of Vienna and Dreſden ought, to have their falſehoods ſo publicly and ſo undeniably expoſed. The former will, I preſume, next year, employ an hundred thouſand men, to anſwer the accuſation; and if the Empreſs of the Two Ruſſias is pleaſed to argue in the ſame cogent manner, their logic will be too ſtrong for all the King of Pruſſia's rhetoric. I well remem-

ber the treaty ſo often referred to in thoſe pieces, between the two Empreſſes, in 1746. The King was ſtrongly preſſed by the Empreſs Queen to accede to it. Waſſenaer communicated it to me for that purpoſe. I aſked him if there were no ſecret articles; ſuſpecting that there were ſome, becauſe the oſtenſible treaty was a mere harmleſs defenſive one. He aſſured me there were none. Upon which I told him, that as the King had already defenſive alliances with thoſe two Empreſſes, I did not ſee of what uſe his acceſſion to this treaty, *if merely a defenſive one*, could be, either to himſelf or the other contracting parties; but that, however, if it was only deſired as an indication of the King's good-will, I would give him an act, by which his Majeſty ſhould accede to that treaty, as far, but no farther, as at preſent he ſtood engaged to the reſpective Empreſſes, by the defenſive alliances ſubſiſting with each. This offer by no means ſatisfied him; which was a plain proof of the ſecret articles now brought to light, and into which the Court of Vienna hoped to draw us. I told Waſſenaer ſo, and after that I heard no more of his invitation.

I am ſtill bewildered in the changes at Court, of which I find that all the particulars are not yet fixed. Who would have thought, a year ago, that Mr. Fox, the Chancellor, and the Duke of Newcaſtle, ſhould all three have quitted together; nor can I yet account for it; explain it to me, if you can. I cannot ſee, neither, what the Duke of Devonſhire and Fox, whom I looked upon as intimately united, can have

quarrelled about, with relation to the Treaſury; inform me, if you know. I never doubted of the prudent verſatility of your Vicar of Bray; but I am ſurpriſed at Obrien Windham's going out of the Treaſury, where I ſhould have thought that the intereſt of his brother-in-law, George Grenville, would have kept him.

Having found myſelf rather worſe, theſe two or three laſt days, I was obliged to take ſome *ipecacuana* laſt night; and, what you will think odd, for a vomit, I brought it all up again in about an hour, to my great ſatisfaction and emolument, which is ſeldom the caſe in reſtitutions.

You did well to go to the Duke of Newcaſtle, who, I ſuppoſe, will have no more levées; however, go from time to time, and leave your name at his door, for you have obligations to him. Adieu.

LETTER CCLXXXI.

Bath, December the 14th, 1756.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WHAT can I ſay to you from this place, where *every day is ſtill but as the firſt*, though by no means ſo agreeably paſſed, as Anthony deſcribes his to have been? The ſame nothings ſucceed one another every day with me, as regularly and uniformly as the hours of the day. You will think this tireſome, and ſo it is; but how can I help it? Cut off from

from ſociety by my deafneſs, and diſpirited by my ill health, where could I be better? You will ſay, perhaps, where could you be worſe? Only in priſon, or the galleys, I confeſs. However I ſee a period to my ſtay here; and I have fixed, in my own mind, a time for my return to London; not invited there by either politics or pleaſures, to both which I am equally a ſtranger, but merely to be at home; which, after all, according to the vulgar ſaying, is home, be it never ſo homely.

The political ſettlement, as it is called, is, I find, by no means ſettled: Mr. Fox, who took this place in his way to his brother's, where he intended to paſs a month, was ſtopped ſhort by an expreſs, which he received from his connection, to come to town immediately; and accordingly he ſet out from hence very early, two days ago. I had a very long converſation with him, in which he was, ſeemingly at leaſt, very frank and communicative: but ſtill I own myſelf in the dark. In thoſe matters, as in moſt others, half knowledge (and mine is at moſt that) is more apt to lead one into error, than to carry one to truth; and our own vanity contributes to the ſeduction. Our conjectures paſs upon us for truths; we will know what we do not know, and often, what we cannot know: ſo mortifying to our pride is the bare ſuſpicion of ignorance!

It has been reported here, that the Empreſs of Ruſſia is dying; this would be a fortunate event indeed for the King of Pruſſia, and neceſſarily produce the neutrality and inaction, at leaſt, of that

great power; which would be a heavy weight taken out of the oppoſite ſcale to the King of Pruſſia. The *Auguſtiſſima* muſt, in that caſe, do all herſelf; for, though France will no doubt promiſe largely, it will, I believe, perform but ſcantily; as it deſires no better, than that the different powers of Germany ſhould tear one another to pieces.

I hope you frequent all the Courts; a man ſhould make his face familiar there. Long habit produces favour inſenſibly; and acquaintance often does more than friendſhip, in that climate, where *les beaux ſentimens* are not the natural growth.

Adieu! I am going to the ball, to ſave my eyes from reading, and my mind from thinking.

LETTER CCLXXXII.

Bath, January the 12th, 17[illegible]

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Waited quietly, to ſee when either your leiſure, or your inclinations, would allow you to honour me with a letter; and at laſt I received one this morning, very near a fortnight after you went from hence. You will ſay, that you had no news to write me; and that probably may be true; but, without news, one has always ſomething to ſay to thoſe with whom one deſires to have any thing to do.

Your obſervation is very juſt with regard to the King of Pruſſia, whom the moſt auguſt Houſe of Auſtria

Auftria would moft unqueftionably have poifoned a century or two ago. But now that *Terras Aftræa reliquit*, Kings and Princes die of natural deaths; even war is pufillanimoufly carried on in this degenerate age; quarter is given; towns are taken, and the people fpared: even in a ftorm, a woman can hardly hope for the benefit of a rape. Whereas (fuch was the humanity of former days) prifoners were killed by thoufands in cold blood, and the generous victors fpared neither man, woman, nor child. Heroic actions of this kind were performed at the taking of Magdebourg. The King of Pruffia is certainly now in a fituation that muft foon decide his fate, and make him Cæfar or nothing. Notwithftanding the march of the Ruffians, his greateft danger, in my mind, lies weftward. I have no great notion of Apraxin's abilities, and I believe many a Pruffian Colonel would out-general him. But Brown, Piccolomini, Lucchefe, and many other veteran officers in the Auftrian troops, are refpectable enemies.

Mr. Pitt feems to me to have almoft as many enemies to encounter as his Pruffian Majefty. The late Miniftry, and the Duke's party, will, I prefume, unite againft him and his Tory friends: and then quarrel among themfelves again. His beft, if not his only chance of fupporting himfelf would be, if he had credit enough in the city, to hinder the advancing of the money to any Adminiftration but his own; and I have met with fome people here who think that he has.

I have put off my journey from hence for a week, but no longer. I find I ſtill gain ſome ſtrength and ſome fleſh here, and therefore I will not cut, while the run is for me.

By a letter which I received this morning from Lady Allen, I obſerve that you are extremely well with her; and it is well for you to be ſo, for ſhe is an excellent and warm puff.

A propos (an expreſſion which is commonly uſed to introduce whatever is unrelative to it) you ſhould apply to ſome of Lord Holderneſs's people, for the peruſal of Mr. Cope's letters. It will not be refuſed you; and the ſooner you have them the better. I do not mean them as models for your manner of writing, but as out-lines of the matter you are to write upon.

If you have not read Hume's Eſſays, read them; they are four very ſmall volumes; I have juſt finiſhed, and am extremely pleaſed with them. He thinks impartially, deep, often new; and, in my mind, commonly juſt. Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER CCLXXXIII.

Blackheath, September the 17th, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

LORD Holderneſs has been ſo kind as to communicate to me all the letters which he has received from you hitherto, dated the 15th, 19th, 23d, and 26th Auguſt; and alſo a draught of that which he wrote to you the 9th inſtant. I am very well pleaſed with all your letters; and, what is better, I can tell you that the King is ſo too; and he ſaid, but three days ago, to Monſieur Munchauſen, *He* (meaning you) *ſets out very well, and I like his letters; provided that, like moſt of my Engliſh Miniſters abroad, he does not grow idle hereafter.* So that here is both praiſe to flatter, and a hint to warn you. What Lord Holderneſs recommends to you, being by the King's order, intimates alſo a degree of approbation; for the *blacker ink, and the larger character*, ſhow, that his Majeſty, whoſe eyes are grown weaker, intends to read all your letters himſelf. Therefore, pray do not neglect to get the blackeſt ink you can; and to make your Secretary enlarge his hand, though *d'ailleurs* it is a very good one.

Had I been to wiſh an advantageous ſituation for you, and a good *début* in it, I could not have wiſhed you either, better than both have hitherto proved. The reſt will depend intirely upon yourſelf; and I own, I begin to have much better hopes than I had;

for

for I know, by my own experience, that the more one works, the more willing one is to work. We are all, more or leſs, *des animaux d'habitude.* I remember very well, that when I was in buſineſs, I wrote four or five hours together every day, more willingly than I ſhould now half an hour; and this is moſt certain, that when a man has applied himſelf to buſineſs half the day, the other half goes off the more chearfully and agreeably. This I found ſo ſenſibly, when I was at the Hague, that I never taſted company ſo well, nor was ſo good company myſelf, as at the ſuppers of my poſt days. I take Hamburgh now, to be *le centre du refuge Allemand.* If you have any Hanover *refugiés* among them, pray take care to be particularly attentive to them. How do you like your houſe? Is it a convenient one? Have the *Caſſerolles* been employed in it yet? You will find *les petits ſoupers fins* leſs expenſive, and turn to better account, than large dinners for great companies.

I hope you have written to the Duke of Newcaſtle; I take it for granted, that you have to all your brother Miniſters of the northern department. For God's ſake be diligent, alert, active, and indefatigable in your buſineſs. You want nothing but labour and induſtry, to be, one day, whatever you pleaſe, in your own way.

We think and talk of nothing here but Breſt, which is univerſally ſuppoſed to be the object of our great expedition. A great and important object it is. I ſuppoſe the affair muſt be *bruſqué,* or it will not do. If we ſucceed, it will make France put

ſome

ſome water to its wine. As for my own private opinion, I own I rather wiſh than hope ſucceſs. However, ſhould our expedition fail, *Magnis tamen excidit auſis*, and that will be better than our late languid manner of making war.

To mention a perſon to you whom I am very indifferent about, I mean myſelf, I vegetate ſtill juſt as I did when we parted; but I think I begin to be ſenſible of the autumn of the year, as well as of the autumn of my own life. I feel an internal awkwardneſs, which in about three weeks I ſhall carry with me to the Bath, where I hope to get rid of it, as I did laſt year. The beſt cordial I could take, would be to hear, from time to time, of your induſtry and diligence; for in that caſe I ſhould conſequently hear of your ſucceſs. Remember your own motto, *Nullum numen abeſt ſi ſit prudentia.* Nothing is truer. Yours.

LETTER CCLXXXIV.

Blackheath, September the 23d, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received but the day before yeſterday your letter of the 3d, from the head-quarters at Selſingen; and, by the way, it is but the ſecond that I have received from you ſince your arrival at Hamburgh. Whatever was the cauſe of your going to the army, I approve of the effect; for I would have you, as much

much as poſſible, ſee every thing that is to be ſeen. That is the true uſeful knowledge, which informs and improves us when we are young, and amuſes us and others, when we are old, *Olim hæc meminiſſe juvabit.* I could wiſh that you would (but I know you will not) enter in a book, a ſhort note only, of whatever you ſee or hear, that is very remarkable; I do not mean a German *album*, ſtuffed with people's names, and Latin ſentences; but I mean ſuch a book as, if you do not keep now, thirty years hence you would give a great deal of money to have kept. *A propos de bottes*, for I am told he always wears his; was his Royal Highneſs very gracious to you, or not? I have my doubts about it. The neutrality, which he has concluded with Maréchal de Richelieu, will prevent that bloody battle which you expected; but what the King of Pruſſia will ſay to it, is another point. He was our only ally; at preſent, probably we have not one in the world. If the King of Pruſſia can get at Monſieur de Soubize's and the Imperial army, before other troops have joined them, I think he will beat them; but what then? He has three hundred thouſand men to encounter afterwards. He muſt ſubmit; but he may ſay with truth, *Si Pergama dextrâ defendi poſſent.* The late action between the Pruſſians and Ruſſians has only thinned the human ſpecies, without giving either party a victory; which is plain by each party's claiming it. Upon my word, our ſpecies will pay very dear for the quarrels and ambition of a few, and thoſe by no means the moſt valuable part of it. If the

many

many were wiser than they are, the few must be quieter, and would perhaps be juster and better than they are.

Hamburgh, I find, swarms with *Grafs*, *Gräffins*, *Fürsts*, and *Fürstins*, *Hocheits*, and *Durchlaugticheits*. I am glad of it, for you must necessarily be in the midst of them; and I am still more glad, that, being in the midst of them, you must necessarily be under some constraint of ceremony; a thing which you do not love, but which is, however, very useful.

I desired you in my last, and I repeat it again in this, to give me an account of your private and domestic life. How do you pass your evenings? Have they, at Hamburgh, what are called at Paris *des Maisons*, where one goes without ceremony, sups or not, as one pleases? Are you adopted in any society? Have you any rational brother Ministers, and which? What sort of things are your operas? In the tender, I doubt they do not excel; for *mein lieber schatz*, and the other tendernesses of the Teutonic language, would, in my mind, sound but indifferently, set to soft music; for the *bravura* parts, I have a very great opinion of them; and *das, der dönner dich erschláge*, must, no doubt, make a tremendously fine piece of *recitativo*, when uttered by an angry hero, to the rumble of a whole orchestra, including drums, trumpets, and French horns. Tell me your whole allotment of the day, in which I hope four hours, at least, are sacred to writing; the others cannot be better employed than in *liberal* pleasures. In short, give me a full account of yourself, in your un-mi-

nisterial

nisterial character, your *incognito*, without your *fiocchi*. I love to see those, in whom I interest myself, in their undress, rather than in *gala*; I know them better so. I recommend to you, *etiam atque etiam*, method and order in every thing you undertake. Do you observe it in your accounts? If you do not, you will be a beggar, though you were to receive the appointments of a Spanish Embassador extraordinary, which are a thousand pistoles a month; and in your ministerial business, if you have not regular and stated hours for such and such parts of it, you will be in the hurry and confusion of the Duke of N———, doing every thing by halves, and nothing well, nor soon. I suppose you have been feasted through the *Corps diplomatique* at Hamburgh, excepting Monsieur Champeaux; with whom, however, I hope you live *poliment et galamment*, at all third places.

Lord Loudon is much blamed here for his *retraite des dix milles*, for it is said that he had above that number, and might, consequently, have acted offensively, instead of retreating; especially, as his retreat was contrary to the unanimous opinion (as it is now said) of the council of war. In our Ministry, I suppose, things go pretty quietly, for the D. of N. has not plagued me these two months. When his Royal Highness comes over, which, I take it for granted, he will do very soon, the great push will, I presume, be made at his Grace and Mr. Pitt; but without effect if they agree, as it is visibly their interest to do; and in that case, their Parliamentary

strength

ſtrength will ſupport them againſt all attacks. You may remember, I ſaid at firſt, that the popularity would ſoon be on the ſide of thoſe who oppoſed the popular Militia Bill; and now it appears ſo with a vengeance, in almoſt every county in England, by the tumults and inſurrections of the people, who ſwear that they will not be inliſted. That ſilly ſcheme muſt, therefore, be dropped, as quietly as may be. Now I have told you all that I know, and almoſt all that I think, I wiſh you a good ſupper, and a good night.

LETTER CCLXXXV.

Blackheath, September the 30th, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Have ſo little to do, that I am ſurpriſed how I can find time to write to you ſo often. Do not ſtare at the ſeeming paradox; for it is an undoubted truth, That the leſs one has to do, the leſs time one finds to do it in. One yawns, one procraſtinates; one can do it when one will, and therefore one ſeldom does it all: whereas thoſe who have a great deal of buſineſs, muſt (to uſe a vulgar expreſſion) buckle to it; and then they always find time enough to do it in. I hope your own experience has, by this time, convinced you of this truth.

I received your laſt, of the 8th. It is now quite over with a very great man, who will ſtill be a very

great

great man, though a very unfortunate one. He has qualities of the mind that put him above the reach of these misfortunes; and if reduced, as perhaps he may, to the *marche* of Brandenburgh, he will always find in himself the comfort, and with all the world the credit, of a philosopher, a legislator, a patron and a professor of arts and sciences. He will only lose the fame of a conqueror: a cruel fame, that arises from the destruction of the human species. Could it be any satisfaction to him to know, I could tell him, that he is at this time the most popular man in this kingdom: the whole nation being enraged at that neutrality which hastens and completes his ruin. Between you and me, the King was not less enraged at it himself, when he saw the terms of it; and it affected his health more than all that had happened before. Indeed, it seems to me a voluntary concession of the very worst that could have happened, in the worst event. We now begin to think that our great and secret expedition is intended for Martinico and St. Domingo; if that be true, and we succeed in the attempt, we shall recover, and the French lose, one of the most valuable branches of commerce, I mean sugar. The French now supply all the foreign markets in Europe with that commodity, we only supply ourselves with it. This would make us some amends for our ill luck, or ill conduct, in North America; where Lord Loudon, with twelve thousand men, thought himself no match for the French with but seven; and Admiral Holbourne, with seventeen ships of the line, declined attacking the

the French, becauſe they had eighteen, and a greater weight of *metal*, according to the new ſea-phraſe, which was unknown to Blake. I hear that letters have been ſent to both, with very ſevere reprimands. I am told, and I believe it is true, that we are negotiating with the Corſican, I will not ſay rebels, but aſſertors of their natural rights; to receive them, and whatever form of government they think fit to eſtabliſh, under our protection, upon condition of their delivering up to us Port Ajaccio; which may be made ſo ſtrong and ſo good a one, as to be a full equivalent for the loſs of Port Mahon. This is, in my mind, a very good ſcheme; for though the Corſicans are a parcel of cruel and perfidious raſcals, they will in this caſe be tied down to us by their own intereſt and their own danger; a ſolid ſecurity with knaves, though none with fools. His Royal Highneſs the Duke is hourly expected here: his arrival will make ſome buſtle; for I believe it is certain, that he is reſolved to make a puſh at the Duke of N. Pitt, and C°; but it will be ineffectual, if they continue to agree, as, to my *certain knowledge*, they do at preſent. This Parliament is theirs, *cætera quis neſcit.*

Now I have told you all I know, or have heard, of public matters, let us talk of private ones, that more nearly and immediately concern us. Admit me to your fire-ſide, in your little room; and as you would converſe with me there, write to me for the future from thence. Are you completely *nippé* yet? Have you formed what the world calls connections; that is, a certain number of acquaintances,

whom, from accident or choice, you frequent more than others? Have you either fine or well-bred women there? *Y a-t-il quelque bon ton?* All fat and fair, I presume; too proud and too cold to make advances, but at the same time, too well bred, and too warm to reject them, when made by *un honnête homme avec des manieres.*

Mr. ** is to be married, in about a month, to Miss * *. I am very glad of it; for, as he will never be a man of the world, but will always lead a domestic and retired life, she seems to have been made on purpose for him. Her natural turn is as grave and domestic as his; and she seems to have been kept by her aunts *à la glace*, instead of being raised in a hot-bed, as most young ladies are of late. If, three weeks hence, you write him a short compliment of congratulation upon the occasion, he, his mother, and *tutti quanti*, would be extremely pleased with it. Those attentions are always kindly taken, and cost one nothing but pen, ink, and paper. I consider them as draughts upon good-breeding, where the exchange is always greatly in favour of the drawer. *A propos* of exchange; I hope you have, with the help of your Secretary, made yourself correctly master of all that sort of knowledge—Course of Exchange, *Agio, Banco, Reichs-Thalers*, down to *Marien Groschen.* It is very little trouble to learn it; it is often of great use to know it. Good night, and God bless you.

LETTER

LETTER CCLXXXVI.

Blackheath, October the 10th, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IT is not without some difficulty that I snatch this moment of leisure from my extréme idleness, to inform you of the present lamentable and astonishing state of affairs here, which you would know but imperfectly from the public papers, and but partially from your private correspondents. *Or sus* then—Our invincible Armada, which cost at least half a million, sailed, as you know, some weeks ago; the object kept an inviolable secret: conjectures various, and expectations great. Brest was perhaps to be taken; but Martinico and St. Domingo, at least. When lo! the important island of Aix was taken without the least resistance, seven hundred men made prisoners, and some pieces of cannon carried off. From thence we sailed towards Rochfort, which it seems was our main object; and consequently one should have supposed that we had pilots on board who knew all the soundings and landing-places there and thereabouts; but no; for General M——t asked the Admiral, if he could land him and the troops near Rochfort? The Admiral said, With great ease. To which the General replied; But can you take us on board again? To which the Admiral answered, *That*, like all naval operations, will depend upon the wind. If so, said the General, I'll e'en go home again. A Council

of War was immediately called, where it was unanimously resolved, that it was *adviseable* to return; accordingly they are returned. As the expectations of the whole nation had been raised to the highest pitch, the universal disappointment and indignation have arisen in proportion; and I question whether the ferment of men's minds was ever greater. Suspicions, you may be sure, are various and endless; but the most prevailing one is, that the tail of the Hanover neutrality, like that of a comet, extended itself to Rochfort. What encourages this suspicion is, that a French man of war went unmolested through our whole fleet, as it lay near Rochfort. Haddock's whole story is revived; Michel's representations are combined with other circumstances; and the whole together makes up a mass of discontent, resentment, and even fury, greater than perhaps was ever known in this country before. These are the facts, draw your own conclusions from them: for my part, I am lost in astonishment and conjectures, and do not know where to fix. My experience has shown me, that many things which seem extremely probable, are not true; and many, which seem highly improbable, are true; so that I will conclude this article, as Josephus does almost every article of his history, with saying, *but of this every man will believe as he thinks proper.* What a disgraceful year will this be in the annals of this country! May its good genius, if ever it appears again, tear out those sheets, thus stained and blotted by our ignominy!

Our

Our domestic affairs are, as far as I know any thing of them, in the same situation as when I wrote to you last; but they will begin to be in motion upon the approach of the session, and upon the return of the Duke; whose arrival is most impatiently expected by the mob of London; though not to strow flowers in his way.

I leave this place next Saturday, and London the Saturday following, to be the next day at Bath. Adieu.

LETTER CCLXXXVII.

London, October the 17th, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR last, of the 30th past, was a very good letter: and I will believe half of what you assure me, that you returned to the Landgrave's civilities. I cannot possibly go farther than half, knowing that you are not lavish of your words, especially in that species of eloquence called the adulatory. Do not use too much discretion, in profiting of the Landgrave's naturalization of you; but go pretty often and feed with him. Chuse the company of your superiors, whenever you can have it; that is the right and true pride. The mistaken and silly pride is, to *primer* among inferiors.

Hear, O Israel! and wonder. On Sunday morn-

ing laſt, the Duke gave up his commiſſion of Captain General, and his regiment of guards. You will aſk me why? I cannot tell you; but I will tell you the cauſes aſſigned; which, perhaps, are none of them the true ones. It is ſaid that the King reproached him with having exceeded his powers, in making the Hanover Convention; which his R. H. abſolutely denied, and threw up thereupon. This is certain, that he appeared at the drawing-room, at Kenſington, laſt Sunday, after having quitted, and went ſtrait to Windſor; where, his people ſay, that he intends to reſide quietly, and amuſe himſelf as a private man. But I conjecture that matters will ſoon be made up again, and that he will reſume his employments. You will eaſily imagine what ſpeculations this event has occaſioned in the public; I ſhall neither trouble you, nor myſelf, with relating them; nor would this ſheet of paper, or even a quire more, contain them. Some refine enough, to ſuſpect that it is a concerted quarrel, to juſtify *ſomebody to ſomebody*, with regard to the Convention; but I do not believe it.

His R. H.'s people load the Hanover Miniſters, and more particularly our friend Münchauſen here, with the whole blame; but with what degree of truth I know not. This only is certain, that the whole negotiation of that affair was broached, and carried on, by the Hanover Miniſters, and Monſieur Stemberg at Vienna, abſolutely unknown to the Engliſh Miniſters, till it was executed. This affair

combine

combined (for people will combine it) with the astonishing return of our great armament, not only *re infectâ*, but even *intentatâ*, makes such a jumble of reflections, conjectures, and refinements, that one is weary of hearing them. Our Tacituses and Machiavels go deep, suspect the worst, and perhaps, as they often do, overshoot the mark. For my own part, I fairly confess that I am bewildered, and have not certain *postulata* enough, not only to found any opinion, but even to form conjectures upon; and this is the language which I think you should hold to all who speak to you, as to be sure all will, upon that subject. Plead, as you truly may, your own ignorance; and say, that it is impossible to judge of those nice points, at such a distance, and without knowing all circumstances, which you cannot be supposed to do. And as to the Duke's resignation; you should, in my opinion, say, that perhaps there might be a little too much vivacity in the case; but that, upon the whole, you make no doubt of the thing's being soon set right again; as, in truth, I dare say it will. Upon these delicate occasions you must practise the ministerial shrugs and *persiflage*; for silent gesticulations, which you would be most inclined to, would not be sufficient: something must be said; but that something, when analysed, must amount to nothing. As for instance, *Il est vrai qu'on s'y perd, mais que voulez vous que je vous dise,—il y a bien du pour et du contre, un petit Résident ne voit gueres le fond du sac.—Il faut attendre*—Those sort of expletives are of in-

finite uſe; and nine people in ten think they mean ſomething. But, to the Landgrave of Heſſe, I think you would do well to ſay, in ſeeming confidence, that you have good reaſon to believe, that the principal objection of his Majeſty to the Convention was, that his Highneſs's intereſts, and the affair of his troops, were not ſufficiently conſidered in it. To the Pruſſian Miniſter, aſſert boldly, that you know *de ſçience certaine*, that the principal object of his Majeſty's, and his Britiſh Miniſtry's attention, is not only to perform all their preſent engagements with his Maſter, but to take new and ſtronger ones for his ſupport; for this is true—*at leaſt at preſent.*

You did very well in inviting Comte Bothmar to dine with you. You ſee how minutely I am informed of your proceedings, though not from yourſelf. Adieu.

I go to Bath next Saturday; but direct your letters, as uſual, to London.

LETTER CCLXXXVIII.

Bath, October the 26th, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Arrived here ſafe, but far from ſound, laſt Sunday. I have conſequently drank theſe waters but three days, and yet I find myſelf ſomething better for them. The night before I left London, I was

for

for ſome hours at Newcaſtle-houſe; where the letters, which came in that morning, lay upon the table; and his Grace ſingled out yours, with great approbation, and at the ſame time aſſured me of his Majeſty's approbation too. To theſe two approbations, I truly add my own, which, *ſans vanité*, may perhaps be near as good as the other two. In that letter you venture *vos petits raiſonnemens* very properly, and then as properly make an excuſe for doing ſo. Go on ſo with diligence, and you will be, what I began to deſpair of your ever being, *ſomebody*. I am perſuaded, if you would own the truth, that you feel yourſelf now much better ſatisfied with yourſelf, than you were while you did nothing.

Application to buſineſs, attended with approbation and ſucceſs, flatters and animates the mind; which, in idleneſs and inaction, ſtagnates and putrefies. I would wiſh, that every rational man would, every night when he goes to bed, aſk himſelf this queſtion, *What have I done to-day?* Have I done any thing that can be of uſe to myſelf or others? Have I employed my time, or have I ſquandered it? Have I lived out the day, or have I dozed it away in ſloth and lazineſs? A thinking being muſt be pleaſed or confounded, according as he can anſwer himſelf theſe queſtions. I obſerve that you are in the ſecret of what is intended, and what Münchauſen is gone to Stade to prepare. A bold and dangerous experiment, in my mind; and which may probably end in a ſecond volume to the Hiſtory of the Palatinate,

latinate, in the last century. His Serene Highness of Brunswick has, in my mind, played a prudent and a saving game; and I am apt to believe, that the other Serene Highness, at Hamburgh, is more likely to follow his example, than to embark in the great scheme.

I see no signs of the Duke's resuming his employments; but, on the contrary, I am assured, that his Majesty is cooly determined to do as well as he can without him. The Duke of Devonshire, and Fox, have worked hard to make up matters in the closet, but to no purpose. People's self-love is very apt to make them think themselves more necessary than they are; and I shrewdly suspect, that his Royal Highness has been the dupe of that sentiment, and was taken at his word when he least expected it: like my predecessor, Lord Harrington; who, when he went into the closet to resign the seals, had them not about him; so sure he thought himself of being pressed to keep them.

The whole talk of London, of this place, and of every place in the whole kingdom, is of our great, expensive, and yet fruitless expedition: I have seen an Officer who was there, a very sensible and observing man; who told me, that, had we attempted Rochfort, the day after we took the island of Aix, our success had been infallible; but that after we had sauntered (God knows why) eight or ten days in the island, he thinks the attempt would have been impracticable; because the French had in

in that time got together all the troops in that neighbourhood, to a very considerable number. In short, there must have been some secret in that whole affair, which has not yet transpired; and I cannot help suspecting that it came from Stade. *We* had not been successful there; perhaps *we* were not desirous, that an expedition, in which *we* had neither been concerned nor consulted, should prove so: M——t was *our* creature; and a word to the wise will sometimes go a great way. M——t is to have a public trial, from which the public expects great discoveries—Not I.

Do you visit Soltikow, the Russian Minister, whose house, I am told, is the great scene of pleasures at Hamburgh? His mistress, I take for granted, is by this time dead, and he wears some other body's shackles. Her death comes, with regard to the King of Prussia, *comme la moutarde après diner.* I am curious to see what tyrant will succeed her, not by Divine, but by Military right; for, barbarous as they are now, and still more barbarous as they have been formerly, they have had very little regard to the more barbarous notion of divine, indefeasible, hereditary right.

The Prætorian bands, that is the guards, I presume, have been engaged in the Interests of the Imperial Prince; but still, I think, that little John of Archangel will be heard of upon this occasion, unless prevented by a quieting draught of Hemlock or Nightshade; for I suppose they are not

arrived

arrived to the politer and genteeler poisons of *Acqua Tufana* *, sugar-plumbs, *&c.*

Lord Halifax has accepted his old employment, with the honorary addition of the Cabinet Council. And so we heartily wish you a good night.

LETTER CCLXXXIX.

Bath, November the 4th, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE sons of Britain, like those of Noah, must cover their parent's shame as well as they can; for to retrieve its honour is now too late. One would really think that our Ministers and Generals were all as drunk as the Patriarch was. However, in your situation, you must not be Cham; but spread your cloak over our disgrace, as far as it will go. M——t calls aloud for a public trial; and in that, and that only, the public agrees with him. There will certainly be one; but of what kind, is not yet fixed. Some are for a Parliamentary inquiry, others for a Martial one: neither will, in my opinion, discover the true secret; for a secret there most unquestionably is. Why we staid six whole days in the island of Aix, mortal cannot imagine;

* Acqua Tufana, a Neapolitan slow poison, resembling clear water, and invented by a woman at Naples, of the name of Tufana.

which

which time the French employed, as it was obvious they would, in assembling all their troops in the neighbourhood of Rochfort, and making our attempt then really impracticable. The day after we had taken the island of Aix, your friend, Colonel Wolfe, publicly offered to do the business with five hundred men and three ships only. In all these complicated political machines, there are so many wheels within wheels, that it is always difficult, and sometimes impossible, to guess which of them gives direction to the whole. Mr. Pitt is convinced that the principal wheel, or, if you will, the *spoke in his wheel*, came from Stade. This is certain, at least, that M———t was the man of confidence with that person. Whatever be the truth of the case, there is, to be sure, hitherto, an *Hiatus valde deflendus*.

The meeting of the Parliament will certainly be very numerous, were it only from curiosity; but the majority on the side of the Court will, I dare say, be a great one. The people of the late Captain General, however inclined to oppose, will be obliged to concur. Their commissions, which they have no desire to lose, will make them tractable; for those Gentlemen, though all men of honour, are of Sosia's mind; *que le vrai Amphitrion est celui ou l'on dine.* The Tories, and the City, have engaged to support Pitt; the Whigs, the Duke of Newcastle; the independent, and the impartial, as you well know, are not worth mentioning. It is said, that the Duke intends to bring the affair of his Convention into Parliament, for his own justification: I can hardly

believe it; as I cannot conceive that tranſactions ſo merely Electoral can be proper objects of inquiry or deliberation for a Britiſh Parliament; and therefore, ſhould ſuch a motion be made, I preſume it will be immediately quaſhed. By the commiſſion lately given to Sir John Ligonier, of General and Commander in Chief of all his Majeſty's forces in Great Britain, the door ſeems to be not only ſhut, but bolted, againſt his Royal Highneſs's return; and I have *good reaſon* to be convinced, that that breach is irreparable. The reports of changes in the Miniſtry, I am pretty ſure, are idle and groundleſs. The Duke of Newcaſtle and Mr. Pitt really agree very well; not, I preſume, from any ſentimental tenderneſs for each other, but from a ſenſe that it is their mutual intereſt; and, as the late Captain General's party is now out of the queſtion, I do not ſee what ſhould produce the leaſt change.

The viſit, lately made to Berlin, was, I dare ſay, neither a friendly nor an inoffenſive one. The Auſtrians always leave behind them pretty laſting monuments of their viſits, or rather viſitations; not ſo much, I believe, from their thirſt of glory, as from their hunger of prey.

This winter, I take for granted, muſt produce a peace, of ſome kind or another; a bad one for us, no doubt, and yet perhaps better than we ſhould get the year after. I ſuppoſe the King of Pruſſia is negotiating with France, and endeavouring by thoſe means to get out of the ſcrape, with the loſs only of Sileſia, and perhaps Halberſtadt, by way of indem-

nification

nification to Saxony; and, considering all circumstances, he would be well off upon those terms. But then how is Sweden to be satisfied? Will the Russians restore Memel? Will France have been at all this expence *gratis?* Must there be no acquisition for them in Flanders? I dare say, they have stipulated something of that sort for themselves, by the additional and secret treaty, which I know they made, last May, with the Queen of Hungary. Must we give up whatever the French please to desire, in America, besides the cession of Minorca in perpetuity? I fear we must, or else raise twelve millions more next year, to as little purpose as we did this, and have consequently a worse peace afterwards. I turn my eyes away, as much as I can, from this miserable prospect; but, as a citizen and member of society, it recurs to my imagination, notwithstanding all my endeavours to banish it from my thoughts. I can do myself or my country no good; but I feel the wretched situation of both: the state of the latter makes me better bear that of the former; and, when I am called away from my station here, I shall think it rather (as Cicero says of Crassus) *Mors donata quam vita erepta.*

I have often desired, but in vain, the favour of being admitted into your private apartment at Hamburgh, and of being informed of your private life there. Your mornings, I hope and believe, are employed in business; but give me an account of the remainder of the day, which I suppose is, and ought to be, appropriated to amusements and plea-

fures. In what houfes are you domeftic? Who are fo in yours? In fhort, let me in, and do not be denied to me.

Here I am, as ufual, feeing few people, and hearing fewer; drinking the waters regularly, to a minute, and am fomething the better for them. I read a great deal, and vary occafionally my dead company. I converfe with grave folios in the morning, while my head is cleareft, and my attention ftrongeft; I take up lefs fevere quartos after dinner; and at night I chufe the mixed company and amufing chit-chat of octavos and duodecimos. *Je tire parti de tout ce que je puis*; that is my philofophy; and I mitigate, as much as I can, my phyfical ills, by diverting my attention to other objects.

Here is a report that Admiral Holbourne's fleet i deftroyed, in a manner, by a ftorm; I hope it is not true, in the full extent of the report; but I believe it has fuffered. This would fill up the meafure of our misfortunes. Adieu.

LETTER CCXC.

Bath, November the 20th, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Write to you now, becaufe I love to write to you; and hope that my letters are welcome to you; for otherwife I have very little to inform you of. The King of Pruffia's late victory, you are better

better informed of than we are here. It has given infinite joy to the unthinking public, who are not aware that it comes too late in the year, and too late in the war, to be attended with any very great consequences. There are six or seven thousand of the human species less than there were a month ago, and that seems to me to be all. However, I am glad of it, upon account of the pleasure and the glory which it gives the King of Prussia, to whom I wish well as a man, more than as a King. And surely he is so great a man, that had he lived seventeen or eighteen hundred years ago, and his life been transmitted to us in a language that we could not very well understand, I mean either Greek or Latin, we should have talked of him as we do now of your Alexanders, your Cæsars, and others, with whom, I believe, we have but a very slight acquaintance. *Au reste*, I do not see that his affairs are much mended by this victory. The same combination of the great Powers of Europe against him still subsists, and must at last prevail. I believe the French army will melt away, as is usual, in Germany; but his army is extremely diminished by battles, fatigues, and desertion; and he will find great difficulties in recruiting it, from his own already exhausted dominions. He must therefore, and to be sure will, negotiate privately with the French, and get better terms that way than he could any other.

The report of the three General Officers, the Duke of Marlborough, Lord George Sackville, and

General Waldegrave, was laid before the King laſt Saturday, after their having ſat four days upon M——t's affair: nobody yet knows what it is; but it is generally believed, that M——t will be brought to a Court-martial. That you may not miſtake this matter, as *moſt* people here do, I muſt explain to you, that this examination, before the three above-mentioned General Officers, was by no means a trial; but only a previous inquiry into his conduct, to ſee whether there was, or was not, cauſe to bring him to a regular trial before a Court-martial. The caſe is exactly parallel to that of a grand jury; who, upon a previous and general examination, find, or do not find, a bill, to bring the matter before the petty jury; where the fact is finally tried. For my own part, my opinion is fixed, upon that affair. I am convinced that the expedition was to be defeated; and nothing that can appear before a Court-martial can make me alter that opinion. I have been too long acquainted with human nature, to have great regard for human teſtimony: and a very great degree of probability, ſupported by various concurrent circumſtances, conſpiring in one point, will have much greater weight with me, than human teſtimony upon oath, or even upon honour; both which I have frequently ſeen conſiderably warped by private views.

The Parliament, which now ſtands prorogued to the firſt of next month, it is thought, will be put off for ſome time longer, till we know in what light to lay before it the ſtate of our alliance with Pruſſia, ſince the concluſion of the Hanover neutrality;

which, if it did not quite break it, made at least a great flaw in it

The birth-day was neither fine nor crowded; and no wonder, since the King was that day seventy-five. The old Court and the young one are much better together, since the Duke's retirement; and the King has presented the Prince of Wales with a service of plate.

I am still *unwell*, though I drink these waters very regularly. I will stay here at least six weeks longer, where I am much quieter than I should be allowed to be in town. When things are in such a miserable situation as they are at present, I desire neither to be concerned nor consulted, still less quoted. Adieu!

LETTER CCXCI.

Bath, November the 26th, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received, by the last mail, your short account of the King of Prussia's victory; which victory, contrary to custom, turns out more complete than it was at first reported to be. This appears by an intercepted letter from Monsieur de St. Germain to Monsieur d'Affry, at the Hague; in which he tells him, *Cette armée est entierement fondue*, and lays the blame, very strongly, upon Monsieur de Soubize. But, be it greater, or be it less, I am glad of it; because the King of Prussia (whom I honour and almost

 adore)

adore) I am ſure is. Though *d'ailleurs*, between you and me, *ou eſt-ce que cela mene?* To nothing, while that formidable union, of the three great Powers of Europe, ſubſiſts againſt him. Could that be any way broken, ſomething might be done; without which, nothing can. I take it for granted, that the King of Pruſſia will do all he can to detach France. Why ſhould not we, on our part, try to detach Ruſſia? At leaſt, in our preſent diſtreſs, *omnia tentanda*, and ſometimes a lucky and unexpected hit turns up. This thought came into my head this morning; and I give it to you, not as a very probable ſcheme, but as a poſſible one, and conſequently worth trying—The year of the Ruſſian ſubſidies (nominally paid by the court of Vienna, but really by France) is near expired. The former probably cannot, and perhaps the latter will not, renew them. The Court of Peterſburgh is beggarly, profuſe, greedy, and by no means ſcrupulous. Why ſhould not we ſtep in there, and out-bid them? If we could, we buy a great army at once; which would give an entire new turn to the affairs of that part of the world, at leaſt. And, if we bid handſomely, I do not believe the *bonne foi* of that Court would ſtand in the way. Both our Court and our Parliament would, I am very ſure, give a very great ſum, and very chearfully, for this purpoſe. In the next place, Why ſhould not you wriggle yourſelf, if poſſible, into ſo great a ſcheme? You are, no doubt, much acquainted with the Ruſſian Reſident Soltikow; Why ſhould you not ſound him, as intirely from yourſelf, upon this ſub-

jećt?

ject? You may ask him, What, does your Court intend to go on next year in the pay of France, to destroy the liberties of all Europe, and throw universal monarchy into the hands of that already great, and always ambitious Power? I know you think, or at least call yourselves, the allies of the Empress Queen; but is it not plain that she will be, in the first place, and you in the next, the dupes of France? At this very time you are doing the work of France and Sweden; and that for some miserable subsidies, much inferior to those which I am sure you might have, in a better cause, and more consistent with the true interest of Russia. Though not empowered, I know the manner of thinking of my own Court so well, upon this subject, that I will venture to promise you much better terms than those you have now, without the least apprehensions of being disavowed. Should he listen to this, and what more may occur to you to say upon this subject, and ask you, *En écrirai-je à ma Cour?* answer him, *Ecrivez, écrivez Monsieur hardiment. Je prendrai tout cela sur moi.* Should this happen, as perhaps, and as I heartily wish it may, then write an exact relation of it to your own Court. Tell them, that you thought the measure of such great importance, that you could not help taking this little step towards bringing it about; but that you mentioned it only as from yourself, and that you have not in the least committed them by it. If Soltikow lends himself in any degree to this, insinuate, that, in the present situation of

 affairs,

affairs, and particularly of the King's Electoral dominions, you are very sure that his Majesty would have *une reconnoissance sans bornes* for *all* those, by whose means so desirable a revival of an old and long friendship should be brought about. You will, perhaps, tell me, that, without doubt, Mr. Keith's instructions are to the same effect: but I will answer you, that you can, *if you please*, do it better than Mr. Keith; and, in the next place, that, be all that as it will, it must be very advantageous to you at home, to show that you have at least a contriving head, and an alertness in business.

I had a letter, by the last post, from the Duke of Newcastle, in which he congratulates me, in his own name, and in Lord Hardwicke's, upon the approbation which your dispatches give, not only to them two, but to *others*. This success, so early, should encourage your diligence, and rouze your ambition, if you have any; you may go a great way, if you desire it, having so much time before you.

I send you here enclosed the copy of the Report of the three General Officers, appointed to examine previously into the conduct of General M——t; it is ill written, and ill spelled; but no matter; you will decypher it. You will observe, by the tenour of it, that it points strongly to a Court-martial; which, no doubt, will soon be held upon him. I presume there will be no shooting, in the final sentence; but I do suppose that there will be breaking, *&c.*

I have

I have had ſome ſevere returns of my old complaints, laſt week, and am ſtill unwell; I cannot help it.

A friend of yours arrived here three days ago; ſhe ſeems to me to be a ſerviceable ſtrong-bodied bay mare, with black mane and tail; you eaſily gueſs who I mean. She is come with mamma, and without *il caro ſpoſo*.

Adieu! my head will not let me go on longer.

LETTER CCXCII.

Bath, December the 31ſt, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Have this moment received your letter of the 18th, with the encloſed papers. I cannot help obſerving, that, till then, you never acknowledged the receipt of any one of my letters.

I can eaſily conceive that party ſpirit, among your brother Miniſters at Hamburgh, runs as high as you repreſent it, becauſe I can eaſily believe the errors of the human mind; but, at the ſame time, I muſt obſerve, that ſuch a ſpirit is the ſpirit of little minds, and ſubaltern Miniſters, who think to atone by zeal, for their want of merit and importance. The political differences of the ſeveral Courts, ſhould never influence the perſonal behaviour of their ſeveral Miniſters towards one another. There is a certain *procedé noble et galant*, which ſhould always be ob-

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ferved among the Minifters, of Powers even at war with each other; which will always turn out to the advantage of the ableft; who will in thofe converfations find, or make opportunities of throwing out, or of receiving ufeful hints. When I was laft at the Hague, we were at war with both France and Spain; fo that I could neither vifit, nor be vifited, by the Minifters of thofe two Crowns: but we met every day, or dined at third places, where we embraced as perfonal friends, and trifled, at the fame time, upon our being political enemies; and by this fort of *badinage*, I difcovered fome things which I wanted to know. There is not a more prudent maxim, than to live with one's enemies as if they may one day become one's friends; as it commonly happens, fooner or later, in the viciffitudes of political affairs.

To your queftion, which is a rational and prudent one, Whether I was authorized to give you the hints, concerning Ruffia, by any people in power here? I will tell you that I was not: but, as I had preffed them to try what might be done with Ruffia, and got Mr. Keith to be difpatched thither fome months fooner than otherwife, I dare fay, he would, with the proper inftructions for that purpofe, I wifhed, that by the hints I gave you, you might have got the ftart of him, and the merit, at leaft, of having *entamé* that matter with Soltikow. What you have to do with him now, when you meet with him at any third place, or at his own houfe (where you are at liberty to go, while Ruffia has a Minifter

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in London, and we a Miniſter at Peterſburgh) is, in my opinion, to ſay to him, in an eaſy chearful manner, *He bien, Monſieur, je me flatte que nous ſerons bien-tôt amis publics, auſſi bien qu'amis perſonels.* To which he will probably aſk, Why, or how? You will reply, Becauſe you know that Mr. Keith is gone to his Court with inſtructions, which you think muſt neceſſarily be agreeable there. And throw out to him, that nothing but a change of their preſent ſyſtem can ſave Livonia to Ruſſia; for, that he cannot ſuppoſe, that, when the Swedes ſhall have recovered Pomerania, they will long leave Ruſſia in quiet poſſeſſion of Livonia. If he is ſo much a Frenchman as you ſay, he will make you ſome weak anſwers to this; but, as you will have the better of the argument on your ſide, you may remind him of the old and almoſt uninterrupted connection between France and Sweden, the inveterate enemy of Ruſſia. Many other arguments will naturally occur to you in ſuch a converſation, if you have it. In this caſe, there is a piece of miniſterial art, which is ſometimes of uſe; and that is, to ſow jealouſies among one's enemies, by a ſeeming preference ſhown to ſome one of them. Monſieur Hecht's *réveries* are *réveries* indeed. How ſhould his maſter have made the *golden arrangements*, which he talks of, and which are to be forged into ſhackles for General Fermor? The Pruſſian finances are not in a condition now to make ſuch expenſive arrangements. But I think you may tell Monſieur Hecht, in confidence, that you hope, the inſtructions with which you know that Mr. Keith is gone to Peterſburgh,

tersburgh, may have some effect upon the measures of that Court.

I would advise you to live with that same Monsieur Hecht, in all the confidence, familiarity, and connection, which prudence will allow. I mean it with regard to the King of Prussia himself, by whom I could wish you to be known and esteemed as much as possible. It may be of use to you some day or other. If man, courage, conduct, constancy, can get the better of all the difficulties which the King of Prussia has to struggle with, he will rise superior to them. But still, while this alliance subsists against him, I dread *les gros Escadrons*. His last victory, of the 5th, was certainly the compleatest that has been heard of these many years. I heartily wish the Prince of Brunswick just such a one over Monsieur de Richelieu's army; and that he may take my old acquaintance the Maréchal, and send him over here to polish and perfume us.

I heartily wish you, in the plain home-spun style, a great number of happy new years, well employed in forming both your mind and your manners, to be useful and agreeable to yourself, your country, and your friends! That these wishes are sincere, your Secretary's brother will, by the time of your receiving this, have remitted you a proof, from Yours.

LETTER CCXCIII.

London, February the 8th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received by the ſame poſt your two letters of the 13th and 17th paſt; and yeſterday that of the 27th, with the Ruſſian manifeſto encloſed; in which her Imperial Majeſty of all the Ruſſias has been pleaſed to give every reaſon, except the true one, for the march of her troops againſt the King of Pruſſia. The true one, I take to be, that ſhe has juſt received a very great ſum of money from France, or the Empreſs Queen, or both, for that purpoſe. *Point d'argent point de Ruſſe* is now become a maxim. Whatever may be the motive of their march, the effects muſt be bad; and, according to my ſpeculations, thoſe troops will replace the French, in Hanover and Lower Saxony; and the French will go and join the Auſtrian army. You aſk me, If I ſtill deſpond? Not ſo much as I did after the battle of Colen: the battles of Roſbach and Liſſa were drams to me, and gave me ſome momentary ſpirits; but though I do not abſolutely deſpair, I own I greatly diſtruſt. I readily allow the King of Pruſſia to be *nec pluribus impar*; but ſtill, when the *plures* amount to a certain degree of plurality, courage and abilities muſt yield at laſt. Michel here aſſures me, that he does not mind the Ruſſians; but as I have it from the gentleman's own mouth, I do not believe him. We ſhall very ſoon ſend a

ſquadron

ſquadron to the Baltic, to entertain the Swedes; which, I believe, will put an end to their operations in Pomerania; ſo that I have no great apprehenſions from that quarter; but Ruſſia, I confeſs, ſticks in my ſtomach.

Every thing goes ſmoothly in Parliament; the King of Pruſſia has united all our parties in his ſupport; and the Tories have declared, that they will give Mr. Pitt unlimited credit for this ſeſſion: there has not been one ſingle diviſion yet upon public points, and I believe will not. Our American expedition is preparing to go ſoon; the diſpoſition of that affair ſeems to me a little extraordinary. Abercrombie is to be the ſedentary, and not the acting Commander; Amherſt, Lord Howe, and Wolfe, are to be the acting, and I hope the active Officers. I wiſh they may agree. Amherſt, who is the oldeſt Officer, is under the influence of the ſame great perſon who influenced Mordaunt, ſo much to the honour and advantage of this country. This is moſt certain, that we have force enough in America to eat up the French alive in Canada, Quebec, and Louiſbourg, if we have but ſkill and ſpirit enough to exert it properly; but of that I am modeſt enough to doubt.

When you come to the egotiſm, which I have long deſired you to come to with me, you need make no excuſes for it. The egotiſm is as proper and as ſatisfactory, to one's friends, as it is impertinent and miſplaced with ſtrangers. I deſire to ſee you in your every-day clothes, by your fire-ſide, in

your pleasures; in short, in your private life; but I have not yet been able to obtain this. Whenever you condescend to do it, as you promise, stick to truth; for I am not so uninformed of Hamburgh, as perhaps you may think.

As for myself, I am very *unwell*, and very weary of being so; and with little hopes, at my age, of ever being otherwise. I often wish for the end of the wretched remnant of my life; and that wish is a rational one; but then the innate principle of self-preservation, wisely implanted in our natures, for obvious purposes, opposes that wish, and makes us endeavour to spin out our thread as long as we can, however decayed and rotten it may be; and in defiance of common-sense, we seek on for that chymic gold, which *beggars us when old.*

Whatever your amusements, or pleasures, may be at Hamburgh, I dare say you taste them more sensibly than ever you did in your life, now that you have business enough to whet your appetite to them. Business, one half of the day, is the best preparation for the pleasures of the other half. I hope, and believe, that it will be with you as it was with an apothecary whom I knew at Twickenham. A considerable estate fell to him by an unexpected accident; upon which he thought it decent to leave off his business; accordingly, he generously gave up his shop and his stock to his head man, set up his coach, and resolved to live like a gentleman; but, in less than a month, the man, used to business, found, that living like a gentleman was dying of *ennui*; upon

which he bought his ſhop and ſtock, reſumed his trade; and lived very happily, after he had ſomething to do. Adieu.

LETTER CCXCIV.

London, February the 24th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received yeſterday your letter of the 2d inſtant, with the encloſed; which I return you, that there may be no chaſm in your papers. I had heard before of Burriſh's death, and had taken ſome ſteps thereupon; but I very ſoon dropped that affair, for ninety-nine good reaſons; the firſt of which was, that nobody is to go in his room, and that, had he lived, he was to have been recalled from Munich. But another reaſon, more flattering for you, was, that you could not be ſpared from Hamburgh. Upon the whole, I am not ſorry for it, as the place where you are now is the great *entrepôt* of buſineſs; and when it ceaſes to be ſo, you will neceſſarily go to ſome of the Courts in the neighbourhood, (Berlin, I hope and believe) which will be a much more deſirable ſituation than to ruſt at Munich, where we can never have any buſineſs beyond a ſubſidy. Do but go on, and exert yourſelf where you are, and better things will ſoon follow.

Surely the inaction of our army at Hanover continues too long. We expected wonders from it ſome

time ago, and yet nothing is attempted. The French will soon receive reinforcements, and then be too strong for us; whereas they are now most certainly greatly weakened by desertion, sickness, and deaths. Does the King of Prussia send a body of men to our army or not? or has the march of the Russians cut him out work for all his troops? I am afraid it has. If one body of Russians joins the Austrian army in Moravia, and another body the Swedes in Pomerania, he will have his hands very full, too full, I fear. The French say, they will have an army of 180,000 men in Germany this year; the Empress Queen will have 150,000; if the Russians have but 40,000, what can resist such a force? The King of Prussia may say, indeed, with more justice than ever any one person could before him, *Moi. Medea superest.*

You promised me some egotism; but I have received none yet. Do you frequent the Landgrave? *Hantez vous les grands de la terre?* What are the connections of the evening? All this, and a great deal more of this kind, let me know in your next.

The House of Commons is still very unanimous: there was a little popular squib let off this week, in a motion of Sir John Glyn's, seconded by Sir John Philips, for annual Parliaments. It was a very cold scent, and put an end to by a division of 190 to 70.

Good night. Work hard, that you may divert yourself well.

LETTER

LETTER CCXCV.

London, March the 4th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I SHOULD have been much more surprised at the contents of your letter of the 17th past, if I had not happened to have seen Sir C. W. about three or four hours before I received it. I thought he talked in an extraordinary manner; he engaged that the King of Prussia should be master of Vienna in the month of May; and he told me, that you were very much in love with his daughter. Your letter explained all this to me; and next day, Lord and Lady E—— gave me innumerable instances of his frenzy, with which I shall not trouble you. What inflamed it the more (if it did not intirely occasion it) was a great quantity of cantharides, which, it seems, he had taken at Hamburgh, to recommend himself, I suppose, to Mademoiselle John. He was let blood four times on board the ship, and has been let blood four times more since his arrival here; but still the inflammation continues very high. He is now under the care of his brothers, who do not let him go abroad. They have written to this same Mademoiselle John, to prevent, if they can, her coming to England, and told her the case; which when she hears, she must be as mad as he is, if she takes the journey. By the way, she must be *une Dame aventuriere*, to receive a note for 10,000 roubles, from a man whom she had known but three days; to

take

take a contract of marriage, knowing he was married already; and to engage herself to follow him to England. I suppose this is not the first adventure of the sort which she has had.

After the news we received yesterday, that the French had evacuated Hanover, all but Hamel, we daily expect much better. We pursue them, we cut them off *en détail*, and at last we destroy their whole army. I wish it may happen, and, moreover, I think it not impossible.

My head is much out of order, and only allows me to wish you good night.

LETTER CCXCVI.

London, March the 22d, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Have now your letter of the 8th lying before me, with the favourable account of our progress in Lower Saxony, and reasonable prospect of more decisive success. I confess I did not expect this, when my friend Münchausen took his leave of me, to go to Stade, and break the neutrality; I thought it at least a dangerous, but rather a desperate undertaking; whereas, hitherto, it has proved a very fortunate one. I look upon the French army as *fondue*; and, what with desertion, deaths, and epidemical distempers, I dare say, not a third of it will ever return to France. The great object is now,

 what

what the Ruſſians can or will do; and whether the King of Pruſſia can hinder their junction with the Auſtrians, by beating either, before they join: I will truſt him for doing all that can be done.

Sir C. W. is ſtill in confinement, and, I fear, will always be ſo, for he ſeems *cum ratione inſanire*; the phyſicians have collected all he has ſaid and done, that indicated an alienation of mind, and have laid it before him in writing; he has anſwered it in writing too, and juſtifies himſelf by the moſt plauſible arguments that can poſſibly be urged. He tells his brother, and the few who are allowed to ſee him, that they are ſuch narrow and contracted minds themſelves, that they take thoſe for mad, who have a great and generous way of thinking; as for inſtance, when he determined to ſend his daughter over to you, in a fortnight, to be married, without any previous agreement or ſettlements, it was becauſe he had long known you, and loved you, as a man of ſenſe and honour; and therefore would not treat with you as with an attorney. That as for Mademoiſelle John, he knew her merit and her circumſtances; and aſks, whether it is a ſign of madneſs, to have a due regard for the one, and a juſt compaſſion for the other. I will not tire you with enumerating any more inſtances of the poor man's frenzy; but conclude this ſubject with pitying him, and poor human nature, which holds its reaſon by ſo precarious a tenure. The lady, who you tell me is ſet out, *en ſera pour la peine et les fraix du voyage*, for her note is worth no more than her contract.

By

By the way, ſhe muſt be a kind of *aventurière*, to engage ſo eaſily in ſuch an adventure, with a man whom ſhe had not known above a week, and whoſe *début* of 10,000 roubles ſhowed him not to be in his right ſenſes.

You will probably have ſeen General Yorke, by this time, in his way to Berlin or Breſlau, or wherever the King of Pruſſia may be. As he keeps his commiſſion to the States General, I preſume he is not to ſtay long with his Pruſſian Majeſty: but, however, while he is there, take care to write to him very conſtantly, and to give all the informations you can. His father, Lord Hardwicke, is your great puff; he commends your office letters exceedingly. I would have the Berlin Commiſſion your object, in good time: never loſe view of it. Do all you can to recommend yourſelf to the King of Pruſſia, on your ſide of the water, and to ſmooth your way for that commiſſion on this; by the turn which things have taken of late, it muſt always be the moſt important of all foreign commiſſions from hence.

I have no news to ſend you, as things here are extremely quiet; ſo good night.

LETTER CCXCVII.

London, April the 25th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Am now two letters in your debt, which I think is the first time that ever I was so, in the long course of our correspondence. But, besides that my head has been very much out of order of late, writing is by no means that easy thing that it was to me formerly. I find by experience, that the mind and the body are more than married, for they are most intimately united; and when the one suffers, the other sympathises. *Non sum qualis eram*: Neither my memory nor my invention are now, what they formerly were. It is in a great measure my own fault: I cannot accuse nature, for I abused her; and it is reasonable I should suffer for it.

I do not like the return of the oppression upon your lungs; but the rigor of the cold may probably have brought it upon you, and your lungs not in fault. Take care to live very cool, and let your diet be rather low.

We have had a second winter here, more severe than the first, at least it seemed so, from a premature summer that we had, for a fortnight, in March; which brought every thing forwards, only to be destroyed. I have experienced it at Blackheath; where the promise of fruit was a most flattering one, and all nipped in the bud by frost and snow, in April. I shall not have a single peach or apricot.

I have

I have nothing to tell you from hence, concerning public affairs, but what you read as well in the news-papers. This only is extraordinary: that last week, in the House of Commons, above ten millions were granted, and the whole Hanover army taken into British pay, with but one single negative, which was Mr. Viner's.

Mr. Pitt gains ground in the closet, and yet does not lose it in the public. That is new.

Monsieur Kniphausen has dined with me; he is one of the prettiest fellows I have seen; he has, with a great deal of life and fire, *les manieres d'un honnête homme, et le ton de la parfaitement bonne compagnie.* You like him yourself; try to be like him: it is in your power.

I hear that Mr. Mitchel is to be recalled, notwithstanding the King of Prussia's instances to keep him. But why, is a secret that I cannot penetrate.

You will not fail to offer the Landgrave, and the Princess of Hesse (who I find are going home) to be their agent and commissioner at Hamburgh.

I cannot comprehend the present state of Russia, nor the motions of their armies. They change their Generals once a week; sometimes they march with rapidity, and now they lie quiet behind the Vistula. We have a thousand stories here of the interior of that government, none of which I believe. Some say, that the Great Duke will be set aside. Woronzoff is said to be intirely a Frenchman, and that Monsieur de l'Hôpital governs both him and the Court. Sir C. W. is said, by his indiscretions, to

have caused the disgrace of Bestuchef, which seems not impossible. In short, every thing of every kind is said, because, I believe, very little is truly known. *A propos* of Sir C. W.; he is out of confinement, and gone to his house in the country for the whole summer. They say he is now very cool and well. I have seen his Circe, at her window in Pall-mall; she is painted, powdered, curled, and patched, and looks *l'aventure*. She has been offered, by Sir C. W—'s friends, 500 l. in full of all demands, but will not accept of it. *La comtesse veut plaider;* and I fancy *faire autre chose si elle peut*. Jubeo te bene valere.

LETTER CCXCVIII.

Blackheath, May the 18th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Have your letter of the 9th now before me, and condole with you upon the present solitude and inaction of Hamburgh. You are now shrunk from the dignity and importance of a consummate Minister, to be but, as it were, a common man. But this has, at one time or another, been the case of most great men; who have not always had equal opportunities of exerting their talents. The greatest must submit to the capriciousness of fortune; though they can, better than others, improve the favourable moments. For instance, who could have thought,

thought, two years ago, that you would have been the Atlas of the Northern Pole? but the good Genius of the North ordered it ſo; and now that you have ſet that part of the globe right, you return to *otium cum dignitate.* But, to be ſerious; now that you cannot have much office buſineſs to do, I could tell you what to do, that would employ you, I ſhould think, both uſefully and agreeably. I mean, that you ſhould write ſhort memoirs of that buſy ſcene, in which you have been enough concerned, ſince your arrival at Hamburgh, to be able to put together authentic facts and anecdotes. I do not know whether you will give yourſelf the trouble to do it or not; but I do know, that, if you will, *olim hæc meminiſſe juvabit.* I would have them ſhort, but correct as to facts and dates.

I have told Alt, in the ſtrongeſt manner, your lamentations for the loſs of the Houſe of Caſſel, *et il en ſera rapport à ſon Sereniſſime Maître.* When you are quite idle, (as probably you may be, ſome time this ſummer) why ſhould you not aſk leave to make a tour to Caſſel for a week? which would certainly be granted you from hence, and which would be looked upon as a *bon procédé*, at Caſſel.

The King of Pruſſia is probably, by this time, at the gates of Vienna, making the Queen of Hungary really do, what Monſieur de Belliſle only threatened; ſign a peace upon the ramparts of her capital. If ſhe is obſtinate, and will not, ſhe muſt fly either to Preſburgh or to Inſpruck, and Vienna muſt fall. But I think he will offer her reaſonable

conditions enough for herself; and I suppose, that, in that case, Caunitz will be reasonable enough to advise her to accept of them. What turn would the war take then? Would the French and Russians carry it on without her? the King of Prussia, and the Prince of Brunswick, would soon sweep them out of Germany. By this time too, I believe, the French are entertained in America, with the loss of Cape Breton; and, in consequence of that, Quebec; for we have a force there equal to both those undertakings, and officers there, now, that will execute, what Lord L—— never would so much as attempt. His appointments were too considerable to let him do any thing, that might possibly put an end to the war. Lord Howe, upon seeing plainly that he was resolved to do nothing, had asked leave to return, as well as Lord Charles Hay.

We have a great expedition preparing, and which will soon be ready to sail from the Isle of Wight; fifteen thousand good troops, eighty battering cannons, besides mortars, and every other thing in abundance, fit for either battle or siege. Lord Anson desired, and is appointed, to command the fleet employed upon this expedition; a proof that it is not a trifling one. Conjectures concerning its destination are infinite; and the most ignorant are, as usual, the boldest conjecturers. If I form any conjectures, I keep them to myself, not to be disproved by the event; but, in truth, I form none, I might have known, but would not.

Every thing seems to tend to a peace next winter; our

our ſucceſs in America, which is hardly doubtful, and the King of Pruſſia's in Germany, which is as little ſo, will make France (already ſick of the expence of the war) very tractable for a peace. I heartily wiſh it: for, though people's heads are half turned with the King of Pruſſia's ſucceſs, and will be quite turned, if we have any in America, or at ſea; a moderate peace will ſuit us better than this immoderate war of twelve millions a year.

Domeſtic affairs go juſt as they did; the Duke of Newcaſtle and Mr. Pitt jog on like man and wife; that is, ſeldom agreeing, often quarrelling; but by mutual intereſt, upon the whole, not parting. The latter, I am told, gains ground in the cloſet; though he ſtill keeps his ſtrength in the Houſe, and his popularity in the public: or, perhaps, becauſe of that.

Do you hold your reſolution of viſiting your dominions of Bremen and Lubeck this ſummer? If you do, pray take the trouble of informing yourſelf correctly of the ſeveral conſtitutions and cuſtoms of thoſe places, and of the preſent ſtate of the fœderal union of the Hanſeatic towns: it will do you no harm, nor coſt you much trouble; and it is ſo much clear gain on the ſide of uſeful knowledge.

I am now ſettled at Blackheath for the ſummer; where unſeaſonable froſt and ſnow, and hot and parching eaſt winds, have deſtroyed all my fruit, and almoſt my fruit-trees. I vegetate myſelf little

better

better than they do; I crawl about on foot, and on horseback; read a great deal, and write a little and am very much yours.

LETTER CCXCIX.

Blackheath, May the 30th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Have no letter from you to anſwer, ſo this goes to you unprovoked. But *a propos* of letters; you have had great honour done you, in a letter from a fair and Royal hand, no leſs than that of her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs of Caſſel; ſhe has written your panegyric to her ſiſter, Princeſs Amelia, who ſent me a compliment upon it. This has likewiſe done you no harm with the King, who ſaid gracious things upon that occaſion. I ſuppoſe you had, for her Royal Highneſs, thoſe attentions, which I wiſh to God you would have, in due proportions, for every body. You ſee, by this inſtance, the effects of them; they are always repaid with intereſt. I am more confirmed by this in thinking, that, if you can conveniently, you ſhould aſk leave to go for a week to Caſſel, to return your thanks for all favours received.

I cannot expound to myſelf the conduct of the Ruſſians. There muſt be a trick in their not marching with more expedition. They have either had a

ſop

ſop from the King of Pruſſia, or they want an animating dram from France and Auſtria. The King of Pruſſia's conduct always explains itſelf by the events; and, within a very few days, we muſt certainly hear of ſome very great ſtroke from that quarter. I think I never, in my life, remember a period of time ſo big with great events as the preſent. Within two months, the fate of the Houſe of Auſtria will probably be decided: within the ſame ſpace of time, we ſhall certainly hear of the taking of Cape Breton, and of our army's proceeding to Quebec: within a few days, we ſhall know the good or ill ſucceſs of our great expedition; for it is ſailed: and it cannot be long before we ſhall hear ſomething of the Prince of Brunſwick's operations, from whom I alſo expect good things. If all theſe things turn out, as there is good reaſon to believe they will, we may once, in our turn, dictate a reaſonable peace to France, who now pays ſeventy *per cent.* inſurance upon its trade, and ſeven *per cent.* for all the money raiſed for the ſervice of the year.

Comte Bothmar has got the ſmall-pox, and of a bad kind. Kniphauſen diverts himſelf much here; he ſees all places and all people, and is ubiquity itſelf. Mitchel, who was much threatened, ſtays at laſt at Berlin, at the earneſt requeſt of the King of Pruſſia. Lady * * * is ſafely delivered of a ſon, to the great joy of that noble family. The expreſſion, of a woman's having brought her huſband

band a ſon, ſeems to be a proper and cautious one; for it is never ſaid, from whence.

I was going to aſk you how you paſſed your time now at Hamburgh, ſince it is no longer the ſeat of ſtrangers and of buſineſs; but I will not, becauſe I know it is to no purpoſe. You have ſworn not to tell me.

Sir William Stanhope told me, that you promiſed to ſend him ſome old Hock from Hamburgh, and ſo you did—not. If you meet with any ſuperlatively good, and not elſe, pray ſend over a *foudre* of it, and write to him. I ſhall have a ſhare in it. But unleſs you find ſome, either at Hamburgh or at Bremen, uncommonly and almoſt miraculouſly good, do not ſend any. *Dixi.* Yours,

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LETTER CCC.

Blackheath, June the 13th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE ſecret is out; St. Malo is the devoted place. Our troops began to land at the Bay of Cancale the 5th, without any oppoſition. We have no farther accounts yet, but expect ſome every moment. By the plan of it, which I have ſeen, it is by no means a weak place; and I fear there will be many hats to be diſpoſed of, before it is taken.

There

There are in the port above thirty privateers; about ſixteen of their own, and about as many taken from

Now for Africa, where we have had great ſucceſs. The French have been driven out of all their forts and ſettlements upon the gum coaſt, and upon the river Senegal. They had been many years in poſſeſſion of them, and by them annoyed our African trade exceedingly; which, by the way, *toute proportion gardée*, is the moſt lucrative trade we have. The preſent booty is likewiſe very conſiderable, in gold duſt, and gum ſeneca; which is a very valuable, by being a very neceſſary commodity for all our ſtained and printed linens.

Now for America. The leaſt ſanguine people here expect, the latter end of this month or the beginning of the next, to have the account of the taking of Cape Breton, and of all the forts with hard names in North America.

Captain Clive has long ſince ſettled Aſia to our ſatisfaction; ſo that three parts of the world look very favourable for us. Europe, I ſubmit to the care of the King of Pruſſia, and Prince Ferdinand of Brunſwick; and I think they will give a good account of it. France is out of luck, and out of courage; and will, I hope, be enough out of ſpirits to ſubmit to a reaſonable peace. By reaſonable, I mean what all people call reaſonable in their own caſe; an advantageous one for us.

I have ſet all right with Münchauſen; who would

would not own that he was at all offended, and ſaid, as you do, that his daughter did not ſtay long enough, nor appear enough at Hamburgh, for you poſſibly to know that ſhe was there. But people are always aſhamed to own the little weakneſſes of ſelf-love, which, however, all people feel more or leſs. The excuſe, I ſaw, pleaſed.

I will ſend you your quadrille-tables by the firſt opportunity, conſigned to the care of Mr. Mathias here. *Felices, fauſtæque ſint.* May you win upon them, when you play with men; and when you play with women, either win, or know why you loſe.

Miſs — marries Mr. —, next week. *Who proffers Love, proffers Death*, ſays Waller to a dwarf: in my opinion, the concluſion muſt inſtantly choak the little Lady. Admiral * marries Lady * * *; there the danger, if danger is, will be on the other ſide. The Lady has wanted a man ſo long, that ſhe now compounds for half a one. Half a loaf——

I have been worſe ſince my laſt letter; but am now, I think, recovering; *tant va la crûche à l'eau*; ——and I have been there very often.

Good night. I am faithfully and truly yours.

LETTER

LETTER CCCI.

Blackheath, June the 27th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU either have received already, or will very ſoon receive, a little caſe from Amſterdam, directed to you at Hamburgh. It is for Princeſs Amelia, the King of Pruſſia's ſiſter, and contains ſome books, which ſhe deſired Sir Charles Hotham to procure her from England, ſo long ago as when he was at Berlin; he ſent for them immediately; but, by I do not know what puzzle, they were recommended to the care of Mr. Selwyn, at Paris, who took ſuch care of them, that he kept them near three years in his warehouſe, and has at laſt ſent them to Amſterdam, from whence they are ſent to you. If the books are good for any thing, they muſt be conſiderably improved, by having ſeen ſo much of the world; but, as I believe they are Engliſh books, perhaps they may, like Engliſh travellers, have ſeen nobody, but the ſeveral bankers to whom they were conſigned; be that as it will, I think you had beſt deliver them to Monſieur Hecht, the Pruſſian Miniſter at Hamburgh, to forward to her Royal Highneſs, with a reſpectful compliment from you, which you will, no doubt, turn in the beſt manner; and, *ſelon le bon ton de la parfaitement bonne compagnie.*

You have already ſeen, in the papers, all the particulars of our St. Malo's expedition, ſo I ſay no more of that; only that Mr. Pitt's friends exult in the

 deſtruction

deſtruction of three French ſhips of war, and one hundred and thirty privateers and trading ſhips; and affirm, that it ſtopped the march of threeſcore thouſand men, who were going to join the Comte de Clermont's army. On the other hand, Mr. Fox and Company call it breaking windows with guineas; and apply the fable of the Mountain and the Mouſe. The next object of our fleet was to be the bombarding of Granville, which is the great *entrepôt* of their Newfoundland fiſhery, and will be a conſiderable loſs to them in that branch of their trade. Theſe, you will perhaps ſay, are no great matters, and I ſay ſo too; but, at leaſt, they are ſigns of life, which we had not given for many years before; and will ſhow the French, by our invading them, that we do not fear their invading us. Were thoſe invaſions, in fiſhing-boats from Dunkirk, ſo terrible as they were artfully repreſented to be, the French would have had an opportunity of executing them, while our fleet, and ſuch a conſiderable part of our army, were employed upon their coaſt. *But my Lord Ligonier does not want an army at home.*

The Parliament is prorogued by a moſt gracious ſpeech neither by nor from his Majeſty, who was *too ill* to go to the houſe; the Lords and Gentlemen are, conſequently, moſt of them, gone to their ſeveral counties, to do (to be ſure) all the good that is recommended to them in the ſpeech. London, I am told, is now very empty, for I cannot ſay ſo from knowledge. I vegetate wholly here. I walk and read a great deal, ride and ſcribble a little, according

as

as my head allows, or my ſpirits prompt; to write any thing tolerable, the mind muſt be in a natural, proper diſpoſition; provocatives, in that caſe, as well as in another, will only produce miſerable, abortive performances.

Now you have (as I ſuppoſe) full leiſure enough, I wiſh you would give yourſelf the trouble, or rather the pleaſure, to do what I hinted to you ſome time ago; that is, to write ſhort memoirs of thoſe affairs which have either gone through your hands, or that have come to your certain knowledge, from the inglorious battle of Haſtenbeck, to the ſtill more ſcandalous Treaty of Neutrality. Connect, at leaſt, if it be by ever ſo ſhort notes, the pieces and letters which you muſt neceſſarily have in your hands, and throw in the authentic anecdotes that you have probably heard. You will be glad when you have done it; and the reviving paſt ideas in ſome order and method, will be an infinite comfort to you hereafter. I have a thouſand times regretted not having done ſo; it is at preſent too late for me to begin: this is the right time for you, and your life is likely to be a buſy one. Would young men avail themſelves of the advice and experience of their old friends, they would find the utility in their youth, and the comfort of it in their more advanced age; but they ſeldom conſider that, and you, leſs than any body I ever knew. May you ſoon grow wiſer! Adieu.

LETTER CCCII.

Blackheath, June the 30th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THIS letter follows my laſt very cloſe; but I received yours of the 15th in the ſhort interval. You did very well not to buy any Rheniſh, at the exorbitant price you mention, without farther directions; for both my brother and I think the money better than the wine, be the wine ever ſo good. We will content ourſelves with our ſtock in hand of humble Rheniſh, of about three ſhillings a bottle. However, *pour la rareté du fait*, I will lay out twelve ducats, for twelve bottles of the wine of 1665, by way of an eventual cordial, if you can obtain a *ſenatus conſultum* for it. I am in no hurry for it, ſo ſend it me only when you can conveniently; well packed up *s'entend*.

You will, I dare ſay, have leave to go to Caſſel; and if you do go, you will perhaps think it reaſonable, that I, who was the adviſer of the journey, ſhould pay the expence of it. I think ſo too, and therefore, if you go, I will remit the 100l. which you have calculated it at. You will find the Houſe of Caſſel the houſe of gladneſs; for Hanau is already, or muſt be ſoon, delivered of its French gueſts.

The Prince of Brunſwick's victory is, by all the ſkilful, thought a *chef d'œuvre*, worthy of Turenne, Condé, or the moſt illuſtrious human butchers. The French behaved better than at Roſbach, eſpecially the *Carabiniers Roïaux*, who could not be *entamés*. I

wish the siege of Olmutz well over, and a victory after it; and that, with good news from America, which, I think, there is no reason to doubt of, must procure us a good peace at the end of the year. The Prince of Prussia's death is no public misfortune; there was a jealousy and alienation between the King and him, which could never have been made up between the possessor of the crown and the next heir to it. He will make something of his nephew, *s'il est du bois dont on en fait*. He is young enough to forgive, and to be forgiven, the possession and the expectative, at least for some years.

Adieu! I am *unwell*, but affectionately yours.

LETTER CCCIII.

Blackheath, July the 18th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received your letter of the 4th; and my last will have informed you that I had received your former, concerning the Rhenish, about which I gave you instructions. If *vinum Mosellanum est omni tempore sanum*, as the Chapter of Treves asserts, what must this *vinum Rhenanum* be, from its superior strength and age? It must be the universal panacea.

Captain Howe is to sail forthwith somewhere or another, with about 8000 land forces on board him; and what is much more, Edward the White Prince. It is yet a secret where they are going; but I think

it is no secret, that what 16,000 men and a great fleet could not do, will not be done by 8000 men, and a much smaller fleet. About 8500 horse, foot, and dragoons, are embarking, as fast as they can, for Embden, to reinforce Prince Ferdinand's army; late, and few, to be sure, but still better than never, and none. The operations in Moravia go on slowly, and Olmutz seems to be a tough piece of work: I own I begin to be in pain for the King of Prussia; for the Russians now march in earnest, and Marechal Daun's army is certainly superior in number to his. God send him a good delivery.

You have a Danish army now in your neighbourhood, and they say a very fine one; I presume you will go to see it, and, if you do, I would advise you to go when the Danish Monarch comes to review it himself; *pour prendre Langue de ce Seigneur*. The Rulers of the earth are all worth knowing; they suggest moral reflections: and the respect that one naturally has for God's Vicegerents here on earth, is greatly increased by acquaintance with them.

Your card-tables are gone, and they enclose some suits of clothes, and some of these clothes enclose a letter.

Your friend Lady ** is gone into the country with her Lord, to negotiate, cooly and at leisure, their intended separation. My Lady insists upon my Lord's dismissing the **, as ruinous to his fortune; my Lord insists, in his turn, upon my Lady's dismissing Lord **; my Lady replies, that that is unreasonable, since Lord ** creates no expence to the family,
but

but rather the contrary. My Lord confesses, that there is some weight in this argument; but then pleads sentiment: my Lady says, A fiddlestick for sentiment, after having been married so long. How this matter will end, is in the womb of time, *nam fuit ante Helenam.*

You did very well to write a congratulatory letter to Prince Ferdinand; such attentions are always right, and always repaid in some way or other.

I am glad you have connected your negotiations and anecdotes; and I hope, not with your usual laconism. Adieu! Yours.

LETTER CCCIV.

Blackheath, August the 1st, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Think the Court of Cassel is more likely to make you a second visit at Hamburgh, than you are to return theirs at Cassel; and therefore, till that matter is clearer, I shall not mention it to Lord Holdernesse.

By the King of Prussia's disappointment in Moravia, by the approach of the Russians, and the intended march of Monsieur de Soubize to Hanover, the waters seem to me to be as much troubled as ever. *Je vois très noir actuellement*; I see swarms of Austrians, French, Imperialists, Swedes, and Russians, in all near four hundred thousand men, surrounding the King of Prussia and Prince Ferdinand,

 who

who have about a third of that number. Hitherto they have only buzzed, but now I fear they will ſting.

The immediate danger of this country is being drowned; for it has not ceaſed raining theſe three months, and withal is extremely cold. This neither agrees with me in itſelf, nor in its conſequences; for it hinders me from taking my neceſſary exercise, and makes me very *unwell*. As my head is always the part offending, and is ſo at preſent, I will not do, like many writers, write without a head; ſo adieu.

LETTER CCCV.

Blackheath, Auguſt the 29th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR Secretary's laſt letter brought me the good news, that the fever had left you, and I will believe that it has; but a poſtſcript to it, of only two lines, under your own hand, would have convinced me more effectually of your recovery. An intermitting fever, in the intervals of the paroxyſms, would ſurely have allowed you to have written a very few lines with your own hand, to tell me how you were; and till I receive a letter (as ſhort as you pleaſe) from you yourſelf, I ſhall doubt of the exact truth of any other accounts.

I ſend you no news, becauſe I have none; Cape Breton, Cherbourg, &c. are now old ſtories; we expect a new one ſoon from Commodore Howe, but from whence we know not. From Germany we hope

hope for good news; I confess I do not, I only wish it. The King of Prussia is marched to fight the Russians, and I believe will beat them, if they stand; but what then? What shall he do next, with the three hundred and fourscore thousand men, now actually at work upon him? He will do all that man can do, but at last *il faut succomber*.

Remember to think yourself less well than you are, in order to be quite so: be very regular, rather longer than you need; and then there will be no danger of a relapse. God bless you.

LETTER CCCVI.

Blackheath, September the 5th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received, with great pleasure, your letter of the 22d August; for, by not having a line from you in your Secretary's two letters, I suspected that you were worse than he cared to tell me; and so far I was in the right, that your fever was more malignant than intermitting ones generally are; which seldom confine people to their bed, or at most only the days of the paroxysms. Now, thank God, you are well again, though weak; do not be in too much haste to be better and stronger: leave that to nature, which, at your age, will restore both your health and strength as soon as she should. Live cool for a time, and rather low, instead of taking what they call heartening things.

Your manner of making presents is noble, *et sent la grandeur d'ame d'un preux Chevalier.* You depreciate their value, to prevent any returns; for it is impossible that a wine which has counted so many Sindicks, that can only be delivered by a *senatus consultum*, and is the *panacea* of the North, should be sold for a ducat a bottle. The *sypbium* of the Romans, which was stored up in the public magazines, and only distributed by order of the magistrate, I dare say, cost more; so that, I am convinced, your present is much more valuable than you would make it.

Here I am interrupted, by receiving your letter of the 25th past. I am glad that you are able to undertake your journey to Bremen; the motion, the air, the new scene, the every thing, will do you good, provided you manage yourself discreetly.

Your bill for fifty pounds shall certainly be accepted and paid; but, as in conscience I think fifty pounds is too little, for seeing a live Landgrave, and especially at Bremen, which this whole nation knows to be a very dear place, I shall, with your leave, add fifty more to it. By the way, when you see the Princess Royal of Cassel, be sure to tell her how sensible you are of the favourable and too partial testimony, which you know she wrote of you to Princess Amelia.

The King of Prussia has had the victory, which you, in some measure, foretold; and as he has taken *la Caisse Militaire*, I presume *Messieurs les Russes sont bors*

hors de combat pour cette campagne; for *point d'argent, point de Suisse*, is not truer of the laudable Helvetic body, than *point d'argent, point de Russe*, is of the savages of the Two Russias, not even excepting the Autocratrice of them both. Serbelloni, I believe, stands next in his Prussian Majesty's list to be beaten; that is, if he will stand; as the Prince de Soubize does in Prince Ferdinand's, upon the same condition. If both these things happen, which is by no means improbable, we may hope for a tolerable peace this winter; for, *au bout du compte*, the King of Prussia cannot hold out another year; and therefore he should make the best of these favourable events, by way of negotiation.

I think I have written a great deal, with an actual giddiness of head upon me. So adieu.

I am glad you have received my letter of the Ides of July.

LETTER CCCVII.

Blackheath, September the 8th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THIS letter shall be short, being only an explanatory note upon my last; for I am not learned enough, nor yet dull enough, to make my comment much longer than my text. I told you then, in my former letter, that, with your leave, (which I will suppose granted) I would add fifty pounds

pounds to your draught for that ſum; now leaſt you ſhould miſunderſtand this, and wait for the remittance of that additional fifty from hence, know my meaning was, that you ſhould likewiſe draw upon me for it when you pleaſe; which, I preſume, will be more convenient to you.

Let the pedants, whoſe buſineſs it is to believe lies, or the poets, whoſe trade it is to invent them, match the King of Pruſſia with a hero, in ancient or modern ſtory, if they can. He diſgraces hiſtory, and makes one give ſome credit to romances. Calprenede's Juba does not now ſeem ſo abſurd as formerly.

I have been extremely ill this whole ſummer; but am now ſomething better: however, I perceive, *que l'eſprit et le corps baiſſent*; the former is the laſt thing that any body will tell me, or own when I tell it them; but I know it is true. Adieu.

LETTER CCCVIII.

Blackheath, September the 22d, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Have received no letter from you, ſince you left Hamburgh; I preſume that you are perfectly recovered, but it might not have been improper to have told me ſo. I am very far from being recovered; on the contrary, I am worſe and worſe, weaker and weaker every day; for which reaſon I ſhall leave

this place next Monday, and set out for Bath a few days afterwards. I should not take all this trouble merely to prolong the fag-end of a life, from which I can expect no pleasure, and others no utility; but the cure, or at least the mitigation, of those physical ills which make that life a load, while it does last, is worth any trouble and attention.

We are come off but scurvily from our second attempt upon St. Malo: it is our last for this season; and, in my mind, should be our last for ever, unless we were to send so great a sea and land force, as to give us a moral certainty of taking some place of great importance, such as Brest, Rochefort, or Toulon.

Monsieur Münchausen embarked yesterday, as he said, for Prince Ferdinand's army; but as it is not generally thought that his military skill can be of any great use to that Prince, people conjecture, that his business must be of a very different nature, and suspect separate negotiations, neutralities, and what not? Kniphausen does not relish it in the least, and is by no means satisfied with the reasons that have been given him for it. Before he can arrive there, I reckon that something decisive will have passed in Saxony: if to the disadvantage of the King of Prussia, he is crushed; but if, on the contrary, he should get a complete victory (and he does not get half victories) over the Austrians, the winter may probably produce him and us a reasonable peace. I look upon Russia as *hors de combat* for some time; France is certainly sick of the war; under

an

an unambitious King, and an incapable Ministry, if there is one at all: and, unassisted by those two Powers, the Empress Queen had better be quiet. Were any other man in the situation of the King of Prussia, I should not hesitate to pronounce him ruined; but he is such a prodigy of a man, that I will only say, I fear he will be ruined.—It is by this time decided.

Your Cassel Court at Bremen is, I doubt, not very splendid: money must be wanting; but, however, I dare say, their table is always good, for the Landgrave is a *Gourmand*; and as you are domestic there, you may be so too, and recruit your loss of flesh from your fever; but do not recruit too fast. Adieu.

LETTER CCCIX.

London, September the 26th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM sorry to find that you had a return of your fever; but, to say the truth, you in some measure deserved it, for not carrying Dr. Middleton's bark and prescription with you. I foresaw that you would think yourself cured too soon, and gave you warning of it; but *by-gones* are *by-gones*, as Chartres, when he was dying, said of his sins: let us look forwards. You did very prudently to return to Hamburgh, to good bark, and, I hope, a good physician,

ſician. Make all ſure there before you ſtir from thence, notwithſtanding the requeſts or commands of all the Princeſſes in Europe; I mean a month at leaſt, taking the bark even to ſupererogation, that is, ſome time longer than Dr. Middleton requires; for, I preſume, you are got over your childiſhneſs about taſtes, and are ſenſible that your health deſerves more attention than your palate. When you ſhall be thus re-eſtabliſhed, I approve of your returning to Bremen; and indeed you cannot well avoid it, both with regard to your promiſe, and to the diſtinction with which you have been received by the Caſſel family.

Now to the other part of your letter. Lord Holderneſſe has been extremely civil to you, in ſending you, all under his own hand, ſuch obliging offers of his ſevice. The hint is plain, that he will (in caſe you deſire it) procure you leave to come home for ſome time; ſo that the ſingle queſtion is, Whether you ſhould deſire it or not, *now*. It will be two months before you can poſſibly undertake the journey, whether by ſea or by land, and either way it would be a troubleſome and dangerous one for a *convaleſcent*, in the rigour of the month of November; you could drink no mineral waters here in that ſeaſon, nor are any mineral waters proper in your caſe, being all of them heating, except Seltzer's; then, what would do you more harm than all medicines could do you good, would be the peſtilential vapours of the Houſe of Commons, in long and crowded days, of which there will probably

bably be many this ſeſſion; where your attendance, if here, will neceſſarily be required. I compare St. Stephen's Chapel, upon thoſe days, to *la Grotta del Cane*.

Whatever may be the fate of the war now, negotiations will certainly be ſtirring all the winter, and of thoſe, the northern ones, you are ſenſible, are not the leaſt important: in theſe, if at Hamburgh, you will probably have your ſhare, and perhaps a meritorious one. Upon the whole, therefore, I would adviſe you to write a very civil letter to Lord Holderneſſe; and to tell him, that though you cannot hope to be of any uſe to his Majeſty's affairs any where, yet, in the preſent unſettled ſtate of the North, it is poſſible that unforeſeen accidents may throw it in your way to be of ſome little ſervice, and that you would not willingly be out of the way of thoſe accidents; but that you ſhall be moſt extremely obliged to his Lordſhip, if he will procure you his Majeſty's gracious permiſſion, to return for a few months in the ſpring, when probably affairs will be more ſettled one way or another. When things tend nearer to a ſettlement, and Germany, from the want of money or men, or both, breathes peace more than war, I ſhall ſolicit Burriſh's commiſſion for you, which is one of the moſt agreeable ones in his Majeſty's gift; and I ſhall by no means deſpair of ſucceſs. Now I have given you my opinion upon this affair, which does not make a difference of above three months, or four at moſt, I would not be underſtood to mean to force your own, if it ſhould happen

happen to be different from mine; but mine, I think, is more both for your health and your interest. However, do as you please; may you in this, and every thing else, do for the best! so God bless you.

LETTER CCCX.

Bath, October the 18th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received by the same post your two letters of the 29th past, and of the 3d instant. The last tells me, that you are perfectly recovered; and your resolution of going to Bremen in three or four days proves it; for surely you would not undertake that journey a second time, and at this season of the year, without feeling your health solidly restored; however, in all events, I hope you have taken a provision of good bark with you. I think your attention to her Royal Highness may be of use to you here; and indeed all attentions, to all sorts of people, are always repaid in some way or other; though real obligations are not. For instance; Lord Titchfield, who has been with you at Hamburgh, has written an account to the Duke and Dutchess of Portland, who are here, of the civilities you showed him; which he is much pleased, and they delighted with. At this rate, if you do not take care, you will get the unmanly reputation of a well-bred man; and your countryman, John Trott, will disown you.

I have

I have received, and tasted of your present; which is a *très grand vin*, but more cordial to the stomach than pleasant to the palate. I keep it as physic, only to take occasionally, in little disorders of my stomach; and in those cases, I believe, it is wholesomer than stronger cordials.

I have been now here a fortnight; and though I am rather better than when I came, I am still far from well. My head is giddier than becomes a head of my age; and my stomach has not recovered its retentive faculty. Leaning forwards, particularly to write, does not at present agree with, Yours.

LETTER CCCXI.

Bath, October the 28th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR letter has quieted my alarms; for I find by it, that you are as well recovered as you could be in so short a time. It is your business now, to keep yourself well, by scrupulously following Dr. Middleton's directions. He seems to be a rational and knowing man. Soap and steel are, unquestionably, the proper medicines for your case; but, as they are alteratives, you must take them for a very long time, six months at least; and then drink chalybeate waters. I am fully persuaded, that this was your original complaint in Carniola; which those ignorant physicians called, in their jargon,

Arthritis

Arthritis vaga, and treated as such. But, now the true cause of your illness is discovered, I flatter myself, that with time and patience on your part, you will be radically cured; but, I repeat it again, it must be by a long and uninterrupted course of those alterative medicines above-mentioned. They have no taste; but if they had a bad one, I will not now suppose you such a child, as to let the frowardness of your palate interfere, in the least, with the recovery or enjoyment of health. The latter, deserves the utmost attention of the most rational man; the former, is only the proper object of the care of a dainty, frivolous woman.

The run of luck, which some time ago we were in, seems now to be turned against us. Oberg is completely routed; his Prussian Majesty was surprised, (which I am surprised at) and had rather the worst of it. I am in some pain for Prince Ferdinand; as I take it for granted, that the detachment from Marechal de Contade's army, which enabled Prince Soubize to beat Oberg, will immediately return to the grand army, and then it will be infinitely superior. Nor do I see where Prince Ferdinand can take his winter quarters, unless he retires to Hanover; and that I do not take to be at present the land of Canaan. Our second expedition to St. Malo, I cannot call so much an unlucky, as an ill-conducted one; as was also Abercrombie's affair in America. *Mais il n'y a pas de petite perte qui revient souvent*; and all these accidents, put together, make a considerable sum total.

I have found ſo little good by theſe waters, that I do not intend to ſtay here above a week longer; and then remove my crazy body to London, which is the moſt convenient place, either to live or die in.

I cannot expect active health any where; you may, with common care and prudence, expect it every where; and God grant that you may have it! Adieu.

LETTER CCCXII.

London, November the 21ſt, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU did well to think of Prince Ferdinand's riband, which, I confeſs, I did not; and I am glad to find you thinking ſo far before hand. It would be a pretty commiſſion, and I will *accingere me* to procure it you. The only competition I fear, is that of General Yorke, in caſe Prince Ferdinand ſhould paſs any time with his brother at the Hague, which is not unlikely, ſince he cannot go to Brunſwick to his eldeſt brother, upon account of their ſimulated quarrel.

I fear the piece is at an end with the King of Pruſſia, and he may ſay *ilicet*; I am ſure he may perſonally ſay *plaudite*. Warm work is expected this ſeſſion of Parliament, about continent and no continent: ſome think Mr. Pitt too continent, others too little ſo; but a little time, as the news-papers moſt prudently

prudently and truly obſerve, will clear up theſe matters.

The King has been ill; but his illneſs has terminated in a good fit of the gout, with which he is ſtill confined. It was generally thought that he would have died, and for a very good reaſon; for the oldeſt Lion in the Tower, much about the King's age, died a fortnight ago. This extravagancy, I can aſſure you, was believed by many above *peuple*. So wild and capricious is the human mind!

Take care of your health, as much as you can; for, *to be, or not to be*, is a queſtion of much leſs importance, in my mind, than to be or not to be well. Adieu.

LETTER CCCXIII.

London, December the 15th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IT is a great while ſince I heard from you, but I hope that good, not ill health, has been the occaſion of this ſilence; I will ſuppoſe you have been, or are ſtill at Bremen, and engroſſed by your Heſſian friends.

Prince Ferdinand of Brunſwick is moſt certainly to have the Garter, and I think I have ſecured you the honour of putting it on. When I ſay *ſecured*, I mean it in the ſenſe in which that word ſhould

always be underſtood at Courts, and that is *inſecurely*; I have a promiſe, but that is not *caution bourgeoiſe*. In all events, do not mention it to any mortal, becauſe there is always a degree of ridicule that attends a diſappointment, though often very unjuſtly, if the expectation was reaſonably grounded; however, it is certainly moſt prudent not to communicate, prematurely, one's hopes or one's fears. I cannot tell you when Prince Ferdinand will have it; though there are ſo many candidates for the other two vacant Garters, that I believe he will have his ſoon, and by himſelf, the others muſt wait till a third, or rather a fourth vacancy. Lord Rockingham and Lord Holderneſſe are ſecure; Lord Temple puſhes ſtrongly, but, I believe, is not ſecure. This commiſſion for dubbing a Knight, and ſo diſtinguiſhed a one, will be a very agreeable and creditable one for you, *et il faut vous en acquitter galamment*. In the days of ancient chivalry, people were very nice, whom they would be knighted by; and, if I do not miſtake, Francis the Firſt would only be knighted by the Chevalier Bayard, *qui étoit preux Chevalier et ſans reproche*; and no doubt but it will be recorded, *dans les archives de la Maiſon de Brunſwick*, that Prince Ferdinand received the honour of knighthood from your hands.

The eſtimates for the expence of the year 1759 are made up; I have ſeen them; and what do you think they amount to? No leſs than twelve millions three hundred thouſand pounds. A moſt incredible ſum, and yet already all ſubſcribed, and even more offered!

offered! The unanimity in the House of Commons, in voting such a sum, and such forces, both by sea and land, is not less astonishing. This is Mr. Pitt's doing, *and it is marvellous in our eyes.*

The King of Prussia has nothing more to do this year; and, the next, he must begin where he has left off. I wish he would employ this winter in concluding a separate peace with the Elector of Saxony; which would give him more elbow-room, to act against France and the Queen of Hungary, and put an end at once to the proceedings of the Diet, and the army of the Empire; for then no Estate of the Empire would be invaded by a co-Estate, and France, the faithful and disinterested *garantee* of the Treaty of Westphalia, would have no pretence to continue its armies there. I should think that his Polish Majesty, and his Governor Comte Brühl, must be pretty weary of being fugitives in Poland, where they are hated, and of being ravaged in Saxony. This *rêverie* of mine, I hope, will be tried, and I wish it may succeed. Good night, and God bless you.

LETTER CCCXIV.

London, New Year's-day, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

MOLTI e felici, and I have done upon that subject, one truth being fair, upon the most lying day in the whole year.

I have now before me your last letter, of the 21st

December, which I am glad to find is a bill of health: but, however, do not presume too much upon it, but obey and honour your physician, "that thy days may be long in the land."

Since my last, I have heard nothing more concerning the riband; but I take it for granted it will be disposed of soon. By the way, upon reflection, I am not sure that any body but a Knight can, according to form, be employed to make a Knight. I remember, that Sir Clement Cotterel was sent to Holland, to dubb the late Prince of Orange, only because he was a Knight himself; and I know that the proxies of Knights, who cannot attend their own installations, must always be Knights. This did not occur to me before, and perhaps will not to the person who was to recommend you; I am sure I will not stir it; and I only mention it now, that you may be in all events prepared for the disappointment, if it should happen.

G * * is exceedingly flattered with your account, that three thousand of his countrymen, all as little as himself, should be thought a sufficient guard upon three-and-twenty thousand of all the nations in Europe; not that he thinks himself, by any means, a little man, for when he would describe a tall, handsome man, he raises himself up at least half an inch to represent him.

The private news from Hamburgh is, that his Majesty's Resident there is woundily in love with Madame * * * *; if this be true, God send him, rather than her, a good *delivery*. She must be

étrennée

étrennée at this ſeaſon, and therefore I think you ſhould be ſo too; ſo draw upon me, as ſoon as you pleaſe, for one hundred pounds.

Here is nothing new, except the unanimity with which the Parliament gives away a dozen of millions ſterling; and the unanimity of the public is as great in approving of it; which has ſtifled the uſual political and polemical argumentations.

Cardinal Bernis's diſgrace is as ſudden, and hitherto as little underſtood, as his elevation was. I have ſeen his poems, printed at Paris, not by a friend, I dare ſay; and, to judge by them, I humbly conceive his Eminency is a p—y. I will ſay nothing of that excellent head-piece that made him, and unmade him, in the ſame month, except *O King, live for ever.*

Good night to you, whomever you paſs it with.

LETTER CCCXV.

London, February the 2d, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM now (what I have very ſeldom been) two letters in your debt: the reaſon was, that my head, like many other heads, has frequently taken a wrong turn; in which caſe, writing is painful to me, and therefore cannot be very pleaſant to my readers.

I wiſh you would (while you have ſo good an

opportunity (as you have at Hamburgh) make yourſelf perfectly maſter of the dull, but very uſeful knowledge, the Courſe of Exchange, and the cauſes of its almoſt perpetual variations; the value and relation of different Coins, the Specie, the Banco, Uſances, Agio, and a thouſand other particulars. You may with eaſe learn, and you will be very glad when you have learned them; for, in your buſineſs, that ſort of knowledge will often prove neceſſary.

I hear nothing more of Prince Ferdinand's Garter: that he will have one is very certain; but when, I believe, is very uncertain; all the other poſtulants wanting to be dubbed at the ſame time, which cannot be, as there is not riband enough for them.

If the Ruſſians move in time, and in earneſt, there will be an end of our hopes and of our armies in Germany: three ſuch mill-ſtones as Ruſſia, France, and Auſtria, muſt, ſooner or later, in the courſe of the year, grind his Pruſſian Majeſty down to a mere *Margrave* of Brandenburgh. But I have always ſome hopes of a change under a *Gunarchy* *; where whim and humour commonly prevail, reaſon very ſeldom, and then only by a lucky miſtake.

I except the incomparable fair one of Hamburgh, that prodigy of beauty, and paragon of good ſenſe, who has enſlaved your mind, and inflamed your heart. If ſhe is as well *étrennée* as you ſay ſhe ſhall, you will be ſoon out of her chains; for I

* Derived from the Greek word *Γυνη*, a woman, and means Female Government.

have,

have, by long experience, found women to be like Telephus's ſpear, if one end kills, the other cures.

There never was ſo quiet, or ſo ſilent a ſeſſion of Parliament as the preſent: Mr. Pitt declares only what he would have them do, and they do it *nemine contradicente*, Mr. Viner only excepted.

Dutcheſs Hamilton is to be married, to-morrow, to Colonel Campbell, the ſon of General Campbell, who will ſome day or other be Duke of Argyle, and have the eſtate. She refuſed the Duke of B——r for him.

Here is a report, but I believe a very groundleſs one, that your old acquaintance, the fair Madame C—e, is run away from her huſband, with a jeweller, that *étrennes* her, and is come over here; but I dare ſay it is ſome miſtake, or perhaps a lie. Adieu! God bleſs you.

LETTER CCCXVI.

London, February the 27th, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IN your laſt letter, of the 7th, you accuſe me, moſt unjuſtly, of being in arrears in my correſpondence; whereas, if our epiſtolary accounts were fairly liquidated, I believe you would be brought in conſiderably debtor. I do not ſee how any of my letters to you can miſcarry, unleſs your office packet miſcarries too, for I always ſend them to the office. Moreover, I might have a juſtifiable

excuse for writing to you seldomer than usual," for to be sure there never was a period of time, in the middle of a winter, and the Parliament sitting, that supplied so little matter for a letter. Near twelve millions have been granted this year, not only *nemine contradicente*, but *nemine quicquid dicente*. The proper officers bring in the estimates; it is taken for granted that they are necessary, and frugal; the Members go to dinner, and leave Mr. West and Mr. Martin to do the rest.

I presume you have seen the little poem of the Country Lass, by Soame Jenyns, for it was in the Chronicle; as was also an answer to it, from the Monitor. They are neither of them bad performances; the first is the neatest, and the plan of the second has the most invention. I send you none of those *pieces volantes* in my letters, because they are all printed in one or other of the news-papers, particularly the Chronicles; and I suppose that you and others have all those papers amongst you at Hamburgh; in which case it would be only putting you to the unnecessary expence of double postage.

I find you are sanguine about the King of Prussia this year; I allow his army will be what you say; but will that be *vis a vis* French, Austrians, Imperialists, Swedes, and Russians, who must amount to more than double that number? Were the inequality less, I would allow for the King of Prussia's being so much *ipse agmen* as pretty nearly to balance the account. In war, numbers are generally my omens; and I confess, that in Germany they seem

not happy ones this year. In America, I think, we are ſure of ſucceſs, and great ſucceſs; but how we ſhall be able to ſtrike a balance, as they call it, between good ſucceſs there, and ill ſucceſs upon the continent, ſo as to come at a peace, is more than I can diſcover.

Lady Cheſterfield makes you her compliments, and thanks you for your offer; but declines troubling you, being diſcouraged by the ill ſucceſs of Madame Münchauſen's and Miſs Chetwynd's commiſſions, the former for beef, and the latter for gloves; neither of which have yet been executed, to the diſſatisfaction of both. Adieu.

LETTER CCCXVII.

London, March the 16th, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Have now your letter of the 20th paſt lying before me, by which you deſpond, in my opinion too ſoon, of dubbing your Prince; for he moſt certainly will have the Garter; and he will as probably have it before the campaign opens, as after. His campaign muſt, I doubt, at beſt, be a defenſive one; and he will ſhow great ſkill in making it ſuch; for, according to my calculation, his enemies will be at leaſt double his number. Their troops, indeed, may perhaps be worſe than his; but then their number will make up that defect, as it will enable them to undertake different operations at the

the same time. I cannot think that the King of Denmark will take a part in the present war; which he cannot do without great possible danger: and he is well paid by France for his neutrality; is safe, let what will turn out; and, in the mean time, carries on his commerce with great advantage and security: so that that consideration will not retard your visit to your own country, whenever you have leave to return, and your own *arrangemens* will allow you. A short absence animates a tender passion, *et l'on ne recule que pour mieux sauter*, especially in the summer months; so that I would advise you to begin your journey in May, and continue your absence from the dear object of your vows till after the dog-days, when love is said to be unwholesome. We have been disappointed at Martinico; I wish we may not be so at Guadaloupe, though we are landed there; for many difficulties must be got over, before we can be in possession of the whole island. *A propos de bottes*; you make use of two Spanish words, very properly, in your letter; were I you, I would learn the Spanish language, if there were a Spaniard at Hamburgh who could teach me; and then you would be master of all the European languages that are useful; and, in my mind, it is very convenient, if not necessary, for a public man to understand them all; and not to be obliged to have recourse to an interpreter, for those papers that chance or business may throw in his way. I learned Spanish when I was older than you; convinced, by experience,

experience, that, in every thing possible, it was better to trust to one's self, than to any other body whatsoever. Interpreters, as well as relators, are often unfaithful, and still oftener incorrect, puzzling, and blundering. In short, let it be your maxim through life, to know all you can know, yourself; and never to trust implicitly to the informations of others. This rule has been of infinite service to me, in the course of my life.

I am rather better than I was; which I owe not to my physicians, but to an ass and a cow, who nourish me, between them, very plentifully and wholesomely; in the morning the ass is my nurse, at night the cow; and I have just now bought a milch-goat, which is to graze, and nurse me at Blackheath. I do not know what may come of this latter, and I am not without apprehensions that it may make a satyr of me; but, should I find that obscene disposition growing upon me, I will check it in time, for fear of endangering my life and character by rapes. And so we heartily bid you farewel.

LETTER CCCXVIII.

London, March the 30th, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I DO not like these frequent, however short, returns of your illness; for I doubt they imply either want of skill in your physician, or want of care

care in his patient. Rhubarb, ſoap, and chalybeate medicines and waters, are almoſt always ſpecifics for obſtructions of the liver; but then a very exact regimen is neceſſary, and that for a long continuance. Acids are good for you, but you do not love them; and ſweet things are bad for you, and you do love them. There is another thing very bad for you, and I fear you love it too much. When I was in Holland, I had a ſlow fever, that hung upon me a great while; I conſulted Boerhaave, who preſcribed me what I ſuppoſe was proper, for it cured me; but he added, by way of poſtſcript to his preſcription, *Venus rariùs colatur*: which I obſerved, and perhaps that made the medicines more effectual.

I doubt we ſhall be mutually diſappointed in our hopes of ſeeing one another this ſpring, as I believe you will find, by a letter which you will receive, at the ſame time with this, from Lord Holderneſſe; but as Lord Holderneſſe will not tell you all, I will, between you and me, ſupply that defect. I muſt do him the juſtice to ſay, that he has acted in the moſt kind and friendly manner poſſible to us both. When the King read your letter, in which you deſired leave to return, for the ſake of drinking the Tunbridge-waters, he ſaid, If he wants ſteel waters, thoſe of Pyrmont are better than Tunbridge, and he can have them very freſh at Hamburgh. I would rather he had aſked to come laſt autumn, and had paſſed the winter here; for, if he returns now, I ſhall have nobody in thoſe quarters to inform me

me of what paſſes; and yet it will be a very buſy and important ſcene. Lord Holderneſſe, who found that it would not be liked, reſolved to puſh it no farther, and replied, he was very ſure, that when you knew his Majeſty had the leaſt objection to your return at this time, you would think of it no longer; and he owned that he (Lord Holderneſſe) had given you encouragement for this application, laſt year, then thinking and hoping that there would be little occaſion for your preſence at Hamburgh this year. Lord Holderneſſe will only tell you, in his letter, that, as he had ſome reaſon to believe, his moving this matter would be diſagreeable to the King, he reſolved, for your ſake, not to mention it. You muſt anſwer his letter upon that foot ſingly, and thank him for this mark of his friendſhip; for he has really acted as your friend. I make no doubt of your having willing leave to return in autumn, for the whole winter. In the mean time, make the beſt of your *ſéjour* where you are; drink the Pyrmont waters, and no wine but Rheniſh, which, in your caſe, is the only proper one for you.

Next week, Mr. Harte will ſend you his Guſtavus Adolphus, in two quartos; it will contain many new particulars of the life of that real hero, as he has had abundant and authentic materials which have never yet appeared. It will, upon the whole, be a very curious and valuable hiſtory; though, between you and me, I could have wiſhed that he had been more correct and elegant in his ſtyle. You will find it dedicated to one of your acquaintance,

who

who was forced to prune the luxuriant praises bestowed upon him, and yet has left enough of all conscience to satisfy a reasonable man. Harte has been very much out of order, these last three or four months, but is not the less intent upon sowing his Lucerne, of which he had six crops last year, to his infinite joy, and, as he says, profit. As a gardener, I shall probably have as much joy, though not quite so much profit, by thirty or forty shillings; for there is the greatest promise of fruit this year, at Blackheath, that ever I saw in my life. Vertumnus and Pomona have been very propitious to me; as for Priapus, that tremendous garden God, as I no longer invoke him, I cannot expect his protection from the birds and the thieves.

Adieu! I will conclude like a pedant, *Leviùs fit patientiâ quicquid corrigere est nefas.*

LETTER CCCXIX.

London, April the 16th, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WITH humble submission to you, I still say; that if Prince Ferdinand can make a defensive campaign this year, he will have done a great deal, considering the great inequality of numbers. The little advantages of taking a regiment or two prisoners, or cutting another to pieces, are but trifling articles in the great account; they are only the pence, the pounds are yet to come; and I take it for

for granted, that neither the French, nor the Court of Vienna, will have *le démenti* of their main object, which is unquestionably Hanover; for that is the *summa summarum*; and they will certainly take care to draw a force together for this purpose, too great for any that Prince Ferdinand has, or can have, to oppose them. In short, mark the end on't, *j'en augure mal.* If France, Austria, the Empire, Russia, and Sweden, are not, at long run, too hard for the two Electors of Hanover and Brandenburgh, there must be some invisible power, some tutelar Deities, that miraculously interpose in favour of the latter.

You encourage me to accept all the powers that goats, asses, and bulls, can give me, by engaging for my not making an ill use of them; but I own, I cannot help distrusting myself a little, or rather human nature; for it is an old and very true observation, that there are misers of money, but none of power; and the non-use of the one, and the abuse of the other, increase in proportion to their quantity.

I am very sorry to tell you, that Harte's Gustavus Adolphus does not take at all, and consequently sells very little: it is certainly informing, and full of good matter; but it is as certain too, that the style is execrable: where the devil he picked it up, I cannot conceive, for it is a bad style, of a new and singular kind; it is full of Latinisms, Galicisms, Germanisms, and all *isms* but Anglicisms; in some places pompous, in others vulgar and low. Surely, before the end of the world, people, and you in particular,

will diſcover, that the *manner*, in every thing, is at leaſt a important as the matter; and that the latter never can pleaſe, without a good degree of elegancy in the former. This holds true in every thing in life: in writing, converſing, buſineſs, the help of the Graces is abſolutely neceſſary; and whoever vainly thinks himſelf above them, will find he is miſtaken, when it will be too late to court them, for they will not come to ſtrangers of an advanced age. There is an Hiſtory lately come out, of the Reign of Mary Queen of Scots, and her ſon (no matter by whom) King James, written by one Robertſon, a Scotchman, which for clearneſs, purity, and dignity of ſtyle, I will not ſcruple to compare with the beſt hiſtorians extant, not excepting Davila, Guicciardini, and perhaps Livy. Its ſucceſs has conſequently been great, and a ſecond edition is already publiſhed, and bought up. I take it for granted, that it is to be had, or at leaſt borrowed, at Hamburgh, or I would ſend it you.

I hope you drink the Pyrmont waters every morning. The health of the mind depends ſo much upon the health of the body, that the latter deſerves the utmoſt attention, independently of the ſenſes. God ſend you a very great ſhare of both! Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER CCCXX.

London, April the 27th, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Have received your two letters of the 10th and 13th, by the laſt mail; and I will begin my anſwer to them, by obſerving to you, that a wiſe man, without being a Stoic, conſiders, in all miſfortunes that befal him, their beſt as well as their worſt ſide; and every thing has a better and a worſe ſide. I have ſtrictly obſerved that rule for many years, and have found by experience, that ſome comfort is to be extracted, under moſt moral ills, by conſidering them in every light, inſtead of dwelling, as people are too apt to do, upon the gloomy ſide of the object. Thank God, the diſappointment that you ſo pathetically groan under, is not a calamity which admits of no conſolation. Let us ſimplify it, and ſee what it amounts to. You were pleaſed with the expectation of coming here next month, to ſee thoſe who would have been pleaſed with ſeeing you. That, from very natural cauſes, cannot be; and you muſt paſs this ſummer at Hamburgh, and next winter in England, inſtead of paſſing this ſummer in England, and next winter at Hamburgh. Now, eſtimating things fairly, is not the change rather to your advantage? Is not the ſummer more eligible, both for health and pleaſure, than the winter, in that northern, frozen Zone? and will not the winter, in England, ſupply you with more pleaſures than the ſummer, in an empty capital, could have done? So

far then it appears, that you are rather a gainer by your misfortune.

The *tour* too, which you propose making to Lubeck, Altena, &c. will both amuse and inform you; for, at your age, one cannot see too many different places and people; since at the age you are now of, I take it for granted, that you will not see them superficially, as you did when you first went abroad.

This whole matter then, summed up, amounts to no more than this—that you will be here next winter, instead of this summer. Do not think that all I have said is the consolation only of an old philosophical fellow, almost insensible of pleasure or pain, offered to a young fellow, who has quick sensations of both. No, it is the rational philosophy taught me by experience and knowledge of the world, and which I have practised above thirty years. I always made the best of the best, and never made bad worse, by fretting; this enabled me to go through the various scenes of life, in which I have been an actor, with more pleasure and less pain than most people. You will say, perhaps, One cannot change one's nature; and that, if a person is born of a very sensible gloomy temper, and apt to see things in the worst light, they cannot help it, nor new make themselves. I will admit it, to a certain degree, and but to a certain degree; for though we cannot totally change our nature, we may in a great measure correct it, by reflection and philosophy; and some philosophy is a very necessary companion in this world, where, even to the most fortunate, the chances are greatly against happiness.

I am

I am not old enough, nor tenacious enough, to pretend not to underſtand the main purport of your laſt letter; and, to ſhow you that I do, you may draw upon me for two hundred pounds, which, I hope, will more than clear you.

Good night, *æquam memento rebus in arduis ſervare mentem*; be neither tranſported nor depreſſed by the accidents of life.

LETTER CCCXXI.

Blackheath, May the 16th, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR Secretary's laſt letter, of the 4th, which I received yeſterday, has quieted my fears a good deal, but has not intirely diſſipated them. *Your fever ſtill continues*, he ſays, *though in a leſs degree*. Is it a continued fever, or an intermitting one? If the former, no wonder that you are weak, and that your head achs. If the latter, why has not the bark, in ſubſtance and large doſes, been adminiſtered? for, if it had, it muſt have ſtopped it by this time. Next poſt, I hope, will ſet me quite at eaſe. Surely you have not been ſo regular as you ought, either in your medicines, or in your general regimen, otherwiſe this fever would not have returned; for the Doctor calls it *your fever returned*, as if you had an excluſive patent for it. You have now had illneſſes enough, to know the value of health, and to make you implicitly follow the preſcriptions of your phyſician,

 in

in medicines, and the rules of your own common ſenſe in diet; in which, I can aſſure you, from my own experience, that quantity is often worſe than quality; and I would rather eat half a pound of bacon at a meal, than two pounds of any the moſt wholeſome food.

I have been ſettled here near a week, to my great ſatisfaction, *c'eſt ma place*, and I know it, which is not given to every body. Cut off from ſocial life by my deafneſs, as well as other phyſical ills, and being at beſt but the ghoſt of my former ſelf, I walk here in ſilence and ſolitude, as becomes a ghoſt; with this only difference, that I walk by day, whereas, you know, to be ſure, that other ghoſts only appear by night. My health, however, is better than it was laſt year, thanks to my almoſt total milk diet. This enables me to vary my ſolitary amuſements, and alternately to ſcribble as well as read, which I could not do laſt year. Thus I ſaunter away the remainder, be it more leſs, of an agitated and active life, now reduced, (and I am not ſure that I am a loſer by the change) to ſo quiet and ſerene a one, that it may properly be called, ſtill life.

The French whiſper in confidence, in order that it may be the more known and the more credited, that they intend to invade us this year, in no leſs than three places; that is, England, Scotland, and Ireland. Some of our great men, like the Devils, believe and tremble; others, and one little one, whom I know, laugh at it; and, in general, it ſeems to be but a poor inſtead of a formidable ſcarecrow.

While

While *somebody* was at the head of a moderate army, and wanted (I know why) to be at the head of a great one, intended invasions were made an article of political faith; and the belief of them was required, as in the Church the belief of some absurdities, and even impossibilities, is required, upon pain of heresy, excommunication, and consequently damnation, if they tend to the power and interest of the Heads of the Church. But now, there is a general toleration, and the best Subjects, as well as the best Christians, may believe what their reason and their consciences suggest, it is generally and rationally supposed, the French will threaten and not strike, since we are so well prepared, both by armies and fleets, to receive, and, I may add, to destroy them. Adieu! God bless you.

LETTER CCCXXII.

Blackheath, June the 15th, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR letter of the 5th, which I received yesterday, gave me great satisfaction, being all in your own hand; though it contains great, and I fear just complaints of your ill state of health. You do very well to change the air; and I hope that change will do well by you. I would therefore have you write, after the 20th of August, to Lord Holdernesse, to beg of him to obtain his Majesty's leave for you to return to England for *two or three months*, upon

account of your health. Two or three months is an indefinite time, which may afterwards be insensibly stretched to what length one pleases; leave that to me. In the mean time you may be taking your measures with the best œconomy.

The day before yesterday, an express arrived from Guadaloupe; which brought an account of our being in possession of the whole island. And I make no manner of doubt, but that, in about two months, we shall have as good news from Crown-point, Quebec, *&c.* Our affairs in Germany, I fear, will not be equally prosperous; for I have very little hopes for the King of Prussia or Prince Ferdinand. God bless you.

LETTER CCCXXIII.

Blackheath, June the 25th, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE two last mails have brought me no letter from you or your Secretary; I will take this silence as a sign that you are better; but however, if you thought that I cared to know, you should have cared to have written. Here the weather has been very fine for a fortnight together; a longer term than in this climate we are used to hold fine weather by. I hope it is so too at Hamburgh, or at least at the *villa* to which you are gone; but pray do not let it be your *villa viciosa*, as those retirements are often called, and too often prove; though

(by the way) the original name was villa *vizzosa*; and by wags miscalled *viciosa*.

I have a most gloomy prospect of affairs in Germany; the French are already in possession of Cassel, and of the learned part of Hanover, that is Gottingen; where I presume they will not stop *pour l'amour des Belles Lettres*, but rather go on to the Capital, and study them upon the coin. My old acquaintance, Monsieur de Richelieu, made a great progress there in metallic learning and inscriptions. If Prince Ferdinand ventures a battle to prevent it, I dread the consequences; the odds are too great against him. The King of Prussia is still in a worse situation; for he has the Hydra to encounter: and though he may cut off a head or two, there will still be enough left to devour him at last. I have, as you know, long foretold the now approaching catastrophe; but I was Cassandra. Our affairs in the new world have a much more pleasing aspect; Guadaloupe is a great acquisition, and Quebec, which I make no doubt of, will still be a greater. But, must all these advantages, purchased at the price of so much English blood and treasure, be at last sacrificed as a peace-offering? God knows what consequences such a measure may produce; the germe of discontent is already great, upon the bare supposition of the case; but, should it be realised, it will grow to a harvest of disaffection.

You are now, to be sure, taking the previous necessary measures for your return here in the autumn; and I think you may disband your whole family, excepting

excepting your ſecretary, your butler, who takes care of your plate, wine, &c. one, or at moſt two, maid-ſervants, and your valet de chambre, and one footman, whom you will bring over with you. But give no mortal, either there or here, reaſon to think that you are not to return to Hamburgh again. If you are aſked about it, ſay, like Lockhart, that you are *le ſerviteur des événemens*; for your preſent appointments will do you no hurt here, till you have ſome better deſtination. At that ſeaſon of the year, I believe, it will be better for you to come by ſea than by land; but that you will be beſt able to judge of from the then circumſtances of your part of the world.

Your old friend Stevens is dead, of the conſumption that has long been undermining him. God bleſs you, and ſend you health!

LETTER CCCXXIV.

Bath, February the 26th, 1761.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM very glad to hear that your election is finally ſettled, and, to ſay the truth, not ſorry that Mr. * * has been compelled to do, *de mauvaiſe grace*, that which he might have done at firſt in a friendly and handſome manner. However, take no notice of what is paſt, and live with him as you uſed to do before; for, in the intercourſe of the world, it is often neceſſary to ſeem ignorant of what one

one knows, and to have forgotten what one remembers.

I have just now finished Coleman's play, and like it very well; it is well conducted, and the characters are well preserved. I own, I expected from the author more dialogue wit; but, as I know that he is a most scrupulous classic, I believe he did not dare to put in half so much wit as he could have done, because Terence has not a single grain; and it would have been *crimen læsæ antiquitatis*. God bless you!

LETTER CCCXXV.

Bath, November the 21st, 1761.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 19th. If I find any alterations by drinking these waters, now six days, it is rather for the better; but, in six days more, I think I shall find, with more certainty, what humour they are in with me; if kind, I will profit of, but not abuse their kindness; all things have their bounds, *quos ultrà citràvè nequit consistere rectum*; and I will endeavour to nick that point.

The Queen's jointure is larger than, from *some reasons*, I expected it would be, though not greater than the very last precedent authorized. The case of the late Lord Wilmington was, I fancy, remembered.

I have now good reason to believe, that Spain will declare

declare war to us; that is, that it will very ſoon, if it has not already, avowedly aſſiſt France, in caſe the war continues. This will be a great triumph to Mr. Pitt, and fully juſtify his plan of beginning with Spain firſt, and having the firſt blow, which is often half the battle.

Here is a great deal of company, and what is commonly called good company, that is, great quality. I trouble them very little, except at the pump, where my buſineſs calls me; for, what is company to a deaf man, or a deaf man to company?

Lady Brown, whom I have ſeen, and who, by the way, has got the gout in her eye, inquired very tenderly after you. And ſo I elegantly reſt,

Yours till death.

LETTER CCCXXVI.

Bath, December the 6th, 1761.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Have been in your debt ſome time, which, you know, I am not very apt to be; but it was really for want of ſpecie to pay. The preſent ſtate of my invention does not enable me to coin; and you would have had as little pleaſure in reading, as I ſhould have had in writing *le coglionerie* of this place; beſides, that I am very little mingled in them. I do not know whether I ſhall be able to follow your advice, and cut a winner: for, at preſent, I have neither won nor loſt a ſingle ſhilling. I

will

will play on this week only; and if I have a good run, I will carry it off with me; if a bad one, the loss can hardly amount to any thing considerable in seven days, for I hope to see you in town to-morrow sevennight.

I had a dismal letter from Harte, last week; he tells me that he is at nurse with a sister in Berkshire; that he has got a confirmed jaundice, besides twenty other distempers. The true cause of these complaints I take to be, the same that so greatly disordered, and had nearly destroyed the most august House of Austria, about one hundred and thirty years ago; I mean Gustavus Adolphus; who neither answered his expectations in point of profit, nor reputation, and that merely by his own fault, in not writing it in the vulgar tongue; for, as to facts, I will maintain, that it is one of the best histories extant.

Au revoir, as Sir Fopling says, and God bless you.

LETTER CCCXXVII.

Bath, November the 2d, 1762.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Arrived here, as I proposed, last Sunday; but as ill as I feared I should be, when I saw you. Head, stomach, and limbs, all out of order.

I have yet seen nobody but Villettes, who is settled here for good, as it is called. What consequences has the Duke of Devonshire's resignation

had?

had? He has considerable connections, and relations; but whether any of them are resigned enough to resign with him, is another matter. There will be, to be sure, as many, and as absurd reports, as there are in the law books; I do not desire to know either; but inform me of what facts come to your knowledge, and of such reports only as you believe are grounded. And so God bless you!

LETTER CCCXXVIII.

Bath, November the 13th, 1762.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Have received your letter, and believe that your Preliminaries are very near the mark; and, upon that supposition, I think we have made a tolerable good bargain with Spain; at least, full as good as I expected, and almost as good as I wished, though I do not believe that we have got *all* Florida; but if we have St. Augustin, as I suppose, that, by the figure of *pars pro toto*, will be called all Florida. We have by no means made so good a bargain with France; for, in truth, what do we get by it, except Canada, with a very proper boundary of the river Mississippi, and that is all? As for the restrictions upon the French fishery in Newfoundland, they are very well *per la predica*, and for the Commissary whom we shall employ; for he will have a good salary from hence, to see that those restrictions are complied with; and the French will double that salary,

salary, that he may allow them all to be broken through. It is plain to me, that the French fishery will be exactly what it was before the war.

The three Leeward islands, which the French yield to us, are not, all together, worth half so much as that of St. Lucia, which we give up to them. Senegal is not worth one quarter of Goree. The restrictions of the French, in the East Indies, are as absurd and impracticable as those of Newfoundland; and you will live to see the French trade to the East Indies, just as they did before the war. But, after all I have said, the Articles are as good as I expected with France, when I considered that no one single person, who carried on this negotiation on our parts, was ever concerned or consulted in any negotiation before. Upon the whole, then, the acquisition of Canada has cost us fourscore millions sterling. I am convinced we might have kept Guadaloupe, if our negotiators had known how to have gone about it.

His most Faithful Majesty of Portugal is the best off of any body in this transaction, for he saves his kingdom by it, and has not laid out one Moidore in defence of it. Spain, thank God, in some measure, *paie les pots cassés*; for, besides St. Augustin, Logwood, &c. it has lost at least four millions sterling, in money, ships, &c.

Harte is here, who tells me he has been at this place these three years, excepting some few excursions to his sister; he looks ill, and laments that he has frequent fits of the yellow jaundice. He com-

plains of his not having heard from you these four years; you should write to him. These waters have done me a great deal of good, though I drink but two thirds of a pint in the whole day, which is less than the soberest of my countrymen drink of claret at every meal.

I should naturally think, as you do, that this session will be a stormy one, that is, if Mr. Pitt takes an active part; but if he is pleased, as the Ministers say, there is no other Æolus to blow a storm. The Dukes of Cumberland, Newcastle, and Devonshire, have no better troops to attack with, than the militia; but Pitt alone is *ipse agmen*. God bless you!

LETTER CCCXXIX.

Bath, November the 27th, 1762.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received your letter this morning, and return you the ball *a la volée*. The King's speech is a very prudent one, and, as I suppose that the Addresses, in answer to it, were, as usual, in almost the same words; my Lord Mayor might very well call them innocent. As his Majesty expatiates so much upon the great *atchievements* of the war, I cannot help hoping that, when the Preliminaries shall be laid before Parliament *in due time*, which, I suppose, means after the respective ratifications of all the contracting parties, that some untalked-of and unexpected advantages will break out in our treaty with France;

France; St. Lucia, at leaſt. I ſee, in the news-papers, an article which I by no means like, in our treaty with Spain; which is, that we ſhall be at liberty to cut logwood in the Bay of Campeachy, *but paying for it*. Who does not ſee that this condition may, and probably will, amount to a prohibition, by the price which the Spaniards may ſet it at? It was our undoubted right, and confirmed to us by former treaties, before the war, to cut logwood *gratis*; but this new ſtipulation (if true) gives us a privilege, ſomething like a reprieve to a criminal, with a *non obſtante* to be hanged.

I now drink ſo little water, that it can neither do me good nor hurt; but as I bathe but twice a week, that operation, which does my rheumatic carcaſe good, will keep me here ſome time longer than you had allowed.

Harte is going to publiſh a new edition of his Guſtavus, in octavo; which, he tells me, he has altered, and which, I could tell him, he ſhould tranſlate into Engliſh, or it will not ſell better than the former; for, while the world endures, ſtyle and manner will be regarded, at leaſt as much as matter. And ſo, *Dieu vous ait dans ſa ſainte garde.*

LETTER CCCXXX.

Bath, December the 4th, 1762.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received your letter this morning, with the enclosed Preliminaries, which we have had here these three days; and I return them, since you intend to keep them, which is more than I believe the French will. I am very glad to find that the French are to restore all the conquests they made upon us in the East Indies during this war; and I cannot doubt but they will likewise restore to us all the Cod that they shall take, within less than three leagues of our coasts in North America, (a distance easily measured, especially at sea) according to the spirit, though not the letter of the Treaty. I am informed, that the strong opposition to the Peace will be in the House of Lords, though I cannot well conceive it; nor can I make out above six or seven, who will be against it upon a division, unless (which I cannot suppose) some of the Bishops should vote on the side of their maker. God bless you!

LETTER CCCXXXI.

Bath, December the 13th, 1762.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received your letter, which gave me a very clear account of the debate in your House. It is impossible for a human creature

to

to ſpeak well for three hours and an half; I queſtion even if Belial, who, according to Milton, was the orator of the fallen Angels, ever ſpoke ſo long at a time.

There muſt have been a trick in Charles Townſhend's ſpeaking for the Preliminaries; for he is infinitely above having an opinion. Lord Egremont muſt be ill, or have thoughts of going into ſome other place: perhaps into Lord Granville's, who they ſay is dying: when he dies, the ableſt head in England dies too, take it for all in all.

I ſhall be in town, barring accidents, this day ſevennight, by dinner-time; when I have ordered a *Haricot*, to which you will be very welcome, about four o'clock. *En attendant Dieu vous ait dans ſa ſainte garde.*

LETTER CCCXXXII.

Blackheath, June the 14th, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received, by the laſt mail, your letter of the 4th, from the Hague; ſo far ſo good. You arrived *ſonica* at the Hague, for our Embaſſador's entertainment; I find he has been very civil to you. You are in the right to ſtop for two or three days, at Hanau, and make your court to the Lady of that place*. Your Excellency makes a figure already

* Her Royal Highneſs Princeſs Mary of England, Landgravine of Heſſe.

in the news-papers; and let them, and others, Excellency you as much as they pleaſe, but pray ſuffer not your own ſervants to do it.

Nothing new of any kind has happened here ſince you went; ſo I will wiſh you a good night, and hope that God will bleſs you.

LETTER CCCXXXIII.

Blackheath, July the 14th, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received your letter from Ratiſbon, where I am glad that you are arrived ſafe. You are, I find, over head and ears engaged in ceremony and *étiquette*. You muſt not yield in any thing eſſential, where your public character may ſuffer; but I adviſe you, at the ſame time, to diſtinguiſh carefully what may and what may not affect it, and to deſpiſe ſome German *minuties*; ſuch as one ſtep lower or higher upon the ſtairs, a bow more or leſs, and ſuch ſort of trifles.

By what I ſee in Creſſener's letter to you, the cheapneſs of wine compenſates the quantity, as the cheapneſs of ſervants compenſates the number that you muſt make uſe of.

Write to your mother often, if it be but three words, to prove your exiſtence; for when ſhe does not hear from you, ſhe knows, to a demonſtration, that you are dead, if not buried.

The

The encloſed is a letter of the utmoſt conſequence, which I was deſired to forward, with care and ſpeed, to the moſt ſerene *Louis.*

My head is not well to-day. So God bleſs you!

LETTER CCCXXXIV.

Blackheath, Auguſt the 1ſt, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Hope that by this time you are pretty well ſettled at Ratiſbon, at leaſt as to the important points of the ceremonial; ſo that you may know to preciſion, to whom you muſt give, and from whom you muſt require, the *ſeine Excellentz.* Thoſe formalities are, no doubt, ridiculous enough in themſelves; but yet they are neceſſary for manners, and ſometimes for buſineſs; and both would ſuffer by laying them quite aſide.

I have lately had an attack of a new complaint, which I have long ſuſpected that I had in my body, in *actu primo*, as the pedants call it, but which I never felt in *actu ſecundo*, till laſt week, and that is a fit of the ſtone or gravel. It was, thank God, but a ſlight one; but it was *dans toutes les formes*; for it was preceded by a pain in my loins, which I at firſt took for ſome remains of my rheumatiſm; but was ſoon convinced of my miſtake, by making water much blacker than coffee, with a prodigious ſediment of gravel. I am now perfectly eaſy again, and have no more indications of this dreadful complaint.

God keep you from that and deafneſs; other complaints are the common, and almoſt the inevitable lot of human nature, but admit of ſome mitigation. God bleſs you!

LETTER CCCXXXV.

Blackheath, Auguſt the 22d, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU will, by this poſt, hear from others, that Lord Egremont died two days ago of an apoplexy; which, from his figure, and the conſtant plethora he lived in, was reaſonably to be expected. You will aſk me, who is to be Secretary in his room? to which I anſwer, that I do not know. I ſhould gueſs Lord Sandwich, to be ſucceeded in the Admiralty by Charles Townſhend; unleſs the Duke of Bedford, who ſeems to have taken to himſelf the department of Europe, ſhould have a mind to it. This event may perhaps produce others; but, till this happened, every thing was in a ſtate of inaction, and abſolutely nothing was done. Before the next ſeſſion, this chaos muſt neceſſarily take ſome form, either by a new jumble of its own atoms, or by mixing them with the more efficient ones of the Oppoſition.

I ſee by the news-papers, as well as by your letter, that the difficulties ſtill ſubſiſt about your ceremonial at Ratiſbon; ſhould they, from pride and folly, prove inſuperable, and obſtruct your real buſineſs,

ſineſs, there is one expedient, which may perhaps remove difficulties, and which I have often known practiſed; but which I believe our people here know nothing of: it is, to have the character of *Miniſter*, only, in your oſtenſible title, and that of Envoy Extraordinary in your pocket, to produce occaſionally, eſpecially if you ſhould be ſent to any, of the Electors in your neighbourhood: or elſe, in any tranſactions that you may have, in which your title of Envoy Extraordinary may create great difficulties, to have a reverſal given you, declaring, that the temporary ſuſpenſion of that character, *ne donnera pas la moindre atteinte ni à vos droits ni à vos pretenſions.* As for the reſt, divert yourſelf as well as you can, and eat and drink as little as you can: and ſo God bleſs you!

LETTER CCCXXXVI.

Blackheath, September the 1ſt, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

GREAT news! The King ſent for Mr. Pitt, laſt Saturday, and the conference laſted a full hour: on the Monday following, another conference, which laſted much longer; and yeſterday a third, longer than either. You take for granted, that the treaty was concluded and ratified: no ſuch matter, for this laſt conference broke it intirely off; and Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple went yeſterday evening to their reſpective country houſes. Would you know

what it broke off upon, you muſt aſk the news-mongers, and the coffee-houſes; who, I dare ſay, know it all very minutely; but I, who am not apt to know any thing that I do not know, honeſtly and humbly confeſs, that I cannot tell you; probably one party aſked too much, and the other would grant too little. However, the King's dignity was not, in my mind, much conſulted, by their making him ſole Plenipotentiary of a treaty, which they were not, in all events, determined to conclude. It ought ſurely to have been begun by ſome inferior agent, and his Majeſty ſhould only have appeared in rejecting or ratifying it. Lewis the XIVth never ſate down before a town in perſon, that was not ſure to be taken.

However, *ce qui eſt différé n'eſt pas perdu*; for this matter muſt be taken up again, and concluded before the meeting of the Parliament, and probably upon more diſadvantageous terms to the preſent Miniſters, who have tacitly admitted, by this late negotiation, what their enemies have loudly proclaimed, that they are not able to carry on affairs. So much *de re politica*.

I have at laſt done the beſt office that can be done, to moſt married people; that is, I have fixed the ſeparation between my brother and his wife; and the definitive treaty of peace will be proclaimed in about a fortnight; for the only ſolid and laſting peace, between a man and his wife, is, doubtleſs, a ſeparation. God bleſs you!

LETTER

LETTER CCCXXVII.

Blackheath, September the 30th, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU will have known, long before this, from the office, that the departments are not caſt as you wiſhed; for Lord Halifax, as ſenior, had of courſe his choice, and choſe the Southern, upon account of the colonies. The Miniſtry, ſuch as it is, is now ſettled *en attendant mieux*; but, in my opinion, cannot, as they are, meet the Parliament.

The only, and all the efficient people they have, are in the Houſe of Lords; for, ſince Mr. Pitt has firmly engaged Charles Townſhend to him, there is not a man of the Court ſide, in the Houſe of Commons, who has either abilities or words enough to call a coach. Lord B*** is certainly playing *un deſſous de cartes*, and I ſuſpect that it is with Mr. Pitt; but what that *deſſous* is, I do not know, though all the coffee-houſes do moſt exactly.

The preſent inaction, I believe, gives you leiſure enough for *ennui*, but it gives you time enough too for better things; I mean, reading uſeful books; and, what is ſtill more uſeful, converſing with yourſelf ſome part of every day. Lord Shafteſbury recommends ſelf-converſation to all authors; and I would recommend it to all men; they would be the better for it. Some people have not time, and fewer have inclination, to enter into that converſation; nay, very many dread it, and fly to the moſt trifling diſſipations, in order to avoid it; but if a

man would allot half an hour every night, for this self-conversation, and recapitulate with himself whatever he has done, right or wrong, in the course of the day, he would be both the better and the wiser for it. My deafness gives me more than sufficient time for self-conversation; and I have found great advantages from it. My brother, and Lady Stanhope, are at last finally parted. I was the negotiator between them; and had so much trouble in it, that I would much rather negotiate the most difficult point of the *jus publicum Sacri Romani Imperii*, with the whole Diet of Ratisbon, than negotiate any point with any woman. If my brother had had some of those self-conversations, which I recommend, he would not, I believe, at past sixty, with a crazy, battered constitution, and deaf into the bargain, have married a young girl, just turned of twenty, full of health, and consequently of desires. But who takes warning by the fate of others? This, perhaps, proceeds from a negligence of self-conversation. God bless you!

LETTER CCCXXXVIII.

Blackheath, October the 17th, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE last mail brought me your letter of the 2d instant, as the former had brought me that of the 25th past. I did suppose that you would be sent for over, for the first day of the session; as

as I never knew a stricter muster and allowed. I am very sorry for it, for the you hint at; but, however, you did very prudently, in doing *de bonne grace*, what you could not help doing: and let that be your rule in every thing, for the rest of your life. Avoid disagreeable things, as much as, by dexterity, you can; but when they are unavoidable, do them with seeming willingness and alacrity. Though this journey is ill-timed for you in many respects, yet, in point of *finances*, you will be a gainer by it upon the whole; for depend upon it, they will keep you here till the very last day of the session; and I suppose you have sold your horses, and dismissed some of your servant . Though they seem to apprehend the first day of the session so much, in my opinion, their danger will be much greater in the course of it.

When you are at Paris, you will of course wait upon Lord Hertford, and desire him to present you to the King; at the same time make my compliments to him, and thank him for the very obliging message he left at my house in town; and tell him, that, had I received it in time from thence, I would have come to town on purpose to have returned it in person. If there are any new little books at Paris, pray bring them me. I have already Voltaire's *Zelis dans le Bain*, his *Droit du Seigneur*, and *Olympie*. Do not forget to call once at Madame Monconseil's, and as often as you please at Madame du Pin's. *Au revoir*.

LETTER

LETTER CCCXXXIX.

Bath, November the 24th, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Arrived here, as you ſuppoſe in your letter, laſt Sunday; but after the worſt day's journey I ever had in my life: it ſnowed and froze that whole morning, and in the evening it rained and thawed, which made the roads ſo ſlippery, that I was ſix hours coming poſt from the Devizes, which is but eighteen miles from hence; ſo that, but for the name of coming poſt, I might as well have walked on foot. I have not yet quite got over my laſt violent attack, and am weak and flimzy.

I have now drank the waters but three days; ſo that, without a miracle, I cannot yet expect much alteration, and I do not in the leaſt expect a miracle. If they proved *les eaux de Jouvence* to me, that would be a miracle indeed; but, as the late Pope Lambertini ſaid, *Frà noi, gli miracoli ſono paſſati già un pezzo.*

I have ſeen Harte, who inquired much after you: he is dejected and diſpirited, and thinks himſelf much worſe than he is, though he has really a tendency to the jaundice. I have yet ſeen nobody elſe, nor do I know who here is to be ſeen; for I have not yet exhibited myſelf to public view, except at the pump, which, at the time I go to it, is the moſt private place in Bath.

After all the fears and hopes, occaſioned ſeverally by the meeting of the Parliament, in my opinion, it

it will prove a very easy sessi[illegible]. Mr Wilkes is universally given up; and if the Ministers themselves do not wantonly raise difficulties, I think they will meet with none. A majority of two hundred is a great anodyne. Adieu! God bless you.

LETTER CCCXL.

Bath, December the 3d, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

LAST post brought me your letter of the 29th past. I suppose C—— T——— let off his speech upon the Princess's portion, chiefly to show that he was of the Opposition: for otherwise, the point was not debatable, unless as to the *quantum*, against which something might be said; for the late Princess of Orange (who was the eldest daughter of a King) had no more, and her two sisters but half, if I am not mistaken.

It is a great mercy that Mr. Wilkes, the intrepid defender of our rights and liberties, is out of danger, and may live to fight and write again in support of them; and it is no less a mercy, that God hath raised up the Earl of S—— to vindicate and promote true religion and morality. These two blessings will justly make an epocha in the annals of this country.

I have delivered your message to Harte, who waits with impatience for your letter. He is very

happy

happy now in having free accefs to all Lord Craven's papers, which, he fays, give him great lights into the *bellum triennale*; the old Lord Craven having been the profeffed and valorous knight-errant, and perhaps fomething more, to the Queen of Bohemia; at leaft, like Sir Peter Pride, he had the honour of fpending great part of his eftate in her Royal caufe.

I am by no means right yet; I am very weak and flimzy ftill; but the Doctor affures me, that ftrength and fpirits will return: if they do, *lucro apponam*, I will make the beft of them; if they do not, I will not make their want ftill worfe, by grieving and regretting them. I have lived long enough, and obferved enough, to eftimate moft things at their intrinfic, and not their imaginary value; and at feventy, I find nothing much worth either defiring or fearing. But thefe reflections, which fuit with feventy, would be greatly premature at two-and-thirty. So make the beft of your time, enjoy the prefent hour; but *memor ultimæ*. God blefs you!

LETTER CCCXLI.

Bath, December the 18th, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received your letter this morning, in which you reproach me with not having written to you this week. The reafon was, that I did not know what to write. There is that fameneſs in my life here,

here, that *every day is ſtill but the firſt.* I ſee very few people; and, in the literal ſenſe of the word, I hear nothing.

Mr. L— and Mr. C— I hold to be two very ingenious men; and your image of the two men ruined, one by loſing his law-ſuit, and the other by carrying it, is a very juſt one. To be ſure they felt in themſelves uncommon talents for buſineſs and ſpeaking, which were to reimburſe them.

Harte has a great poetical work to publiſh, before it be long; he has ſhown me ſome parts of it. He had intitled it Emblems; but I perſuaded him to alter that name, for two reaſons: the firſt was, becauſe they were not emblems, but fables: the ſecond was, that, if they had been emblems, Quarles had degraded and vilified that name, to ſuch a degree, that it is impoſſible to make uſe of it after him: ſo they are to be called fables, though moral tales would, in my mind, be the propereſt name. If you aſk me what I think of thoſe I have ſeen, I muſt ſay that *ſunt plura bona, quædam mediocria, et quædam*——

Your report of future changes, I cannot think is wholly groundleſs: for it ſtill runs ſtrongly in my head, that the mine we talked of will be ſprung, at, or before the end of the ſeſſion.

I have got a little more ſtrength, but not quite the ſtrength of Hercules; ſo that I will not undertake, like him, fifty deflorations in one night; for I really believe that I could not compaſs them. So good night, and God bleſs you!

LETTER

LETTER CCCXLII.

Bath, December the 24th, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Confeſs I was a good deal ſurpriſed at your preſſing me ſo ſtrongly to influence parſon Roſenhagen, when you well know the reſolution I had made ſeveral years ago, and which I have ſcrupulouſly obſerved ever ſince, not to concern myſelf, directly or indirectly, in any party political conteſt whatſoever. Let Parties go to loggerheads, as much and as long as they pleaſe; I will neither endeavour to part them, nor take the part of either; for I know them all too well. But you ſay, that Lord Sandwich has been remarkably civil and kind to you. I am very glad of it; and he can by no means impute to you my obſtinacy, folly, or philoſophy; call it what you pleaſe: you may with great truth aſſure him, that you did all you could to obey his commands.

I am ſorry to find that you are out of order, but I hope it is only a cold; ſhould it be any thing more, pray conſult Dr. Maty, who did you ſo much good in your laſt illneſs, when the great medicinal Mattadores did you rather harm. I have found a Monſieur *Diafoirus* here, Dr. Moiſy, who has really done me a great deal of good; and I am ſure I wanted it a great deal, when I came here firſt. I have recovered ſome ſtrength, and a little more will give me as much as I can make uſe of.

Lady Brown, whom I saw yesterday, makes you many compliments: and I wish you a merry Christmas, and a good night. Adieu.

LETTER CCCXLIII.

Bath, December the 31st, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

GREVENKOP wrote me word, by the last post, that you were laid up with the gout; but I much question it; that is, whether it is the gout or not. Your last illness, before you went abroad, was pronounced the gout, by the skilful; and proved at last a mere rheumatism. Take care that the same mistake is not made this year; and that, by giving you strong and hot medicines to throw out the gout, they do not inflame the rheumatism, if it be one.

Mr. Wilkes has imitated some of the great men of antiquity, by going into voluntary exile: it was his only way of defeating both his creditors and his prosecutors. Whatever his friends, if he has any, give out of his returning soon, I will answer for it, that it will be a long time before that *soon* comes.

I have been much out of order these four days, of a violent cold; which I do not know how I got, and which obliged me to suspend drinking the waters: but is now so much better, that I propose resuming them for this week, and paying my court to you in town on Monday or Tuesday sevennight; but this is *sub spe rati* only. God bless you!

LETTER CCCXLIV.

Blackheath, July the 20th, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND.

I Have this moment received your letter of the 3d, from Prague, but I never received that which you mention from Ratisbon; this made me think you in such rapid motion, that I did not know where to take aim. I now suppose that you are arrived, though not yet settled, at Dresden; your audiences and formalities are, to be sure, over, and that is great ease of mind to you.

I have no political events to acquaint you with; the summer is not the season for them, they ripen only in winter; great ones are expected immediately before the meeting of Parliament, but that, you know, is always the language of fears and hopes. However, I rather believe that there will be something patched up between the *ins* and the *outs*.

The whole subject of conversation, at present, is the Death and Will of Lord Bath: he has left above twelve hundred thousand pounds in land and money, four hundred thousand pounds in cash, stocks, and mortgages; his own estate, in land, was improved to fifteen thousand pounds a year, and the Bradford estate, which he * *, is as much; both which, at only five-and-twenty years purchase, amount to eight hundred thousand pounds; and all this he has left to his brother General Pulteney, and in his own disposal, though he never loved him. The legacies he has left are trifling, for, in truth, he cared for nobody; the words *give* and *bequeath* were too shocking to him to repeat, and so he left all, in one word,

 to

to his brother. The public, which was long the dupe of his ſimulation and diſſimulation, begins to explain upon him; and draws ſuch a picture of him as I gave you long ago.

Your late Secretary has been with me three or four times; he wants ſomething or another, and it ſeems all one to him what, whether civil or military; in plain Engliſh, he wants bread. He has knocked at the doors of ſome of the Miniſters, but to no purpoſe. I wiſh with all my heart that I could help him: I told him fairly that I could not, but adviſed him to find ſome channel to Lord B***, which, though a Scotchman, he told me he could not. He brought a packet of letters from the office to you, which I made him ſeal up; and I keep it for you, as I ſuppoſe it makes up the ſeries of your Ratiſbon letters.

As for me, I am juſt what I was when you left me, that is, nobody. Old-age ſteals upon me inſenſibly. I grow weak and decrepit; but do not ſuffer, and ſo I am content.

Forbes brought me four books of yours, two of which were Bielefeldt's letters; in which, to my knowledge, there are many notorious lies.

Make my compliments to Comte Einſiedel, whom I love and honour much; and ſo good night to *ſeine Excellentz*.

Now our correſpondence may be more regular, and I expect a letter from you every fortnight. I will be regular on my part: but write oftener to your mother, if it be but three lines.

LETTER CCCXLV.

Blackheath, July the 27th, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received, two days ago, your letter of the 11th, from Drefden, where I am very glad that you are fafely arrived at laft. The prices of the neceffaries of life are monftrous there; and I do not conceive how the poor natives fubfift at all, after having been fo long and fo often plundered by their own as well as by other Sovereigns.

As for procuring you either the title or the appointments of Plenipotentiary, I could as foon procure them from the Turkifh as from the Englifh Miniftry; and, in truth, I believe they have it not to give.

Now to come to your Civil Lift, if one may compare fmall things with great. I think I have found out a better refrefhment for it than you propofe; for to morrow I fhall fend to your cafhier, Mr. Larpent, five hundred pounds at once, for your ufe, which, I prefume, is better than by quarterly payments; and I am very apt to think, that, next Midfummer-day, he will have the fame fum, and for the fame ufe, configned to him.

It is reported here, and I believe not without fome foundation, that the Queen of Hungary has acceded to the Family Compact between France and Spain; if fo, I am fure it behoves us to form in time a counter alliance, of at leaft equal ftrength; which I could eafily point out, but which, I fear, is not thought of here.

The

The rage of marrying is very prevalent; ſo that there will be probably a great crop of cuckolds next winter, who are at preſent only *cocus en herbe.* It will contribute to population, and ſo far muſt be allowed to be a public benefit. Lord G—, Mr. B—, and Mr. D——, are, in this reſpect, very meritorious; for they have all married handſome women, without one ſhilling fortune. Lord —— muſt indeed take ſome pains to arrive at that dignity; but I dare ſay he will bring it about, by the help of ſome young Scotch or Iriſh officer. Good night, and God bleſs you!

LETTER CCCXLVI.

Blackheath, September the 3d, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Have received your letter of the 13th paſt. I ſee that your complete arrangement approaches, and you need not be in a hurry to give entertainments, ſince ſo few others do.

Comte Flemming is the man in the world the beſt calculated to retrieve the Saxon finances, which have been all this century ſquandered and laviſhed with the moſt abſurd profuſion: he has certainly abilities, and, I believe, integrity; I dare anſwer for him, that the gentleneſs and flexibility of his temper will not prevail with him to yield to the importunities of craving and petulant applications. I ſee in him another Sully; and therefore I wiſh he were at the head of our finances.

France and Spain both inſult us, and we take it too tamely: for this is, in my opinion, the time for us to talk high to them. France, I am perſuaded, will not quarrel with us, till it has got a Navy at leaſt equal to ours, which cannot be theſe three or four years, at ſooneſt; and then, indeed, I believe, we ſhall hear of ſomething or other; therefore, this is the moment for us to ſpeak loud, and we ſhall be feared, if we do not ſhow that we fear.

Here is no domeſtic news of changes and chances in the political world; which, like oyſters, are only in ſeaſon in the R months, when the Parliament ſits. I think there will be ſome then, but of what kind, God knows.

I have received a book for you, and one for myſelf, from Harte. It is upon agriculture, and will ſurpriſe you, as, I confeſs, it did me. This work is not only in Engliſh, but good and elegant Engliſh; he has even ſcattered graces upon his ſubject; and, in proſe, has come very near Virgil's Georgics in verſe. I have written to him, to congratulate his happy transformation. As ſoon as I can find an opportunity, I will ſend you your copy. You (though no Agricola) will read it with pleaſure.

I know Mackenzie, whom you mention. *C'eſt un delié, ſed cave.*

Make mine and Lady Cheſterfield's compliments to Comte et Comteſſe Flemming: and ſo, *Dieu vous ait en ſa ſainte garde.*

LETTER

LETTER CCCXLVII.

Blackheath, September the 14th, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received your letter of the 30th paſt, by which I find that you had not then got mine, which I ſent you the day after I had received your former; you have had no great loſs of it; for, as I told you in my laſt, this inactive ſeaſon of the year ſupplies no materials for a letter; the winter may, and probably will, produce an abundant crop, but of what grain, I neither know, gueſs, nor care. I take it for granted, that Lord B * * * *ſurnagera encore*, but by the aſſiſtance of what bladders or cork-waiſtcoats, God only knows. The death of poor Mr. Legge, the epileptic fits of the Duke of Devonſhire, for which he is gone to Aix-la-Chapelle, and the advanced age of the Duke of Newcaſtle, ſeem to facilitate an accommodation, if Mr. Pitt and Lord Bute are inclined to it.

You aſk me what I think of the death of poor Iwan, and of the perſon who ordered it. You may remember that I often ſaid, ſhe would murder or marry him, or probably both; ſhe has choſen the ſafeſt alternative; and has now completed her character of *femme forte*, above ſcruples and heſitation. If Machiavel were alive, ſhe would probably be his Heroine, as Ceſar Borgia was his Hero. Women are all ſo far Machiavelians, that they are never either good or bad by halves; their paſſions are too ſtrong, and their reaſon too weak, to do any thing with mo-

deration. She will, perhaps, meet, before it is long, with some Scythian as free from prejudices as herself. If there is one Oliver Cromwell in the three regiments of guards, he will probably, for the sake of his dear country, depose and murder her: for that is one and the same thing in Russia.

You seem now to be settled, and *bien nippé* at Dresden. Four sedentary footmen, and one running one, *font Equipage leste.* The German ones will give you, *seine Excellentz*; and the French ones, if you have any, *Monseigneur*.

My own health varies, as usual, but never deviates into good. God bless you, and send you better!

LETTER CCCXLVIII.

Blackheath, October the 4th, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Have now your last letter, of the 16th past, lying before me; and I gave your enclosed to Grevenkop, which has put him into a violent bustle to execute your commissions, as well and as cheap as possible. I refer him to his own letter. He tells you true, as to Comtesse Cosel's diamonds, which certainly nobody will buy here, unsight unseen, as they call it: so many *minuties* concurring, to encrease or lessen the value of a diamond. Your Cheshire cheese, your Burton ale and beer, I charge myself with, and they shall be sent you as soon as possible. Upon this occasion I will give you a piece of advice, which, by experience,

experience, I know to be useful. In all commissions, whether from men or women, *point de galanterie*; bring them in your account, and be paid to the uttermost farthing; but if you would show them *une galanterie*, let your present be of something that is not in your commission, otherwise you will be the *Commissionaire banal* of all the women of Saxony. *A propos*; Who is your Comtesse de Cosel? Is she daughter, or grand-daughter, of the famous Madame de Cosel, in King Augustus's time? Is she young or old, ugly or handsome?

I do not wonder that people are wonderfully surprised at our tameness and forbearance, with regard to France and Spain. Spain, indeed, has lately agreed to our cutting logwood, according to the treaty, and sent strict orders to their Governor to allow it; but you will observe too, that there is not one word of reparation for the losses we lately sustained there. But France is not even so tractable; it will pay but half the money due, upon a liquidated account, for the maintenance of their prisoners. Our request, to have Comte d'Estaing recalled and censured, they have absolutely rejected, though, by the laws of war, he might be hanged for having twice broke his parole. This does not do France honour; however, I think we shall be quiet, and that at the only time, perhaps this century, when we might, with safety, be otherwise; but this is nothing new, nor the first time, by many, when national honour and interest have been sacrificed to private. It has always been so: and one may say, upon this occasion,

what

what Horace says upon another, *Nam fuit ante Helenam.*

I have seen *les Contes de Guillaume Vadé*, and like most of them so little, that I can hardly think them Voltaire's, but rather the scraps that have fallen from his table, and been worked up by inferior workmen, under his name. I have not seen the other book you mention, the *Dictionnaire Portatif*. It is not yet come over.

I shall next week go to take my winter-quarters in London, the weather here being very cold and damp, and not proper for an old, shattered, and cold carcase, like mine. In November I will go to the Bath, to careen myself for the winter, and to shift the scene. Good night.

LETTER CCCXLIX.

London, October the 19th, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY morning Mr. * * came to me, from Lord Halifax, to ask me whether I thought you would approve of vacating your seat in Parliament, during the remainder of it, upon a valuable consideration, meaning *money*. My answer was, that I really did not know your disposition upon that subject; but that I knew you would be very willing, in general, to accommodate them, as far as lay in your power. That your Election, to my knowledge, had cost you two thousand pounds; that this Parliament

ment had not sate above half its time; and that, for my part, I approved of the measure well enough, provided you had an equitable equivalent. I take it for granted, that you will have a letter from ——, by this post, to that effect, so that you must consider what you will do. What I advise, is this; give them a good deal of *Galbanum* in the first part of your letter. *Le Galbanum ne coute rien*; and then say, that you are willing to do as they please; but that you hope an equitable consideration will be had to the two thousand pounds, which your seat cost you in the present Parliament, of which not above half the term is expired. Moreover, that you take the liberty to remind them, that your being sent for from Ratisbon, last session, when you were just settled there, put you to the expence of three or four hundred pounds, for which you were allowed nothing; and that, therefore, you hope they will not think one thousand pounds too much, considering all these circumstances; but that, in all events, you will do whatever they desire. Upon the whole, I think this proposal advantageous to you, as you probably will not make use of your seat this Parliament; and further, as it will secure you from another unpaid journey from Dresden, in case they meet, or fear to meet with difficulties in any ensuing session of the present Parliament. Whatever one must do, one should do *de bonne grace*. *Dixi*. God bless you!

LETTER CCCL.

Bath, November the 10th, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Am much concerned at the account you gave me of yourself, in your last letter. There is to be sure, at such a town as Dresden, at least some one very skilful physician; whom I hope you have consulted; and I would have you acquaint him with all your several attacks of this nature, from your great one at Laubach, to your late one at Dresden: tell him too, that, in your last illness in England, the physicians mistook your case, and treated it as the gout, till Maty came, who treated it as a rheumatism, and cured you. In my own opinion, you have never had the gout, but always the rheumatism; which, to my knowledge, is as painful as the gout can possibly be, and should be treated in a quite different way; that is, by cooling medicines and regimen, instead of those inflammatory cordials which they always administer, where they suppose the gout, to keep it, as they say, out of the stomach.

I have been here now just a week; but have hitherto drank so little of the water, that I can neither speak well nor ill of it. The number of people in this place is infinite; but very few whom I know. Harte seems settled here for life. He is not well, that is certain; but not so ill neither as he thinks himself, or at least would be thought.

I long for your answer to my last letter, containing a certain proposal, which by this time, I suppose,

pose, has been made you, and which, in the main, I approve of your accepting.

God bless you, my dear friend, and send you better health! Adieu.

LETTER CCCLI.

London, February the 26th, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR last letter, of the 5th, gave me as much pleasure as your former had given me uneasiness; and Larpent's acknowledgment of his negligence frees you from those suspicions, which I own I did entertain, and which I believe every one would, in the same concurrence of circumstances, have entertained. So much for that.

You may depend upon what I promised you, before Midsummer next, at farthest, and *at least*.

All I can say of the affair between you of the *Corps Diplomatique*, and the Saxon Ministers, is, *que voila bien du bruit pour une ommelette au lard*. It will most certainly be soon made up; and in that negotiation show yourself as moderate and healing as your instructions from hence will allow, especially to Comte Flemming. The King of Prussia, I believe, has a mind to insult him personally, as an old enemy, or else to quarrel with Saxony, that dares not quarrel with him; but some of the *Corps Diplomatique* here assure me, it is only a pretence to recall his Envoy, and to send, when matters shall be made up, a little

Secretary there, *à moins de fraix*, as he does now to Paris and London.

Comte Brühl is much in fashion here; I like him mightily; he has very much *le ton de la bonne compagnie*. Poor Schrader died last Saturday, without the least pain or sickness. God bless you!

LETTER CCCLII.

London, April the 22d, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE day before yesterday I received your letter of the 3d instant. I find that your important affair of the Ceremonial is adjusted at last, as I foresaw it would be. Such *minutiæ* are often laid hold on as a pretence, for Powers who have a mind to quarrel; but are never tenaciously insisted upon, where there is neither interest nor inclination to break. Comte Flemming, though a hot, is a wise man; and I was sure, would not break both with England and Hanover, upon so trifling a point, especially during a minority. *A propos* of a minority; the King is to come to the House to-morrow, to recommend a bill to settle a Regency, in case of his demise while his successor is a minor. Upon the King's late illness, which was no trifling one, the whole nation cried out aloud for such a bill, for reasons which will readily occur to you, who know situations, persons, and characters here. I do not know the particulars of this intended bill; but I wish it may be copied exactly

actly from that which was passed in the late King's time, when the present King was a minor. I am sure there cannot be a better.

You inquire about Monsieur de Guerchy's affair; and I will give you as succinct an account as I can, of so extraordinary and perplexed a transaction; but without giving you my own opinion of it, by the common post. You know what passed at first between Mr. de Guerchy and Monsieur D'Eon, in which, both our Ministers and Monsieur de Guerchy, from utter inexperience in business, puzzled themselves into disagreeable difficulties. About three or four months ago, Monsieur du Vergy published, in a *brochure*, a parcel of letters, from himself to the Duc de Choiseul; in which he positively asserts, that Monsieur de Guerchy prevailed with him (Vergy) to come over into England to assassinate D'Eon; the words are, as well as I remember, *que ce n'étoit pas pour se servir de sa plume, mais de son Epée, qu'on le demandoit en Angleterre.* This accusation of assassination, you may imagine, shocked Monsieur de Guerchy, who complained bitterly to our Ministers; and they both puzzled on for some time, without doing any thing, because they did not know what to do. At last du Vergy, about two months ago, applied himself to the Grand Jury of Middlesex, and made oath, that Mr. de Guerchy had hired him (du Vergy) to assassinate D'Eon. Upon this deposition, the Grand Jury found a bill of intended murder against Monsieur de Guerchy; which bill, however, never came to the Petty Jury.
The

The King granted a *noli prosequi* in favour of Monsieur de Guerchy; and the Attorney General is actually prosecuting du Vergy. Whether the King can grant a *noli prosequi* in a criminal case, and whether *le Droit des gens* extends to criminal cases, are two points which employ our domestic politicians, and the whole *Corps Diplomatique*. *Enfin*, to use a very coarse and vulgar saying, *il y'a de la merde au bout du bâton, quelque part.*

I see and hear these storms from shore, *suave mari magno, &c.* I enjoy my own security and tranquillity, together with better health than I had reason to expect, at my age, and with my constitution: however, I feel a gradual decay, though a gentle one; and I think that I shall not tumble, but slide gently to the bottom of the hill of life. When that will be, I neither know nor care, for I am very weary. God bless you!

Mallet died, two days ago, of a diarrhœa, which he had carried with him to France, and brought back again hither.

LETTER CCCLIII.

Blackheath, July the 2d, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Have this moment received your letter of the 22d past; and I delayed answering your former, in daily, or rather hourly expectation of informing you of the birth of a new Ministry; but in vain; for, after

after a thousand conferences, all things remain still in the state which I described to you in my last. Lord S. has, I believe, given you a pretty true account of the present state of things; but my Lord is much mistaken, I am persuaded, when he says, that *the King has thought proper to re-establish his old servants in the management of his affairs*; for he shows them all the public dislike possible; and, at his levee, hardly speaks to any of them; but speaks by the hour to any body else. Conferences, in the mean time, go on, of which it is easy to guess the main subject, but impossible, for me at least, to know the particulars; but this I will venture to prophesy, that the whole will soon center in Mr. Pitt.

You seem not to know the character of the Queen: here it is—She is a good woman, a good wife, a tender mother; and an unmeddling Queen. The King loves her as a woman; but, I verily believe, has never yet spoken one word to her about business. I have now told you all that I know of these affairs; which, I believe, is as much as any body else knows, who is not in the secret. In the mean time, you easily guess, that surmises, conjectures, and reports, are infinite; and if, as they say, truth is but one, one million at least of these reports must be false; for they differ exceedingly.

You have lost an honest servant, by the death of poor *Louis*; I would advise you to take a clever young Saxon in his room, of whose character you may get authentic testimonies; instead of sending for

one to France, whose character you can only know from far.

When I hear more, I will write more; till when, God bless you!

LETTER CCCLIV.

Blackheath, July the 15th, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Told you in my last, that you should hear from me again, as soon as I had any thing more to write; and now I have too much to write, therefore will refer you to the Gazette, and the office letters, for all that has been done; and advise you to suspend your opinion, as I do, about all that is to be done. Many more changes are talked of; but so idly, and variously, that I give credit to none of them. There has been pretty clean sweeping already; and I do not remember, in my time, to have seen so much at once, as an entire new Board of Treasury, and two new Secretaries of State, *cum multis aliis*, &c.

Here is a new political arch almost built, but of materials of so different a nature, and without a key-stone, that it does not, in my opinion, indicate either strength or duration. It will certainly require repairs, and a key-stone, next winter; and that key-stone will, and must necessarily be Mr. Pitt. It is true, he might have been that key-stone now; and would have accepted it, but not without Lord Temple's consent; and Lord Temple positively refused.

fuſed. There was evidently ſome trick in this, but what, is paſt my conjecturing. *Davus ſum non Oedipus?*

There is a manifeſt interregnum in the Treaſury; for I do ſuppoſe that Lord Rockingham and Mr. Dowdeſwell will not think proper to be very active. General Conway, who is your Secretary, has certainly parts at leaſt equal to his buſineſs, to which I dare ſay he will apply. The ſame may be ſaid, I believe, of the Duke of Grafton; and indeed there is no magic requiſite for the executive part of thoſe employments. The miniſterial part is another thing; they muſt ſcramble with their fellow-ſervants, for power and favour, as well as they can. Foreign affairs are not ſo much as mentioned, and, I verily believe, not thought of. But, ſurely, ſome counterbalance would be neceſſary to the Family Compact; and, if not ſoon contracted, will be too late. God bleſs you!

LETTER CCCLV.

Blackheath, Auguſt the 17th, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU are now two letters in my debt; and I fear the gout has been the cauſe of your contracting that debt. When you are not able to write yourſelf, let your Secretary ſend me two or three lines, to acquaint me how you are.

You have now ſeen, by the London Gazette, what changes have really been made at Court; but, at the

fame time, I believe you have feen that there muft be more, before a Miniftry can be fettled; what thofe will be, God knows. Were I to conjecture, I fhould fay, that the whole will center, before it is long, in Mr. Pitt and C°, the prefent being an heterogeneous jumble of youth and caducity, which cannot be efficient.

Charles Townfhend calls the prefent, a Luteftring Miniftry; fit only for the fummer. The next feffion will be not only a warm, but a violent one, as you will eafily judge, if you look over the names of the *ins* and of the *outs*.

I feel this beginning of the autumn, which is already very cold: the leaves are withered, fall apace, and feem to intimate that I muft follow them; which I fhall do without reluctance, being extremely weary of this filly world. God blefs you, both in it and after it!

LETTER CCCLVI.

Blackheath, Auguft the 25th, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received but four days ago your letter of the 2d inftant. I find by it that you are well, for you are in good fpirits. Your notion of the new birth, or regeneration of the Miniftry, is a very juft one; and that they have not yet the true feal of the covenant, is, I dare fay, very true; at leaft, it is not in the poffeffion of either of the Secretaries of State, who have

only

only the King's seal; nor do I believe (whatever his Grace may imagine) that it is even in the possession of the Lord Privy Seal. I own I am lost, in considering the present situation of affairs; different conjectures present themselves to my mind, but none that it can rest upon. The next session must necessarily clear up matters a good deal; for I believe it will be the warmest and most acrimonious one that has been known, since that of the Excise. The late Ministry, *the present Opposition*, are determined to attack Lord B—— publicly in Parliament, and reduce the late Opposition, *the present Ministry*, to protect him publicly, in consequence of their supposed treaty with him. *En attendant mieux*, the paper war is carried on with much fury and scurrility on all sides, to the great entertainment of such lazy and impartial people as myself. I do not know whether you have the Daily Advertiser and the Public Advertiser; in which all the political letters are inserted, and some very well-written ones on both sides; but I know that they amuse me, *tant bien que mal*, for an hour or two every morning. Lord T—— is the supposed author of the pamphlet you mention; but I think it is above him. Perhaps his brother C—— T——, who is by no means satisfied with the present arrangement, may have assisted him privately. As to this latter, there was a good ridiculous paragraph in the news-papers, two or three days ago: *We hear that the Right Honourable Mr. C—— T—— is indisposed, at his house in Oxfordshire, of a pain in his side; but it is not said in which side.*

I do not find that the Duke of York has yet viſited you; if he ſhould, it may be expenſive, *mais on trouvera moïen.* As for the Lady, if you ſhould be very ſharp ſet for ſome Engliſh fleſh, ſhe has it amply in her power to ſupply you, if ſhe pleaſes. Pray tell me, in your next, what you think of, and how you like Prince Henry of Pruſſia. God bleſs you!

LETTER CCCLVII.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR great character of Prince Henry, which I take to be a very juſt one, lowers the King of Pruſſia's a great deal; and probably that is the cauſe of their being ſo ill together. But the King of Pruſſia, with his good parts, ſhouuld reflect upon that trite and true maxim, *Qui invidet minor*, or Mr. de la Rochefoucault's, *Que l'envie eſt la plus baſſe de toutes les paſſions, puiſqu'on avoue bien des crimes, mais que perſonne n'avoue l'envie.* I thank God, I never was ſenſible of that dark and vile paſſion, except, that formerly I have ſometimes envied a ſucceſsful rival with a fine woman. But now that cauſe is ceaſed, and conſequently the effects.

What ſhall I, or rather what can I tell you of the political world here? The late Miniſters accuſe the preſent with having done nothing; the preſent accuſe the late ones with having done much worſe than nothing. Their writers abuſe one another moſt ſcurrilouſly, but ſometimes with wit. I look upon

this to be *peloter en attendant partie*, till battle begins in St. Stephen's Chapel. How that will end, I protest I cannot conjecture; any farther than this, that, if Mr. Pitt does not come in to the assistance of the present Ministers, they will have much to do to stand their ground. C—— T—— will play booty; and whom else have they? No body but C——; who has only good sense, but not the necessary talents nor experience, *Ære ciere viros martemque accendere cantu*, I never remember, in all my time, to have seen so problematical a state of affairs; and a man would be much puzzled which side to bet on.

Your guest, Miss C——, is another problem which I cannot solve. She no more wanted the waters of Carlsbadt, than you did. Is it to show the Duke of K——, that he cannot live without her? A dangerous experiment! which may possibly convince him that he can. There is a trick, no doubt, in it; but what, I neither know nor care; you did very well to show her civilities, *cela ne gâte jamais rien*. I will go to my waters, that is, the Bath waters, in three weeks or a month, more for the sake of bathing than of drinking. The hot bath always promotes my perspiration, which is sluggish, and supples my stiff rheumatic limbs. *D'ailleurs*, I am at present as well, and better, than I could reasonably expect to be, *anno septuagesimo primo*. May you be so as long, *y mas*. God bless you!

LETTER CCLVIII.

London, October the 25th, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received your letter of the 10th *sonica*; for I set out for Bath to-morrow morning. If the use of those waters does me no good, the shifting the scene for some time will at least amuse me a little; and at my age, and with my infirmities, *il faut faire de tout bois flêche.* Some variety is as necessary for the mind, as some medicines are for the body.

Here is a total stagnation of politics, which, I suppose, will continue till the Parliament sits to do business, and that will not be till about the middle of January; for the meeting on the 17th December is only for the sake of some new writs. The late Ministers threaten the present ones; but the latter do not seem in the least afraid of the former, and for a very good reason, which is, that they have the distribution of the loaves and fishes. I believe it is very certain that Mr. Pitt will never come into this or any other Administration; he is absolutely a cripple all the year, and in violent pain at least half of it. Such physical ills are great checks to two of the strongest passions, to which human nature is liable, love and ambition. Though I cannot persuade myself that the present Ministry can be long-lived, I can as little imagine, who or what can succeed them, *telle est la disette de sujets Papables.* The Duke of —— swears, that he will have Lord

—— perſonally attacked in both Houſes; but I do not ſee how, without endangering himſelf at the ſame time.

Miſs C—— is ſafely arrived here, and her Duke is fonder of her than ever. It was a dangerous experiment that ſhe tried, in leaving him ſo long; but it ſeems ſhe knew her man.

I pity you, for the inundation of your good countrymen, which overwhelms you; *je ſçai ce qu'en vaut l'aune.* It is, beſides, expenſive; but, as I look upon the expence to be the leaſt evil of the two, I will ſee if a New-year's gift will not make it up.

As I am now upon the wing, I will only add, God bleſs you!

LETTER CCCLIX.

Bath, November the 28th, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Have this moment received your letter of the 10th. I have now been here near a month, bathing and drinking the waters, for complaints much of the ſame kind as yours; I mean pains in my legs, hips, and arms; whether gouty or rheumatic, God knows; but, I believe, both, that fight without a deciſion in favour of either, and have abſolutely reduced me to the miſerable ſituation of the Sphynx's riddle, to walk upon three legs; that is, with the aſſiſtance of my ſtick, to walk, or rather hobble, very indifferently. I wiſh it were a declared

declared gout, which is the diftemper of a gentleman; whereas the rheumatifm is the diftemper of a hackney-coachman or chairman, who are obliged to be out in all weathers and at all hours.

I think you will do very right to afk leave, and I dare fay you will eafily get it, to go to the baths in Suabia; that is, fuppofing you have confulted fome fkilful phyfician, if fuch a one there be, either at Drefden or at Leipfic, about the nature of your diftemper, and the nature of thofe baths; but, *fuos quifque patimur manes.* We have but a bad bargain, God knows, of this life, and patience is the only way not to make bad worfe. Mr. Pitt keeps his bed here, with a very real gout, and not a political one as is often fufpected.

Here has been a congrefs of moft of the *ex Miniftres.* If they have raifed a battery, as I fuppofe they have, it is a mafked one, for nothing has tranfpired; only they confefs, that they intend a moft vigorous attack. *D'ailleurs*, there feems to be a total fufpenfion of all bufinefs, till the meeting of the Parliament, and then *Signa canant.* I am very glad that, at this time, you are out of it; and for reafons that I need not mention: you would certainly have been fent for over, and, as before, not paid for your journey.

Poor Harte is very ill, and condemned to the Hot-well at Briftol. He is a better poet than philofopher; for all this illnefs and melancholy proceeds originally from the ill fuccefs of his Guftavus Adolphus. He is grown extremely devout, which

I am

I am very glad of, because that is always a comfort to the afflicted.

I cannot present Mr. Larpent with my New-year's gift, till I come to town, which will be before Christmas, at farthest; till when, God bless you! Adieu.

LETTER CCCLX.

London, December the 27th, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Arrived here from Bath last Monday, rather, but not much better than when I went thither. My rheumatic pains, in my legs and hips, plague me still, and I must never expect to be quite free from them.

You have, to be sure, had from the office an account of what the Parliament did, or rather did not do, the day of their meeting: and the same point will be the great object at their next meeting; I mean, the affair of our American Colonies, relatively to the late imposed Stamp-duty; which our colonists absolutely refuse to pay. The Administration are for some indulgence and forbearance to those froward children of their mother country: the Opposition are for taking vigorous, as they call them, but I call them violent measures; not less than *les dragonades*; and to have the tax collected

by

by the troops we have there. For my part, I never ſaw a froward child mended by whipping: and I would not have the mother country become a ſtep-mother. Our trade to America brings in, *communibus annis*, two millions a year; and the Stamp-duty is eſtimated at but one hundred thouſand pounds a year; which I would by no means bring into the ſtock of the Exchequer, at the loſs, or even the riſk of a million a year to the national ſtock.

I do not tell you of the Garter, given away yeſterday, becauſe the news-papers will; but I muſt obſerve, that the Prince of Brunſwick's riband is a mark of great diſtinction to that family; which, I believe, is the firſt (except our own Royal family) that has ever had two blue ribands at a time; but it muſt be owned they deſerve them.

One hears of nothing now, in town, but the ſeparation of men and their wives. Will Finch the ex-vice Chamberlain, Lord Warwick, and your friend Lord Bolingbroke. I wonder at none of them for parting; but I wonder at many for ſtill living together; for in this country, it is certain, that marriage is not well underſtood.

I have this day ſent Mr. Larpent two hundred pounds for your Chriſtmas-box, which I ſuppoſe he will inform you of by this poſt. Make this Chriſtmas as merry a one as you can; for *pour le peu de bon tems qui nous reſte, rien n'eſt ſi funeſte qu'un noir chagrin.* For the new years; God ſend you many, and happy ones! Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER CCCLXI.

London, February the 11th, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received, two days ago, your letter of the 25th past; and your former, which you mention in it, but ten days ago; this may easily be accounted for from the badness of the weather, and consequently of the roads. I hardly remember so severe a winter; it has occasioned many illnesses here. I am sure it pinched my crazy carcase so much, that, about three weeks ago, I was obliged to be let blood twice in four days; which I found afterwards was very necessary, by the relief it gave to my head, and to the rheumatic pains in my limbs; and from the execrable kind of blood which I lost.

Perhaps you expect from me a particular account of the present state of affairs here; but, if you do, you will be disappointed; for no man living (and I still less than any one) knows what it is; it varies, not only daily, but hourly. Most people think, and I amongst the rest, that the date of the present Ministers is pretty near out; but how soon we are to have a new style, God knows. This, however, is certain, that the Ministers had a contested election in the House of Commons, and got it but by eleven votes; too small a majority to carry any thing: the next day they lost a question in the House of Lords, by three. The question in the House of Lords was, to enforce the execution of the Stamp-act in the Colonies *vi et armis*. What conclusions you will

draw

draw from these premises, I do not know: I protest I draw none; but only stare at the present undecypherable state of affairs, which, in fifty years experience, I have never seen any thing like. The Stamp-act has proved a most pernicious measure; for, whether it is repealed or not, which is still very doubtful, it has given such terror to the Americans, that our trade with them will not be, for some years, what it used to be. Great numbers of our manufacturers at home will be turned a starving, for want of that employment, which our very profitable trade to America found them: and hunger is always the cause of tumults and sedition.

As you have escaped a fit of the gout in this severe cold weather, it is to be hoped you may be intirely free from it, till next winter at least.

P. S. Lord ——, having parted with his wife, now keeps another w—e, at a great expence. I fear he is totally undone.

LETTER CCCLXII.

London, March the 17th, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU wrong me, in thinking me in your debt; for I never receive a letter of yours, but I answer it by the next post, or the next but one, at farthest: but I can easily conceive that my two last letters to you may have been drowned or frozen in their way; for portents, and prodigies of frost, snow, and inundations,

dations, have been ſo frequent this winter, that they have almoſt loſt their names.

You tell me that you are going to the baths of *Baden*; but that puzzles me a little, ſo I recommend this letter to the care of Mr. Larpent, to forward to you; for Baden I take to be the general German word for baths, and the particular ones are diſtinguiſhed by ſome epithet, as Weiſsbaden, Carlſbaden, *&c.* I hope they are not cold baths, which I have a very ill opinion of, in all arthritic or rheumatic caſes; and your caſe I take to be a compound of both, but rather more of the latter.

You will probably wonder that I tell you nothing of public matters; upon which I ſhall be as ſecret as Hotſpur's gentle Kate, who would not tell what ſhe did not know; but, what is ſingular, nobody ſeems to know any more of them than I do. People gape, ſtare, conjecture, and refine. Changes of the Miniſtry, or in the Miniſtry, at leaſt, are daily reported and foretold; but of what kind, God only knows. It is alſo very doubtful whether Mr. Pitt will come into the Adminiſtration or not; the two preſent Secretaries are extremely deſirous that he ſhould; but the others think of the horſe that called the man to its aſſiſtance. I will ſay nothing to you about American affairs, becauſe I have not pens, ink, or paper enough to give you an intelligible account of them. They have been the ſubjects of warm and acrimonious debates, both in the Lords and Commons, and in all companies.

The

The repeal of the Stamp-act is at laſt carried through. I am glad of it, and gave my proxy for it; becauſe I ſaw many more inconveniencies from the enforcing, than from the repealing it.

Colonel Browne was with me the other day, and aſſured me that he left you very well. He ſaid that he ſaw me at Spa; but I did not remember him; though I remember his two brothers, the Colonel and the raviſher, very well. Your Saxon Colonel has the brogue exceedingly. Preſent my reſpects to Count Flemming; I am very ſorry for the Counteſs's illneſs; ſhe was a moſt well-bred woman.

You would hardly think that I gave a dinner to the Prince of Brunſwick, your old acquaintance. I am glad it is over; but I could not avoid it. *Il m'avoit accablé de politeſſes.* God bleſs you!

LETTER CCCLXIII.

Blackheath, June the 13th, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received, yeſterday, your letter of the 30th paſt. I waited with impatience for it, not having received one from you of ſix weeks; nor your mother neither, who began to be very ſure that you were dead, if not buried. You ſhould write to her once a week, or at leaſt once a fortnight; for women make no allowance for either buſineſs or lazineſs; whereas I can, by experience, make allowances for both: however,

however, I wiſh you would generally write to me once a fortnight.

Laſt week I paid my Midſummer offering, of five hundred pounds, to Mr. Larpent, for your uſe, as I ſuppoſe he has informed you. I am punctual, you muſt allow.

What account ſhall I give you of Miniſterial affairs here? I proteſt I do not know: your own deſcription of them is as exact a one as any I, who am upon the place, can give you. It is a total diſlocation and *dérangement*; conſequently, a total inefficiency. When the Duke of Grafton quitted the ſeals, he gave that very reaſon for it, in a ſpeech in the Houſe of Lords: he declared, *that he had no objection to the perſons or to the meaſures of the preſent Miniſters; but that he thought they wanted ſtrength and efficiency to carry on proper meaſures with ſucceſs; and that he knew but one man* (meaning, as you will eaſily ſuppoſe, Mr. Pitt) *who could give them that ſtrength and ſolidity; that, under this perſon, he ſhould be willing to ſerve in any capacity, not only as a General Officer, but as a pioneer; and would take up a ſpade and a mattock.* When he quitted the ſeals, they were offered firſt to Lord Egmont, then to Lord Hardwicke; who both declined them, probably for the ſame reaſons that made the Duke of Grafton reſign them: but, after their going a begging for ſome time, the Duke of —— begged them, and has them *faute de mieux.* Lord Mountſtuart was never thought of for Vienna, where Lord Stormont returns in three months: the former is going to be married to one of the Miſs Windſors,

a great fortune. To tell you the ſpeculations, the reaſonings, and the conjectures, either of the uninformed, or even of the beſt-informed public, upon the preſent wonderful ſituation of affairs, would take up much more time and paper than either you or I can afford, though we have neither of us a great deal of buſineſs at preſent.

I am in as good health as I could reaſonably expect, at my age, and with my ſhattered carcaſe; that is, from the waiſt upwards: but downwards it is not the ſame; for my limbs retain that ſtiffneſs and debility of my long rheumatiſm, I cannot walk half an hour at a time. As the autumn, and ſtill more as the winter approaches, take care to keep yourſelf very warm, eſpecially your legs and feet.

Lady Cheſterfield ſends you her compliments, and triumphs in the ſucceſs of her plaiſter. God bleſs you!

LETTER CCCLXIV.

Blackheath, July the 11th, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU are a happy mortal, to have your time thus employed between the Great and the Fair; I hope you do the honours of your country to the latter. The Emperor, by your account, ſeems to be very well for an Emperor; who, by being above the other Monarchs in Europe, may juſtly be ſuppoſed to have had a proportionably worſe education. I find, by your account of him, that he has been trained up to homicide, the only ſcience in which Princes are

ever inſtructed; and with good reaſon, as their greatneſs and glory ſingly depend upon the numbers of their fellow-creatures, which their ambition exterminates. If a Sovereign ſhould, by great accident, deviate into moderation, juſtice, and clemency, what a contemptible figure would he make in the catalogue of Princes! I have always owned a great regard for King Log. From the interview at Torgaw, between the two Monarchs, they will be either a great deal better, or worſe together; but I think rather the latter; for our nameſake, Philip de Comines, obſerves, that he never knew any good come from *l'abouchement des Rois*. The King of Pruſſia will exert all his perſpicacity, to analyſe his Imperial Majeſty; and I would bet upon the one head of his Black Eagle, againſt the two heads of the Auſtrian Eagle; though two heads are ſaid, proverbially, to be better than one. I wiſh I had the direction of both the Monarchs, and they ſhould, together with ſome of their Allies, take Lorraine and Alſace from France. You will call me l'Abbé de St. Pierre; but I only ſay what I wiſh; whereas he thought every thing that he wiſhed, practicable.

Now to come home. Here are great buſtles at Court, and a great change of perſons is certainly very near. You will aſk me, perhaps, who is to be out, and who is to be in? To which I anſwer, I do not know. My conjecture is, that, be the new ſettlement what it will, Mr. Pitt will be at the head of it. If he is, I preſume *qu'il aura mis de l'Eau dans ſon Vin par rapport a Mylord B———*; when that ſhall come to

be known, as known it certainly will ſoon be, he may bid adieu to his popularity. A Miniſter, as Miniſter, is very apt to be the object of public diſlike; and a Favourite, as Favourite, ſtill more ſo. If any event of this kind happens, which (if it happens at all) I conjecture will be ſome time next week, you ſhall hear farther from me.

I will follow your advice, and be as well as I can next winter, though I know I ſhall never be free from my flying rheumatic pains, as long as I live; but whether that will be many years or few is extremely indifferent to me: in either caſe, God bleſs you!

LETTER CCCLXV.

Blackheath, Auguſt the 1ſt, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE curtain was at laſt drawn up, the day before yeſterday, and diſcovered the new actors, together with ſome of the old ones. I do not name them to you, becauſe to-morrow's Gazette will do it full as well as I could. Mr. Pitt, who had *carte blanche* given him, named every one of them: but what would you think he named himſelf for? Lord Privy Seal; and (what will aſtoniſh you, as it does every mortal here) Earl of Chatham. The joke here is, that he has had *a fall up ſtairs*, and has done himſelf ſo much hurt, that he will never be able to ſtand upon his legs again. Every body is puzzled how

how to account for this ſtep; though it would not be the firſt time that great abilities have been duped by low cunning. But, be it what it will, he is now, certainly, only Earl of Chatham; and no longer Mr. Pitt, in any reſpect whatever. Such an event, I believe, was never read nor heard of. To withdraw, in the fulneſs of his power, and in the utmoſt gratification of his ambition, from the Houſe of Commons, (which procured him his power, and which could alone inſure it to him) and to go into that Hoſpital of Incurables, the Houſe of Lords, is a meaſure ſo unaccountable, that nothing but proof poſitive could have made me believe it: but true it is. Hans Stanley is to go Embaſſador to Ruſſia; and my Nephew, Ellis, to Spain, decorated with the red riband. Lord Shelburne is your Secretary of State, which I ſuppoſe he has notified to you this poſt, by a circular letter. Charles Townſhend has now the ſole management of the Houſe of Commons; but how long he will be content to be only Lord Chatham's vicegerent there, is a queſtion which I will not pretend to decide. There is one very bad ſign for Lord Chatham, in his new dignity; which is, that all his enemies, without exception, rejoice at it; and all his friends are ſtupified and dumb-founded. If I miſtake not much, he will, in the courſe of a year, enjoy perfect *otium cum dignitate*. Enough of politics.

Is the fair, or at leaſt the fat, Miſs C—— with you ſtill? It muſt be confeſt that ſhe knows the arts of Courts; to be ſo received at Dreſden, and ſo connived at in Leiceſter-fields.

There never was ſo wet a ſummer as this has been, in the memory of man; we have not had one ſingle day, ſince March, without ſome rain; but moſt days a great deal. I hope that does not affect your health, as great cold does; for, with all theſe inundations, it has not been cold. God bleſs you!

LETTER CCCLXVI.

Blackheath, Auguſt the 14th, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received yeſterday your letter of the 30th paſt; and I find by it, that it croſſed mine upon the road, where they had no time to take notice of one another.

The news-papers have informed you before now, of the changes actually made; more will probably follow, but what, I am ſure, I cannot tell you; and I believe nobody can, not even thoſe who are to make them: they will, I ſuppoſe, be occaſional, as people behave themſelves. The cauſes and conſequences of Mr. Pitt's quarrel now appear in print, in a pamphlet publiſhed by Lord T——; and in a refutation of it, not by Mr. Pitt himſelf, I believe, but by ſome friend of his, and under his ſanction. The former is very ſcurrilous and ſcandalous, and betrays private converſation. My Lord ſays, that in his laſt conference, he thought he had as good a right to nominate the new Miniſtry as Mr. Pitt, and conſequently named

named Lord G——, Lord L——, &c. for Cabinet Council employments; which Mr. Pitt not consenting to, Lord T—— broke up the conference, and in his wrath went to Stowe; where, I presume, he may remain undisturbed a great while, since Mr. Pitt will neither be willing, nor able to send for him again. The pamphlet, on the part of Mr. Pitt, gives an account of his whole political life; and, in that respect, is tedious, to those who were acquainted with it before; but, at the latter end, there is an article that expresses such supreme contempt of Lord T——, and in so pretty a manner, that I suspect it to be Mr. Pitt's own: you shall judge yourself, for I here transcribe the article.—" But this I will be bold to say, " that had he (Lord T——) not fastened himself " into Mr. Pitt's train, and acquired thereby such an " interest in that great man, he might have crept out " of life with as little notice as he crept in; and gone " off with no other degree of credit, than that of " adding a single unit to the bills of mortality."—I wish I could send you all the pamphlets and half-sheets that swarm here upon this occasion; but that is impossible; for every week would make a ship's cargo. It is certain that Mr. Pitt has, by his dignity of Earl, lost the greatest part of his popularity, especially in the City; and I believe the Opposition will be very strong, and perhaps prevail, next session, in the House of Commons; there being now nobody there, who can have the authority, and ascendant over them, that Pitt had.

People tell me here, as young Harvey told you at

Dresden, that I look very well; but these are words of course, which every one says to every body. So far is true, that I am better than at my age, and with my broken constitution, I could have expected to be. God bless you!

LETTER CCCLXVII.

Blackheath, September the 12th, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Have this moment received your letter of the 27th past. I was in hopes that your course of waters this year, at Baden, would have given you a longer reprieve from your painful complaint. If I do not mistake, you carried over with you some of Dr. Monsey's powders; Have you taken any of them, and have they done you any good? I know they did me a great deal. I, who pretend to some skill in physic, advise a cool regimen, and cooling medicines.

I do not wonder, that you do wonder at Lord C——'s conduct. If he was not outwitted into his Peerage by Lord B——, his accepting it is utterly inexplicable. The instruments he has chosen for the great Offices, I believe, will never fit the same case. It was cruel to put such a boy as Lord G——, over the head of old Ligonier; and if I had been the former, I would have refused that commission, during the life of that honest and brave old General. All this to quiet the Duke of R——

to

to a resignation, and to make Lord B— Lieutenant of Ireland, where, I will venture to prophesy, that he will not do. Ligonier was much pressed to give up his regiment of guards, but would by no means do it; and declared, that the King might break him, if he pleased, but that he would certainly not break himself.

I have no political events to inform you of; they will not be ripe till the meeting of the Parliament. Immediately upon the receipt of this letter, write me one, to acquaint me how you are.

God bless you; and, particularly, may he send you health, for that is the greatest blessing!

LETTER CCCLXVIII.

Blackheath, September the 30th, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received, yesterday, with great pleasure, your letter of the 18th, by which I consider this last ugly bout as over; and, to prevent its return, I greatly approve of your plan for the South of France, where I recommend for your principal residence, Pezenas, Toûlouse, or Bourdeaux; but do not be persuaded to go to Aix en Provence, which by experience I know to be at once the hottest and the coldest place in the world, from the ardour of the Provençal Sun, and the sharpness of the Alpine winds. I also earnestly recommend to you, for your complaint upon your breast, to take, twice a day, asses

asses or (what is better) mare's milk, and that for these six months at least. Mingle turnips, as much as you can, with your diet.

I have written, as you desired, to Mr. Secretary Conway; but I will answer for it, there will be no difficulty to obtain the leave you ask.

There is no new event in the political world, since my last; so God bless you!

LETTER CCCLXIX.

London, October the 29th, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE last mail brought me your letter of the 17th. I am glad to hear that your breast is so much better. You will find both asses and mares milk enough in the South of France, where it was much drank when I was there. Guy Patin recommends to a patient to have no Doctor but a Horse; and no Apothecary but an Ass. As for your pains and weakness in your limbs, *je vous en offre autant*; I have never been free from them since my last rheumatism. I use my legs as much as I can, and you should do so too, for disuse makes them worse. I cannot now use them long at a time, because of the weakness of old-age; but I contrive to get, by different snatches, at least two hours walking every day, either in my garden or within doors, as the weather permits. I set out to-morrow for Bath, in hopes of half repairs, for Medea's kettle could not give

give me whole ones; the timbers of my wretched vessel are too much decayed to be fitted out again for use. I shall see poor Harte there, who, I am told, is in a miserable way, between some real and some imaginary distempers.

I send you no political news, for one reason, among others, which is, that I know none. Great expectations are raised of this session, which meets the 11th of next month: but of what kind nobody knows, and consequently every body conjectures variously. Lord Chatham comes to town to-morrow, from Bath, where he has been to refit himself for the winter campaign: he has hitherto but an indifferent set of *Aides de Camp*; and where he will find better, I do not know. Charles Townshend and he are already upon ill terms. *Enfin je n'y vois goute*; and so God bless you!

LETTER CCCLXX.

Bath, November the 15th, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Have this moment received your letter of the 5th instant, from Basle. I am very glad to find that your breast is relieved, though, perhaps, at the expence of your legs: for, if the humour be either gouty or rheumatic, it had better be in your legs than any where else. I have consulted Moisy, the great physician of this place, upon it; who says, that at this distance he dares not prescribe any thing,

as

as there may be ſuch different cauſes for your complaint, which muſt be well weighed by a phyſician upon the ſpot: that is, in ſhort, that he knows nothing of the matter. I will therefore tell you my own caſe, in 1732, which may be ſomething parallel to yours. I had that year been dangerouſly ill of a fever, in Holland; and when I was recovered of it, the febrific humour fell into my legs, and ſwelled them to that degree, and chiefly in the evening, that it was as painful to me, as it was ſhocking to others. I came to England with them in this condition; and conſulted Mead, Broxholme, and Arbuthnot, who none of them did me the leaſt good; but, on the contrary, increaſed the ſwelling, by applying pultices and emollients. In this condition I remained near ſix months, till, finding that the doctors could do me no good, I reſolved to conſult Palmer, the moſt eminent ſurgeon of St. Thomas's Hoſpital. He immediately told me, that the phyſicians had purſued a very wrong method, as the ſwelling of my legs proceeded only from a relaxation and weakneſs of the cutaneous veſſels; and he muſt apply ſtrengtheners inſtead of emollients. Accordingly he ordered me to put my legs, up to the knees every morning, in brine from the ſalters, as hot as I could bear it: the brine muſt have had meat ſalted in it. I did ſo; and after having thus pickled my legs for about three weeks, the complaint abſolutely ceaſed, and I have never had the leaſt ſwelling in them ſince. After what I have ſaid, I muſt caution you not to uſe the ſame remedy raſhly, and without

without the moſt ſkilful advice you can find, where you are; for if your ſwelling proceeds from a gouty, or rheumatic humour, there may be great danger in applying ſo powerful an aſtringent, and perhaps *repellent*, as brine. So go *piano*, and not without the beſt advice, upon a view of the parts.

I ſhall direct all my letters to you *Chez Monſieur Sarrazin*, who by his trade is, I ſuppoſe, *ſedentaire* at Baſle, which it is not ſure that you will be at any one place, in the South of France. Do you know that he is a deſcendant of the French poet Sarrazin?

Poor Harte, whom I frequently go to ſee here, out of compaſſion, is in a moſt miſerable way; he has had a ſtroke of the palſy, which has deprived him of the uſe of his right leg, affected his ſpeech a good deal, and perhaps his head a little. Such are the intermediate tributes that we are forced to pay, in ſome ſhape or other, to our wretched nature, till we pay the laſt great one of all. May you pay this very late, and as few intermediate tributes as poſſible; and ſo *jubeo te bene valere*. God bleſs you.

LETTER CCCLXXI.

Bath, December the 9th, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received, two days ago, your letter of the 26th paſt. I am very glad that you begin to feel the good effects of the climate where you are; I know it

 ſaved

ſaved my life, in 1741, when both the ſkilful and the unſkilful gave me over. In that ramble I ſtayed three or four days at Nîmes, where there are more remains of antiquity, I believe, than in any town in Europe, Italy excepted. What is falſely called *la maiſon quarrée*, is, in my mind, the fineſt piece of architecture that I ever ſaw; and the Amphitheatre the clumſieſt and the ugliest: if it were in England, every body would ſwear it had been built by Sir John Vanbrugh.

This place is now, juſt what you have ſeen it formerly; here is a great crowd of trifling and unknown people, whom I ſeldom frequent, in the public rooms; ſo that I paſs my time *très uniment*, in taking the air in my poſt-chaiſe every morning, and reading in the evenings. And *à propos* of the latter, I ſhall point out a book, which, I believe, will give you ſome pleaſure; at leaſt it gave me a great deal: I never read it before. It is *Réflexions ſur la Poëſie et la Peinture, par l'Abbé de Bos*, in two octavo volumes; and is, I ſuppoſe, to be had at every great town in France. The criticiſms and the reflections are juſt and lively.

It may be you expect ſome political news from me; but I can tell you that you will have none; for no mortal can comprehend the preſent ſtate of affairs. Eight or nine people, of ſome conſequence, have reſigned their employments; upon which Lord C—— made overtures to the Duke of B—— and his people; but they could by no means agree, and his Grace went, the next day, full of wrath, to Wooburne:

burne: so that negotiation is intirely at an end. People wait to see who Lord C—— will take in, for some he must have; even *he* cannot be alone, *contra Mundum*. Such a state of affairs, to be sure, was never seen before, in this or in any other country. When this Ministry shall be settled, it will be the sixth Ministry in six years time.

Poor Harte is here, and in a most miserable condition; those who wish him the best, as I do, must wish him dead. God bless you!

LETTER CCCLXXII.

London, February the 13th, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IT is so long since I have had a letter from you, that I am alarmed about your health: and fear, that the southern parts of France have not done so well by you, as they did by me in the year 1741, when they snatched me from the jaws of death. Let me know, upon the receipt of this letter, how you are, and where you are.

I have no news to send you from hence; for every thing seems suspended, both in the Court and in the Parliament, till Lord Chatham's return from the Bath, where he has been laid up this month, by a severe fit of the gout; and, at present, he has the sole apparent power. In what little business has hitherto been done in the House of Commons, Charles Townshend has given himself more Minis-

terial

terial airs than Lord Chatham will, I believe, approve of. However, ſince Lord Chatham has thought fit to withdraw himſelf from that Houſe, he cannot well do without Charles's abilities to manage it as his Deputy.

I do not ſend you an account of weddings, births, and burials, as I take it for granted that you know them all from the Engliſh printed papers; ſome of which, I preſume, are ſent after you. Your old acquaintance, Lord Eſſex, is to be married this week to Harriet Bladen, who has £. 20,000 down, beſides the reaſonable expectation of as much at the death of her father. My kinſman, Lord Strathmore, is to be married, in a fortnight, to Miſs Bowes, the greateſt heireſs, perhaps, in Europe. In ſhort, the matrimonial phrenzy ſeems to rage at preſent, and is epidemical. The men marry for money, and I believe you gueſs what the women marry for. God bleſs you, and ſend you health!

LETTER CCCLXXIII.

London, March the 3d, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received two letters at once from you, both dated Montpellier; one of the 29th of laſt December, and the other, the 12th of February: but I cannot conceive what became of my letters to you; for I aſſure you that I anſwered all yours the next poſt after I received them; and, about

about ten days ago, I wrote you a volunteer, becauſe you had been ſo long ſilent; and I was afraid that you were not well; but your letter of the 12th February has removed all my fears upon that ſcore. The ſame climate that has reſtored your health ſo far, will probably, in a little more time, reſtore your ſtrength too; though you muſt not expect it to be quite what it was before your late painful complaints. At leaſt I find, that, ſince my late great rheumatiſm, I cannot walk above half an hour at a time, which I do not place ſingly to the account of my years, but chiefly to the great ſhock given then to my limbs. *D'ailleurs* I am pretty well for my age, and ſhattered conſtitution.

As I told you in my laſt, I muſt tell you again in this, that I have no news to ſend. Lord Chatham, at laſt, came to town yeſterday, full of gout, and is not able to ſtir hand or foot. During his abſence, Charles Townſhend has talked of him and at him, in ſuch a manner, that henceforwards they muſt be either much worſe or much better together than ever they were in their lives. On Friday laſt, Mr. Dowdeſwell and Mr. Grenville moved to have one ſhilling in the pound of the land-tax taken off; which was oppoſed by the Court; but the Court loſt it by eighteen. The Oppoſition triumph much upon this victory; though, I think, without reaſon; for it is plain that all the landed gentlemen bribed themſelves with this ſhilling in the pound.

The Duke of Buccleugh is very ſoon to be married

to Lady Betty Montague. Lord Essex was married, yesterday, to Harriet Bladen; and Lord Strathmore, last week, to Miss Bowes; both couples went directly from the church to consummation in the country, from an unnecessary fear that they should not be tired of each other, if they stayed in town. And now *dixi*; God bless you!

You are in the right to go to see the Assembly of the States of Languedoc, though they are but the shadow of the original *Etats*, while there was some liberty subsisting in France.

LETTER CCCLXXIV.

London, April the 6th, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received your letter from Nîmes, by which I find that several of our letters have reciprocally miscarried. This may probably have the same fate; however, if it reaches Monsieur Sarrazin, I presume he will know where to take his aim at you: for I find you are in motion, and with a Polarity to Dresden. I am very glad to find by it, that your Meridional journey has perfectly recovered you, as to your general state of health; for as to your legs and thighs, you must never expect that they will be restored to their original strength and activity, after so many rheumatic attacks as you have had. I know that my limbs, besides the natural debility of old-age, have never recovered

recovered the ſevere attack of rheumatiſm that plagued me five or ſix years ago. I cannot now walk above half an hour at a time, and even that in a hobbling kind of way.

I can give you no account of our political world, which is in a ſituation that I never ſaw in my whole life. Lord Chatham has been ſo ill, theſe laſt two months, that he has not been able (ſome ſay not willing) to do, or hear of any buſineſs: and for his *ſous Miniſtres*, they either cannot, or dare not, do any, without his directions; ſo that every thing is now at a ſtand. This ſituation, I think, cannot laſt much longer; and if Lord Chatham ſhould either quit his poſt, or the world, neither of which is very improbable, I conjecture, that what is called the Rockingham Connection, ſtands the faireſt for the Miniſtry. But this is merely my conjecture; for I have neither *data* nor *poſtulata* enough to reaſon upon.

When you get to Dreſden, which I hope you will not do till next month, our correſpondence will be more regular. God bleſs you!

LETTER CCCLXXV.

London, May the 5th, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

BY your letter of the 25th paſt, from Baſle, I preſume this will find you at Dreſden, and accordingly I direct to you there. When you write me

word that you are at Drefden, I will return you an anfwer, with fomething better than the anfwer itfelf. If you complain of the weather, north of Befançon, what would you fay to the weather that we have had here, for these laft two months, uninterruptedly? Snow often, north-eaft wind conftantly, and extreme cold. I write this by the fide of a good fire; and at this moment it fnows very hard. All my promifed fruit at Blackheath is quite deftroyed; and, what is worfe, many of my trees.

I cannot help thinking, that the King of Poland, the Emprefs of Ruffia, and the King of Pruffia, *s'entendent comme Larrons en foire*, though the former muft not appear in it, upon account of the ftupidity, ignorance, and bigotry of his Poles. I have a great opinion of the cogency of the controverfial arguments of the Ruffian troops, in favour of the Diffidents: I am fure, I wifh them fuccefs; for I would have all intoleration intolerated in its turn. We fhall foon fee more clearly into this matter; for I do not think that the Autocratrice of all the Ruffias will be trifled with by the Sarmatians.

What do you think of the late extraordinary event in Spain? Could you ever have imagined that thofe ignorant Goths would have dared to banifh the Jefuits? there muft have been fome very grave and important reafons for fo extraordinary a meafure: but what they were, I do not pretend to guefs; and perhaps I fhall never know, though all the coffeehoufes here do.

Things are here in exactly the fame fituation, in which

which they were when I wrote to you laſt. Lord Chatham is ſtill ill, and only goes abroad for an hour in a day, to take the air, in his coach. The King has, to my certain knowledge, ſent him repeated meſſages, deſiring him not to be concerned at his confinement, for that he is reſolved to ſupport him *pour et contre tous*. God bleſs you!

LETTER CCCLXXVI.

London, June the 1ſt, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received yeſterday your letter of the 20th paſt, from Dreſden, where I am glad to find that you are arrived ſafe and ſound. This has been every where an *annus mirabilis* for bad weather; and it continues here ſtill. Every body has fires, and their winter clothes, as at Chriſtmas. The town is extremely ſickly; and ſudden deaths have been very frequent.

I do not know what to ſay to you upon public matters; things remain *in ſtatu quo*, and nothing is done. Great changes are talked of, and I believe will happen ſoon, perhaps next week; but who is to be changed, for whom, I do not know, though every body elſe does. I am apt to think that it will be a Moſaic Miniſtry, made up *de pieces rapportées* from different connections.

Laſt Friday I ſent your ſubſidy to Mr. Larpent, who, I ſuppoſe, has given you notice of it. I be-

lieve it will come very feafonably, as all places, both foreign and domeftic, are fo far in arrears. They talk of paying you all up to Chriftmas. The King's inferior fervants are almoft ftarving.

I fuppofe you have already heard, at Drefden, that Count Brühl is either actually married, or very foon to be fo, to Lady Egremont. She has, together with her falary as Lady of the Bedchamber, £. 2,500 a year; befides ten thoufand pounds in money left her, at her own difpofal, by Lord Egremont. All this will found great *en écus d'Allemagne.* I am glad of it; for he is a very pretty man. God blefs you!

I eafily conceive why Orloff influences the Emprefs of all the Ruffias; but I cannot fee why the King of Pruffia fhould be influenced by that motive.

LETTER CCCLXXVII.

Blackheath, July the 2d, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THOUGH I have had no letter from you fince my laft, and though I have no political news to inform you of, I write this to acquaint you with a piece of Greenwich news, which I believe you will be very glad of; I am fure I am. Know then, that your friend Mifs ** was happily married, three days ago, to Mr. ***, an Irifh gentleman, and a Member of that Parliament, with an

an eſtate of above two thouſand pounds a year. He ſettles upon her £. 600 jointure, and, in caſe they have no children, £. 1500. He happened to be by chance in her company one day here, and was at once ſhot dead by her charms; but, as dead men ſometimes walk, he walked to her the next morning, and tendered her his perſon and his fortune; both which, taking the one with the other, ſhe very prudently accepted; for his perſon is ſixty years old.

Miniſterial affairs are ſtill in the ſame ridiculous and doubtful ſituation as when I wrote to you laſt. Lord Chatham will neither hear of nor do any buſineſs, but lives at Hampſtead, and rides about the heath; his gout is ſaid to be fallen upon his nerves. Your Provincial Secretary, Conway, quits this week, and returns to the army, for which he languiſhed. Two Lords are talked of to ſucceed him; Lord Egmont, and Lord Hillſborough: I rather hope, the latter. Lord Northington certainly quits this week; but no body gueſſes who is to ſucceed him, as Preſident. A thouſand other changes are talked of, which I neither believe nor reject.

Poor Harte is in a moſt miſerable condition: he has loſt one ſide of himſelf, and in a great meaſure his ſpeech; notwithſtanding which, he is going to publiſh his *divine poems*, as he calls them. I am ſorry for it, as he had not time to correct them before this ſtroke, nor abilities to do it ſince. God bleſs you.

LETTER CCCLXXVIII.

Blackheath, July the 9th, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Have received yours of the 21ſt paſt, with the encloſed propoſal from the French *refugiés*, for a ſubſcription towards building them *un Temple*. I have ſhewn it to the very few people I ſee, but without the leaſt ſucceſs. They told me (and with too much truth) that while ſuch numbers of poor were literally ſtarving here, from the dearneſs of all proviſions, they could not think of ſending their money into another country, for a building which they reckoned uſeleſs. In truth, I never knew ſuch miſery as is here now; and it affects both the hearts and the purſes of thoſe who have either: for my own part, I never gave to a building in my life; which I reckon is only giving to maſons and carpenters, and the treaſurer of the undertaking.

Contrary to the expectations of all mankind here, every thing ſtill continues in *ſtatu quo*. General Conway has been deſired by the King to keep the ſeals till he has found a ſucceſſor for him, and the Lord Preſident the ſame. Lord Chatham is relapſed, and worſe than ever; he ſees no body, and no body ſees him: it is ſaid, that a bungling Phyſician has checked his gout, and thrown it upon his nerves; which is the worſt diſtemper that a Miniſter or a Lover can have, as it debilitates the mind of the former, and the body of the latter.

Here

Here is at present an interregnum. We must soon see what order will be produced from this chaos.

The Electorate, I believe, will find the want of Comte Flemming; for he certainly had abilities; and was as sturdy and inexorable as a Minister at the head of the finances ought always to be. When you see Comtesse Flemming, which I suppose cannot be of some time, pray make her Lady Chesterfield's and my compliments of condolence.

You say that Dresden is very sickly; I am sure London is at least as sickly now, for there reigns an epidemical distemper, called by the genteel name of *l'influenza*. It is a little fever, which scarcely any body dies of: and it generally goes off with a little looseness. I have escaped it, I believe, by being here. God keep you from all distempers, and bless you!

LETTER CCCLXXIX.

London, October the 30th, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Have now left Blackheath, till the next summer, if I live till then; and am just able to write, which is all I can say; for I am extremely weak, and have, in a great measure, lost the use of my legs; I hope they will recover both flesh and strength, for at present they have neither. I go to the Bath next week, in hopes of half repairs at most, for those waters, I am sure, will not prove Medea's kettle,

kettle, nor *les eaux de Jouvence* to me; however, I ſhall do as good Courtiers do, and get what I can, if I cannot get what I will. I ſend you no politics, for here are neither politics nor Miniſters; Lord Chatham is quiet at Pynſent, in Somerſetſhire, and his former ſubalterns do nothing, ſo that nothing is done. Whatever places or preferments are diſpoſed of, come evidently from Lord ——, who affects to be inviſible; and who, like a woodcock, thinks, that if his head is but hid, he is not ſeen at all.

General Pulteney is at laſt dead, laſt week, worth above thirteen hundred thouſand pounds. He has left all his landed eſtate, which is eight-and-twenty thouſand pounds a year, including the Bradford eſtate, which his brother had ———— from that ancient family, to a couſin-german. He has left two hundred thouſand pounds, in the funds, to Lord Darlington, who was his next neareſt relation; and at leaſt twenty thouſand pounds in various legacies. If riches alone could make people happy, the laſt two proprietors of this immenſe wealth ought to have been ſo, but they never were.

God bleſs you, and ſend you good health, which is better than all the riches of the world!

LETTER

LETTER CCCLXXX.

London, November the 3d, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR last letter brought me but a scurvy account of your health. For the head-achs you complain of, I will venture to prescribe a remedy, which, by experience, I found a specific, when I was extremely plagued with them. It is, either to chew ten grains of rhubarb every night going to bed; or, what I think rather better, to take, immediately before dinner, a couple of rhubarb pills, of five grains each; by which means it mixes with the aliments, and will, by degrees, keep your body gently open. I do it to this day, and find great good by it. As you seem to dread the approach of a German winter, I would advise you to write to General Conway, for leave of absence for the three rigorous winter months, which I dare say will not be refused. If you chuse a worse climate, you may come to London; but if you chuse a better and a warmer, you may go to Nice en Provence, where Sir William Stanhope is gone to pass his winter, who, I am sure, will be extremely glad of your company there.

I go to the Bath next Saturday. *Utinam ne frustra!* God bless you!

LETTER CCCLXXXI.

Bath, December the 19th, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received your letter of the 29th past, and am very glad to find that you are well enough to think, that you may perhaps ſtand the winter at Dreſden; but if you do, pray take care to keep both your body and your limbs exceedingly warm.

As to my own health, it is, in general, as good as I could expect it, at my age; I have a good ſtomach, a good digeſtion, and ſleep well; but find that I ſhall never recover the free uſe of my legs, which are now full as weak as when I firſt came hither.

You aſk me queſtions, concerning Lord C——, which neither I, nor, I believe, any body but himſelf can anſwer; however, I will tell you all that I do know, and all that I gueſs concerning him. This time twelvemonth he was here, and in good health and ſpirits, except now and then ſome little twinges of the gout. We ſaw one another four or five times, at our reſpective houſes; but, for theſe laſt eight months, he has been abſolutely inviſible to his moſt intimate friends, *les ſous Miniſtres*: he would receive no letters, nor ſo much as open any packet about buſineſs.

His phyſician, Dr. ——, as I am told, had very ignorantly checked a coming fit of the gout, and ſcattered it about his body; and it fell particularly upon his nerves, ſo that he continues exceedingly

vapouriſh; and would neither ſee nor ſpeak to any body, while he was here. I ſent him my compliments, and aſked leave to wait upon him; but he ſent me word, that he was too ill to ſee any body whatſoever. I met him frequently taking the air in his poſt-chaiſe, and he looked very well. He ſet out from hence, for London, laſt Tueſday; but what to do, whether to reſume, or finally to reſign the Adminiſtration, God knows; conjectures are various. In one of our converſations here, this time twelvemonth, I deſired him to ſecure you a ſeat in the new Parliament; he aſſured me he would; and, I am convinced, very ſincerely; he ſaid even that he would make it his own affair; and deſired I would give myſelf no more trouble about it. Since that, I have heard no more of it; which made me look out for ſome venal borough: and I ſpoke to a borough-jobber, and offered five-and-twenty hundred pounds for a ſecure ſeat in Parliament; but he laughed at my offer, and ſaid, That there was no ſuch thing as a borough to be had now; for that the rich Eaſt and Weſt Indians had ſecured them all, at the rate of three thouſand pounds at leaſt; but many at four thouſand; and two or three, that he knew, at five thouſand. This, I confeſs, has vexed me a good deal; and made me the more impatient to know whether Lord C—— had done any thing in it; which I ſhall know when I go to town, as I propoſe to do in about a fortnight; and as ſoon as I know it, you ſhall. To tell you truly what I think—I doubt,

from

from all these *nervous disorders*, that Lord C—— is *hors de combat*, as a Minister; but do not even hint this to any body. God bless you!

LETTER CCCLXXXII.

Bath, December the 27th, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

En nova progenies.

THE outlines of a new Ministry are now declared; but they are not yet quite filled up: it was formed by the Duke of Bedford. Lord Gower is made President of the Council, Lord Sandwich Post-master, Lord Hillsborough Secretary of State, for America only, Mr. Rigby Vice-treasurer of Ireland. General Conway is to keep the seals a fortnight longer, and then to surrender them to Lord Weymouth. It is very uncertain whether the Duke of Grafton is to continue at the head of the Treasury or not; but, in my private opinion, George Grenville will very soon be there. Lord Chatham seems to be out of the question, and is at his re-purchased house at Hayes, where he will not see a mortal. It is yet uncertain whether Lord Shelburne is to keep his place; if not, Lord Sandwich, they say, is to succeed him. All the Rockingham people are absolutely excluded. Many more changes must necessarily be; but no more are yet declared. It seems

ſeems to be a reſolution taken by ſomebody, that Miniſtries are to be annual.

Sir George Macartney is, next week, to be married to Lady Jane Stuart, Lord Bute's ſecond daughter.

I never knew it ſo cold in my life as it is now, and with a very deep ſnow; by which, if it continues, I may be ſnow-bound here for God knows how long, though I propoſed leaving this place the latter end of the week.

Poor Harte is very ill here; he mentions you often, and with great affection. God bleſs you!

When I know more, you ſhall.

LETTER CCCLXXXIII.

London, March the 12th, 1768.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE day after I received your letter of the 21ſt paſt, I wrote to Lord Weymouth, as you deſired; and I ſend you his anſwer encloſed: from which (though I have not heard from him ſince) I take it for granted, and ſo may you, that his ſilence ſignifies his Majeſty's conſent to your requeſt. Your complicated complaints give me great uneaſineſs, and the more, as I am convinced that the Montpellier phyſicians have miſtaken a material part of your caſe; as indeed all the phyſicians here did, except Dr. Maty. In my opinion, you have no gout, but a very ſcorbutic and rheumatic habit of body, which ſhould be treated in a very different manner from the gout; and,

and, as I pretend to be a very good quack, at least, I would prescribe to you a strict milk diet, with the seeds, such as rice, sago, barley, millet, *&c.* for the three summer months at least, and without ever tasting wine. If climate signifies any thing (in which, by the way, I have very little faith) you are, in my mind, in the finest climate in the world; neither too hot nor too cold, and always clear: you are with the gayest people living; be gay with them, and do not wear out your eyes with reading at home. *L'ennui* is the English distemper; and a very bad one it is, as I find by every day's experience; for my deafness deprives me of the only rational pleasure that I can have at my age, which is society; so that I read my eyes out every day, that I may not hang myself.

You will not be in this Parliament, at least not at the beginning of it. I relied too much upon Lord C—'s promise, above a year ago, at Bath. He desired that I would leave it to him; that he would make it his own affair, and give it in charge to the Duke of G——, whose province it was to make the parliamentary arrangement. This I depended upon, and I think with reason; but, since that Lord C—— has neither seen or spoken to any body, and has been in the oddest way in the world. I sent to the D—— of G——, to know if L—— C—— had either spoken or sent to him about it; but he assured me that he had done neither: that all was full, or rather running over, at present; but that, if he could crowd you in upon a vacancy, he would do it with great pleasure. I am extremely sorry for this accident;

accident; for I am of a very different opinion from you, about being in Parliament, as no man can be of consequence, in this country, who is not in it; and, though one may not speak like a Lord Mansfield, or a Lord Chatham, one may make a very good figure in a second rank. *Locus est et pluribus umbris.* I do not pretend to give you any account of the present state of this country, or Ministry, not knowing nor guessing it myself.

God bless you, and send you health, which is the first and greatest of all blessings!

LETTER CCCLXXXIV.

London, April the 12th, 1768.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received, yesterday, your letter of the 1st; in which you do not mention the state of your health, which I desire you will do for the future.

I believe you have guessed the true reason of Mr. Keith's mission; but, by a whisper that I have since heard, Keith is rather inclined to go to Turin, as *Chargé d'Affaires.* I forgot to tell you, in my last, that I was most positively assured, that the instant you return to Dresden, Keith should decamp. I am persuaded they will keep their words with me, as there is no one reason in the world why they should not. I will send your annual to Mr. Larpent, in a fortnight, and pay the forty shillings a day quarterly, if there should be occasion; for, in my own private

 opinion,

opinion, there will be no *Chargé d'Affaires* sent. I agree with you, that *point d'Argent point d'Allemand*, as was used to be said, and not without more reason, of the Swiss; but, as we have neither the inclination nor (I fear) the power to give subsidies, the Court of Vienna can give good things that cost them nothing, as Archbishoprics, Bishoprics, besides corrupting their Ministers and Favourites with places.

Elections, here, have been carried to a degree of frenzy hitherto unheard of; that for the town of Northampton has cost the contending parties at least thirty thousand pounds a side, and ——— ——— has sold his borough of ———, to two Members, for nine thousand pounds. As soon as Wilkes had lost his election for the City, he set up for the County of Middlesex, and carried it hollow, as the jockeys say. Here were great mobs and riots upon that occasion, and most of the windows in town broke, that had no lights *for Wilkes and Liberty*, who were thought to be inseparable. He will appear, the 20th of this month, in the Court of King's Bench, to receive his sentence; and then great riots are again expected, and probably will happen. God bless you!

LETTER CCCLXXXV.

Bath, October the 17th, 1768.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR two last letters, to myself and Grevenkop, have alarmed me extremely; but I comfort myself a little, by hoping, that you, like all people who suffer, think yourself worse than you are. A dropsy never comes so suddenly; and I flatter myself, that it is only that gouty or rheumatic humour, which has plagued you so long, that has occasioned the temporary swelling of your legs. Above forty years ago, after a violent fever, my legs were swelled as much as you describe yours to be; I immediately thought that I had a dropsy; but the Faculty assured me, that my complaint was only the effect of my fever, and would soon be cured; and they said true. Pray let your amanuensis, whoever he may be, write an account regularly, once a week, either to Grevenkop or myself, for that is the same thing, of the state of your health.

I sent you, in four successive letters, as much of the Dutchess of Somerset's snuff as a letter could well convey to you. Have you received all or any of them? and have they done you any good? Though, in your present condition, you cannot go into company, I hope you have some acquaintances that come and sit with you; for if originally it was not good for man to be alone, it is much worse for a sick man

to be so; he thinks too much of his distemper, and magnifies it. Some men of learning amongst the Ecclesiastics, I dare say, would be glad to sit with you; and you could give them as good as they brought.

Poor Harte, who is here still, is in a most miserable condition; he has intirely lost the use of his left side, and can hardly speak intelligibly. I was with him yesterday. He inquired after you with great affection, and was in the utmost concern when I showed him your letter.

My own health is as it has been ever since I was here last year. I am neither well nor ill, but *unwell.* I have, in a manner, lost the use of my legs; for though I can make a shift to crawl upon even ground for a quarter of an hour, I cannot go up or down stairs, unless supported by a servant.

God bless, and grant you a speedy recovery!

Here end the letters to Mr. Stanhope, as he died the 16th of November following.

LETTER CCCLXXXVI.

To Mrs. Stanhope, then at Paris.

London, March the 16th, 1769.

MADAM,

A Troublesome and painful inflammation in my eyes, obliges me to use another hand than my own, to acknowledge the receipt of your letter from Avignon, of the 27th past.

I am extremely surprised that Mrs. du-Bouchet should have any objection to the manner in which your late husband desired *to* be buried, and which you, very properly, complied with. All I desire, for my own burial, is not to be buried alive; but how or where, I think, must be intirely indifferent to every rational creature.

I have no commission to trouble you with, during your stay at Paris; from whence, I wish you and the boys a good journey home; where I shall be very glad to see you all: and assure you of my being, with great truth,

Your faithful, humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER CCCLXXXVII.

To the ſame, at London.

MADAM,

THE laſt time I had the pleaſure of ſeeing you, I was ſo taken up in playing with the boys, that I forgot their more important affairs. How ſoon would you have them placed at ſchool? When I know your pleaſure as to that, I will ſend to Monſieur Perny, to prepare every thing for their reception. In the mean time, I beg that you will equip them thoroughly with clothes, linen, *&c.* all good, but plain; and give me the account, which I will pay; for I do not intend, that, from this time forwards, the two boys ſhould coſt you one ſhilling.

I am, with great truth, Madam,

Your faithful, humble ſervant,

Wedneſday. CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER CCCLXXXVIII.

MADAM,

AS ſome day muſt be fixed for ſending the boys to ſchool, do you approve of the 8th of next month? by which time the weather will probably be warm and ſettled, and you will be able to equip them completely.

I will,

I will, upon that day, send my coach to you, to carry you and the boys to Loughborough House, with all their immense baggage. I must recommend to you, when you leave them there, to suppress, as well as you can, the overflowings of maternal tenderness; which would grieve the poor boys the more, and give them a terror of their new establishment.

I am, with great truth, Madam,

Your faithful, humble servant,

Thursday Morning. CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER CCCLXXXIX.

Bath, October the 11th, 1769.

MADAM,

NOBODY can be more willing or ready to obey orders, than I am; but then I must like the orders and the orderer. Your orders and yourself come under this description; and therefore I must give you an account of my arrival and existence, such as it is, here. I got hither last Sunday, the day after I left London, less fatigued than I expected to have been; and now crawl about this place upon my three legs, but am kept in countenance by many of my fellow crawlers: the last part of the Sphynx's riddle approaches, and I shall soon end, as I began, upon all fours.

When you happen to see either Monsieur or Madame Perny, I beg you will give them this *melancholick* proof of my caducity, and tell them, that the

last time I went to see the boys, I carried the Michaelmas quarteridge in my pocket, and when I was there I totally forgot it; but assure them, that I have not the least intention to bilk them, and will pay them faithfully, the two quarters together, at Christmas.

I hope our two boys are well; for then I am sure you are so.

I am, with great truth and esteem,

Your most faithful, humble servant,

Chesterfield.

LETTER CCCXC.

Bath, October the 28th, 1769.

MADAM,

YOUR kind anxiety for my health and life, is more than, in my opinion, they are both worth: without the former, the latter is a burthen; and, indeed, I am very weary of it. I think I have got some benefit by drinking these waters, and by bathing, for my old, stiff, rheumatic limbs; for I believe I could now outcrawl a snail, or perhaps even a tortoise.

I hope the boys are well. Phil, I dare say, has been in some scrapes; but he will get triumphantly out of them, by dint of strength and resolution.

I am, with great truth and esteem,

Your most faithful, humble servant,

Chesterfield.

LETTER CCCXCI.

Bath, November the 5th, 1769.

MADAM,

I Remember very well the paragraph which you quote from a letter of mine to Mrs. du-Bouchet, and ſee no reaſon yet to retract that opinion, *in general*, which at leaſt nineteen widows in twenty had authoriſed. I had not then the pleaſure of your acquaintance; I had ſeen you but twice or thrice; and I had no reaſon to think that you would deviate, as you have done, from other widows, ſo much, as to put perpetual ſhackles upon yourſelf, for the ſake of your children: but (if I may uſe a vulgariſm) one ſwallow makes no ſummer: five righteous were formerly neceſſary to ſave a city, and they could not be found; ſo, till I find four more ſuch righteous widows as yourſelf, I ſhall entertain my former notions of widowhood in general.

I can aſſure you that I drink here very ſoberly and cautiouſly, and at the ſame time keep ſo cool a diet, that I do not find the leaſt ſymptom of heat, much leſs of inflammation. By the way, I never had that complaint, in conſequence of having drank theſe waters; for I have had it but four times, and always in the middle of ſummer. Mr. Hawkins is timorous, even to *minutiæ*, and my ſiſter delights in them.

Charles will be a ſcholar, if you pleaſe; but our little Philip, without being one, will be ſomething or other

other as good, though I do not yet guess what. I am not of the opinion generally entertained in this country, that man lives by Greek and Latin alone; that is, by knowing a great many words of two dead languages, which nobody living knows perfectly, and which are of no use in the common intercourse of life. Useful knowledge, in my opinion, consists of modern languages, history, and geography; some Latin may be thrown into the bargain, in compliance with custom, and for closet amusement.

You are, by this time, certainly tired with this long letter, which I could prove to you from Horace's own words (for I am a *scholar*) to be a bad one; he says, that water-drinkers can write nothing good: so I am, with real truth and esteem,

Your most faithful, humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER CCCXCII.

Bath, October the 9th, 1770.

MADAM,

I Am extremely obliged to you for the kind part which you take in my health and life: as to the latter, I am as indifferent myself, as any other body can be; but as to the former, I confess care and anxiety; for, while I am to crawl upon this Planet, I would willingly enjoy the health at least of an insect. How far these waters will restore me to that moderate degree of health, which alone I aspire at, I have not

not yet given them a fair trial, having drank them but one week; the only difference I hitherto find is, that I sleep better than I did.

I beg that you will neither give yourself, nor Mr. Fitzhugh, much trouble about the Pine plants; for, as it is three years before they fruit, I might as well, at my age, plant Oaks, and hope to have the advantage of their timber; however, somebody or other, God knows who, will eat them, as somebody or other will fell and sell the Oaks I planted five-and-forty years ago.

I hope our boys are well; *my respects* to them both.

I am, with the greatest truth,

Your faithful, humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER CCCXCIII.

Bath, November the 4th, 1770.

MADAM,

THE post has been more favourable to you than I intended it should, for, upon my word, I answered your former letter, the post after I had received it. However you have *got a loss*, as we say, sometimes, in Ireland.

My friends, from time to time, require bills of health from me, in these suspicious times, when the Plague is busy in some parts of Europe. All I can say, in answer to their kind inquiries, is, that I

have not the distemper properly called the Plague; but that I have all the plagues of old-age, and of a shattered carcase. These waters have done me what little good I expected from them; though by no means what I could have wished, for I wished them to be *les eaux de Jouvence*.

I had a letter, the other day, from our two boys; Charles's was very finely written, and Philip's very prettily: they are perfectly well, and say that they want nothing. What grown-up people will or can say as much?

I am, with the truest esteem,

Madam,

Your most faithful servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER CCCXCIV.

Bath, October the 27th, 1771.

MADAM,

UPON my word, you interest yourself in the state of my existence, more than I do myself; for it is worth the care of neither of us. I ordered my *valet de chambre*, according to your orders, to inform you of my safe arrival here; to which I can add nothing, being neither better nor worse than I was then.

I am very glad that our boys are well. Pray give them the enclosed.

I am not at all surprised at Mr. ——'s conversion;

ſion; for he was, at ſeventeen, the idol of old women, for his gravity, devotion, and dullneſs.

I am, Madam,

Your moſt faithful, humble ſervant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER CCCXCV.

To Charles and Philip Stanhope.

Bath, October the 27th, 1771.

I Received, a few days ago, two the beſt written letters that ever I ſaw in my life; the one ſigned Charles Stanhope, the other Philip Stanhope. As for you, Charles, I did not wonder at it; for you will take pains, and are a lover of letters: but you idle rogue, you Phil, how came you to write ſo well, that one can almoſt ſay of you two, *et cantare pares et reſpondere parati?* Charles will explain this Latin to you.

I am told, Phil, that you have got a nick-name at ſchool, from your intimacy with Maſter Strangeways; and that they call you Maſter *Strangerways*; for, to be ſure, you are a ſtrange boy. Is this true?

Tell me what you would have me bring you both from hence, and I will bring it you, when I come to town. In the mean time, God bleſs you both!

CHESTERFIELD.

THE END OF THE LETTERS.

MISCEL-

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

Some Account of the Government of the Republic of the Seven United Provinces.

THE Government of the Republic of the Seven United Provinces, is thought by many to be Democratical; but it is merely Ariſtocratical *; the people not having the leaſt ſhare in it, either themſelves, or by repreſentatives of their own chuſing: they have nothing to do but to pay and grumble.

The Sovereign Power is commonly thought to be in the States General, *as they are called*, reſiding at the Hague. It is no ſuch thing; they are only limited Deputies, obliged to conſult their Conſtituents upon every point of any importance that occurs. It is

* The Members of the Senate, or *Vroetſchaps*, were originally elected by the Burghers, in a general, and often a tumultuous aſſembly: but now, for near two hundred years, the *Vroetſchaps* found means to perſuade the people, that theſe elections were troubleſome and dangerous; and kindly took upon themſelves to elect their own Members, upon vacancies; and to keep their own body full, without troubling the people with an election: it was then that the Ariſtocracy was eſtabliſhed.

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very true, that the Sovereign Power is lodged in the States General; but who are thofe States General? Not thofe who are commonly called fo; but the Senate, Council, or *Vrootfchaps*, call it what you will, of every town, in every Province that fends Deputies to the Provincial States of the faid Province. Thefe *Vrootfchaps* are in truth the States General; but were they to affemble, they would amount, for ought I know, to two or three thoufand: it is therefore, for conveniency and difpatch of bufinefs, that every Province fends Deputies to the Hague, who are conftantly affembled there; who are commonly called the States General, and in whom many people falfely imagine that the Sovereign Power is lodged. Thefe Deputies are chofen by the *Vrootfchaps*; but their powers are extremely circumfcribed, and they can confent to * nothing, without writing, or returning themfelves, to their feveral conftituent towns, for inftructions in that particular cafe. They are authorifed to concur in matters of order; that is, to continue things in the common, current, ordinary train; but for the leaft innovation, the leaft ftep out

* When the Deputies of the States figned the Triple Alliance with Sir William Temple, in two or three days time, and without confulting their Principals (however Sir William Temple values himfelf upon it) in reality, they only figned *Sub Spe Rati*. The act was not valid; and had it not been ratified by the feveral Conftituents of the feveral Provinces, it had been as *non avenu*. The Deputies who figned that treaty *Sub Spe Rati*, knew well enough that, confidering the nature of the treaty, and the then fituation of affairs, they fhould not only be avowed, but approved of, by their Mafters the States.

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of the ordinary course, new instructions must be given; either to deliberate or to conclude.

Many people are ignorant enough, to take the Province of Holland, singly, for the Republic of the Seven United Provinces; and when they mean to speak of the Republic, they say,* *Holland* will, or will not, do such a thing: but most people are ignorant enough to imagine, that the Province of Holland has a legal, a constitutional power over the other six; whereas, by the Act of Union, the little Province of *Groningen* is as much Sovereign as the Province of Holland. The Seven Provinces are Seven distinct Sovereignties, confederated together in one Republic;

* When the Province of Holland has once taken an important resolution, of Peace, or War, or Accession to any treaty, it is very probable that the other Provinces will come into that measure, but by no means certain: it is often a great while first; and when the little Provinces know that the Province of Holland has their concurrence much at heart, they will often annex conditions to it; as the little towns in Holland frequently do, when the great ones want their concurrence. As for instance; when I was soliciting the accession of the Republic to the treaty of Vienna, in 1731; which the Pensionary, Comte Sinzendorf, and I, had made secretly at the Hague; all the towns in Holland came pretty readily into it, except the little town of Briel; whose Deputies frankly declared, that they would not give their consent, till *Major such-a-one*, a very honest gentleman of their town, was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel; and that, as soon as that was done, they would agree, for they approved of the treaty. This was accordingly done in two or three days, and then they agreed. This is a strong instance of the absurdity of the unanimity required, and of the use that is often made of it.

 However,

Republic; no one having any ſuperiority over, or dependence upon, any other: nay, in point of precedence, Holland is but the ſecond, *Gueldres* being the firſt. It is very natural to ſuppoſe, and it is very true in fact, that Holland, from its ſuperiority of ſtrength and riches, and paying 58 *per cent.* ſhould have great weight and influence in the other ſix Provinces; but power it has none.

The unanimity, which is conſtitutionally requiſite for every act of each Town, and each Province, ſeparately; and then for every act of the Seven collectively; is ſomething ſo abſurd, and ſo impracticable in government, that one is aſtoniſhed, that even the form of it has been tolerated ſo long; for the ſubſtance is not ſtrictly obſerved. And five Provinces will often conclude, though two diſſent, provided that Holland and Zeland are two of the

However, ſhould one, or even two, of the leſſer Provinces, who contribute little, and often pay leſs to the public charge, obſtinately and frivolouſly, or perhaps corruptly, perſiſt in oppoſing a meaſure which Holland and the other more conſiderable Provinces thought neceſſary, and had agreed to, they would ſend a Deputation to thoſe oppoſing Provinces, to reaſon with, and perſuade them to concur; but if this would not do, they would, as they have done in many inſtances, conclude without them. The ſame thing is done in the Provincial States of the reſpective Provinces; where, if one or two of the leaſt conſiderable towns pertinaciouſly oppoſe a neceſſary meaſure, they conclude without them. But as this is abſolutely unconſtitutional, it is avoided as much as poſſible, and a complete unanimity procured, if it can be, by ſuch little conceſſions as that which I have mentioned to the Briel Major.

five. As fourteen or fifteen of the principal towns of Holland will conclude an affair, notwithstanding the opposition of four or five of the lesser. I cannot help conjecturing, that William, the first Prince of Orange, called the *Taciturne*, the ablest man, without dispute, of the age he lived in, not excepting even the Admiral Coligny *, and who had the modelling of the Republic as he pleased; I conjecture, I say, that the Prince of Orange would never have suffered such an absurdity to have crippled that government, which he was at the head of, if he had not thought it useful to himself and his family. He covered the greatest ambition with the greatest modesty, and declined the insignificant, outward signs, as much as he desired the solid substance of power: Might he not therefore think, that this absurd, though requisite unanimity, made a Stadthouder absolutely necessary, to render the government practicable? In which case he was very sure the Stadthouder would always be taken out of his family; and he minded things, not names. The Pensionary † thinks this conjecture probable; and as

* I am persuaded, that had the *Taciturne* been in the place of the Admiral Coligny, he would never have been prevailed upon to have come to Paris, and to have put himself into the power of those two monsters of perfidy and cruelty, Catharine of Medicis and Charles the Ninth. His prudent escape from Flanders is a proof of it; when he rather chose to be *Prince sans terre* than *Prince sans tête*.

† Monsieur Slingelandt, the ablest Minister, and the honestest man I ever knew. I may justly call him my Friend, my Master, and

as we were talking the other day, confidentially, upon this ſubject, we both agreed that this monſtrous and impracticable unanimity, required by the conſtitution, was alone ſufficient to bring about a Stadthouder, in ſpite of all the meaſures of the Republican party to prevent it. He confeſſed to me, that upon his being made Penſionary, he entered into ſolemn engagements, not to contribute, directly nor indirectly, to any change of the preſent form of government, and that he would ſcrupulouſly obſerve thoſe engagements; but that he foreſaw the defects in their form of government, and the abuſes crept into every part of it, would infallibly produce a* Stadthouder, tumultuouſly impoſed upon the Republic, by an inſurrection of the populace, as in the caſe of King William. I told him, that, in my opinion, if that were to happen a ſecond time, the Stadthouder ſo made would be their King†. He ſaid, he believed

and my Guide. For I was then quite new in buſineſs; he inſtructed me, he loved, he truſted me.

* It has ſince appeared that he judged very rightly.

† And ſo he ought to be now, even for the ſake and preſervation of the Seven Provinces. The neceſſary principle of a Republic, *Virtus*, ſubſiſts no longer there. The great riches of private people (though the public is poor) have long ago extinguiſhed that principle, and deſtroyed the equality neceſſary to a Commonwealth. A Commonwealth is unqueſtionably, upon paper, the moſt rational and equitable form of government; but it is as unqueſtionably impracticable, in all countries where riches have introduced luxury, and a great inequality of conditions. It will only do in thoſe Countries that poverty keeps virtuous. In England, it would very ſoon grow a tyrannical

believed so too; and that he had urged all this to the most considerable Members of the Government, and the most jealous Republicans. That he had even formed a plan which he had laid before them, as the only possible one to prevent this impending danger. That a Stadthouder was originally the chief spring upon which their government turned; and that, if they would have no Stadthouder, they must substitute a *succedaneum*. That one part of that *succedaneum* must be to abolish the unanimity required by the present form of government, and which only a Stadthouder could render practicable by his influence. That the abuses which were crept into the military part of the government, must be corrected, or that they alone, if they were suffered to go on, would make a Stadthouder; in order that the army and the navy, which the public paid for, might be of some use, which at present they were not. That he had laid these and many other considerations of the like nature before them; in the hopes of one of these two things; either to prevail with them to make a Stadthouder unnecessary, by a just reforma-

nical Aristocracy; soon afterwards, an Oligarchy; and soon after that, an absolute Monarchy: from the same causes that Denmark, in the last century, became so: the intolerable oppression of the bulk of the people, from those whom they looked upon as their equals. If the young Stadthouder has abilities, he will, when he grows up, get all the powers of a limited Monarchy, such as England, no matter under what name; and if he is really wise, he will desire no more: if the people are wise, they will give it him.

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tion of the abuſes of the government, and ſubſtituting a majority, or, at moſt, two thirds, to the abſurd and impracticable unanimity now requiſite. Or, if they would not come into theſe preventive regulations, that they would treat amicably with the Prince of Orange, and give him the *Stadthouderat*, under ſtrict limitations, and with effectual proviſions for their liberty. But they would liſten to neither of theſe expedients; the firſt affected the private intereſts of moſt of the conſiderable people of the Republic, whoſe power and profit aroſe from thoſe abuſes. And the ſecond was too contrary to the violent paſſions and prejudices of Meſſrs. d'Obdam, Booteſlaer, Hallewyn, and other Heads of the high Republican party. Upon this, I ſaid to the Penſionary, that he had fully proved to me, not only that there would, but that *there* ought to be a Stadthouder. He replied, "There will moſt certainly be one, and you "are young enough to live to ſee it. I hope I ſhall "be out of the way firſt; but, if I am not out of "the world at that time, I will be out of my place, "and paſs the poor remainder of my life in quiet. I "only pray that our new Maſter, whenever we have "him, may be gently given us. My friend, the "Greffier *, thinks a Stadthouder abſolutely ne"ceſſary to ſave the Republic, and ſo do I, as much "as

* The Greffier Fagel, who had been *Greffier*, that is Secretary of State, above fifty years. He had the deepeſt knowledge of buſineſs, and the ſoundeſt judgment, of any man I ever knew in my life: but he had not that quick, that intuitive ſagacity, which

"as he, if they will not accept of the other expedi-"ent; but we are in very different situations; he is "under no engagements to the contrary, and I am." He then asked me, in confidence, whether I had any instructions to promote the Prince of Orange's views and interest. I told him truly, I had not; but that, however, I would do it, as far as ever I could, quietly and privately. That he himself had convinced me, that it was for the interest of the Republic, which I honoured and wished well to; and also that it would be a much more efficient Ally to England, under that form of government. "I must own," replied he, "that at present we have neither strength, secrecy, "nor dispatch." I said, that I knew that but too well, by my own experience; and I added (laughing) that I looked upon him as the Prince of Orange's greatest enemy; and upon that Prince's violent and impetuous enemies † to be his best friends; for that, if

which the Pensionary Slingelandt had. He has often owned to me, that he thought things were gone too far, for any other remedy but a Stadthouder.

† These hot-headed Republicans pushed things with the unjustest acrimony against the Prince of Orange. They denied him his rank in the army; and they kept him out of the possession of the Marquisat of Tervere and Flessingen, which were his own patrimony; and by these means gave him the merit with the people, of being unjustly oppressed.

Had he been an abler man himself, or better advised by others, he might have availed himself much more solidly than he did, of the affection, or rather the fury, of the people, in his favour, when they tumultuously made him Stadthouder; but he did

if his (the Pensionary's) plan were to take place, the Prince would have very little hopes. He interrupted me here, with saying, *Ne craignez rien, Milord, de ce coté la; mon plan blesse trop l'interêt particulier, pour être reçu à present que l'amour du public n'existe plus* ||. I thought this conversation too remarkable, not to write down the heads of it when I came home.

did not know the value and importance of those warm moments, in which he might have fixed and clinched his power. Dazzled with the show and trappings of power, he did not enough attend to the substance. He attempted a thing impossible, which was, to please every body: he heard every body, begun every thing, and finished nothing. When the people, in their fury, made him Stadthouder, they desired nothing better than totally to dissolve the Republican form of government. He should have let them. The tumultuous love of the populace must be seized and enjoyed in its first transports; there is no hoarding of it to use upon occasions; it will not keep. The most considerable people of the former government would gladly have compounded for their lives, and would have thought themselves very well off in the castle of Louvestein; where one of the Prince of Orange's predecessors sent some of their ancestors, in times much less favourable. An affected moderation made him lose that moment. The government is now in a disjointed, loose state. Her R. H. the Gouvernante has not power enough to do much good; and yet she has more power than authority. Peace and œconomy, both public and domestic, should, therefore, be the sole objects of her politics, during the minority of her son. The Public is almost a bankrupt; and her son's private fortune extremely incumbered. She has sense and ambition; but it is, still, the sense and ambition of a woman; that is, *inconsequential*. What remains to be done, requires a firm, manly, and vigorous mind.

|| *Never fear, my Lord; a plan so prejudicial to private interest will not be adopted, where Patriotism no longer subsists.*

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The Republic has hardly any Navy at all; the single fund for the Marine being the small duties upon exports and imports; which duties are not half collected, by the connivance of the Magistrates themselves, who are interested in smuggling: so that the Republic has now no other title, but courtesy, to the name of a Maritime Power. Their trade decreases daily, and their national debt increases. I have good reason to believe, that it amounts to at least fifty millions sterling.

The decrease of their Herring-fishery, from what it appears by Monsieur de Wit's Memoirs of Holland, in his time, is incredible; and will be much greater, now we are, at last, wise enough to take our own Herrings upon our own coasts.

They do not, now, get by freight one quarter of what they used to get: they were the general sea-carriers of all Europe. The act of navigation, passed in Cromwell's time, and afterwards confirmed in Charles the IId's, gave the first blow to that branch of their profit; and now we carry more than they do. Their only profitable remaining branches of commerce are, their trade to the East-Indies, where they have engrossed the spices; and their illicit trade in America from Surinam, St. Eustatia, Curaçoa, *&c.*

Their woollen and silk manufactures bear not the least comparison with ours, neither in quantity, quality, nor exportation.

Their *police* is still excellent, and is now the only remains of that prudence, vigilance, and good discipline, which formerly made them esteemed, respected, and courted.

MAXIMS.

By the Earl of CHESTERFIELD*.

A Proper secrecy is the only mystery of able men; mystery is the only secrecy of weak and cunning ones.

A man who tells nothing, or who tells all, will equally have nothing told him.

If a fool knows a secret, he tells it because he is a fool; if a knave knows one, he tells it wherever it is his interest to tell it. But women, and young men, are very apt to tell what secrets they know, from the vanity of having been trusted. Trust none of these, whenever you can help it.

Inattention to the present business, be it what it will; the doing one thing, and thinking at the same time of another, or the attempting to do two things at once; are the never-failing signs of a little, frivolous mind.

A man who cannot command his temper, his attention, and his countenance, should not think of being a man of business. The weakest man in the world can avail himself of the passion of the wisest. The inattentive man cannot know the business, and consequently cannot do it. And he who cannot command his countenance, may e'en as well tell his thoughts as show them.

* These Maxims are referred to in Letter CCLXIII. p. 10. of this Volume.

Distrust

Diſtruſt all thoſe who love you extremely upon a very ſlight acquaintance, and without any viſible reaſon. Be upon your guard, too, againſt thoſe, who confeſs as their weakneſſes, all the Cardinal virtues.

In your friendſhips, and in your enmities, let your confidence and your hoſtilities have certain bounds: make not the former dangerous, nor the latter irreconcileable. There are ſtrange viciſſitudes in buſineſs!

Smooth your way to the head, through the heart. The way of reaſon is a good one; but it is commonly ſomething longer, and perhaps not ſo ſure.

Spirit is now a very faſhionable word: to act with Spirit, to ſpeak with Spirit, means only, to act raſhly, and to talk indiſcreetly. An able man ſhows his Spirit by gentle words and reſolute actions: he is neither hot nor timid.

When a man of ſenſe happens to be in that diſagreeable ſituation, in which he is obliged to aſk himſelf more than once, *What ſhall I do?* he will anſwer himſelf, Nothing. When his reaſon points out to him no good way, or at leaſt no one way leſs bad than another, he will ſtop ſhort, and wait for light. A little buſy mind runs on at all events, muſt be doing; and, like a blind horſe, fears no dangers, becauſe he ſees none. *Il faut ſçavoir s'ennuïer.*

Patience is a moſt neceſſary qualification for buſineſs; many a man would rather you heard his ſtory, than granted his requeſt. One muſt ſeem to hear the

the unreaſonable demands of the petulant, unmoved, and the tedious details of the dull, untired. That is the leaſt price that a man muſt pay for a high ſtation.

It is always right to detect a fraud, and to perceive a folly; but it is often very wrong to expoſe either. A man of buſineſs ſhould always have his eyes open; but muſt often ſeem to have them ſhut.

In Courts, nobody ſhould be below your management and attention; the links that form the Court-chain are innumerable and inconceivable. You muſt hear with patience the dull grievances of a Gentleman Uſher, or a Page of the Back-ſtairs; who, very probably, lies with ſome near relation of the favourite maid, of the favourite Miſtreſs, of the favourite Miniſter, or perhaps of the King himſelf; and who, conſequently, may do you more dark and indirect good, or harm, than the firſt man of quality.

One good patron at Court may be ſufficient, provided you have no perſonal enemies; and, in order to have none, you muſt ſacriſice (as the Indians do to the Devil) moſt of your paſſions, and much of your time, to the numberleſs evil Beings that infeſt it: in order to prevent and avert the miſchiefs they can do you.

A young man, be his merit what it will, can never raiſe himſelf; but muſt, like the ivy round the oak, twine himſelf round ſome man of great power and intereſt. You muſt belong to a Miniſter ſome time, before any body will belong to you. And an inviolable fidelity to that Miniſter, even in his diſgrace, will

will be meritorious, and recommend you to the next. Ministers love a personal, much more than a party attachment.

As Kings are begotten and born like other men, it is to be presumed that they are of the human species; and perhaps, had they the same education, they might prove like other men. But, flattered from their cradles, their hearts are corrupted, and their heads are turned, so that they seem to be a species by themselves. No King ever said to himself, *Homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum puto.*

Flattery cannot be too strong for them; drunk with it from their infancy, like old drinkers, they require drams.

They prefer a personal attachment to a public service, and reward it better. They are vain and weak enough to look upon it as a free-will offering to their merit, and not as a burnt-sacrifice to their power.

If you would be a favourite of your King, address yourself to his weaknesses. An application to his reason will seldom prove very successful.

In Courts, bashfulness and timidity are as prejudicial on one hand, as impudence and rashness are on the other. A steady assurance, and a cool intrepidity, with an exterior modesty, are the true and necessary medium.

Never apply for what you see very little probability of obtaining; for you will, by asking improper and unattainable things, accustom the Ministers to refuse you so often, that they will find it easy to refuse

refuse you the properest, and most reasonable ones. It is a common, but a most mistaken rule at Court, to ask for every thing, in order to get something: you do get something by it, it is true; but that something is refusals and ridicule.

There is a Court jargon, a chit-chat, a small talk, which turns singly upon trifles; and which, in a great many words, says little or nothing. It stands fools in stead of what they cannot say, and men of sense in stead of what they should not say. It is the proper language of Levees, Drawing-rooms, and Antichambers: it is necessary to know it.

Whatever a man is at Court, he must be genteel and well-bred; that cloak covers as many follies, as that of charity does sins. I knew a man of great quality, and in a great station at Court, considered and respected, whose highest character was, that he was humbly proud, and genteely dull.

It is hard to say which is the greatest fool; he who tells the whole truth, or he who tells no truth at all. Character is as necessary in business as in trade. No man can deceive often in either.

At Court, people embrace without acquaintance, serve one another without friendship, and injure one another without hatred. Interest, not sentiment, is the growth of that soil.

A difference of opinion, though in the merest trifles, alienates little minds, especially of high rank. It is full as easy to commend as to blame a great man's cook, or his taylor: it is shorter too; and the objects are no more worth disputing about, than the

people

people are worth disputing with. It is impossible to inform, but very easy to displease them.

A chearful, easy countenance and behaviour, are very useful at Court; they make fools think you a good-natured man; and they make designing men think you an undesigning one.

There are some occasions in which a man must tell half his secret, in order to conceal the rest: but there is seldom one in which a man should tell it all. Great skill is necessary to know how far to go, and where to stop.

Ceremony is necessary in Courts, as the outwork and defence of manners.

Flattery, though a base coin, is the necessary pocket-money at Court; where, by custom and consent, it has obtained such a currency, that it is no longer a fraudulent, but a legal payment.

If a Minister refuses you a reasonable request, and either slights or injures you; if you have not the power to gratify your resentment, have the wisdom to conceal and dissemble it. Seeming good-humour on your part may prevent rancour on his, and perhaps bring things right again: but if you have the power to hurt, hint modestly, that if provoked, you may possibly have the will too. Fear, when real, and well founded, is perhaps a more prevailing motive at Courts than love.

At Court, many more people can hurt, than can help you; please the former, but engage the latter.

Awkwardness is a more real disadvantage than it

is

is generally thought to be; it often occasions ridicule, it always lessens dignity.

A man's own good-breeding is his best security against other people's ill-manners.

Good-breeding carries along with it a dignity, that is respected by the most petulant. Ill-breeding invites and authorizes the familiarity of the most timid. No man ever said a pert thing to the Duke of Marlborough. No man ever said a civil one (though many a flattering one) to Sir Robert Walpole.

When the old clipped money was called in for a new coinage in King William's time; to prevent the like for the future, they stamped on the edges of the crown pieces these words, *et Decus et Tutamen.* That is exactly the case of good-breeding.

Knowledge may give weight, but accomplishments only give lustre; and many more people see than weigh.

Most arts require long study and application; but the most useful art of all, that of pleasing, requires only the desire.

It is to be presumed, that a man of common sense, who does not desire to please, desires nothing at all; since he must know that he cannot obtain any thing without it.

A skilful Negotiator will most carefully distinguish between the little and the great objects of his business, and will be as frank and open in the former, as he will be secret and pertinacious in the latter.

He will, by his manners and address, endeavour, at

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at least, to make his public adversaries his personal friends. He will flatter and engage the Man, while he counterworks the Minister; and he will never alienate people's minds from him, by wrangling for points, either absolutely unattainable, or not worth attaining. He will make even a merit of giving up, what he could not or would not carry, and sell a gift for a thousand times its value.

A foreign Minister, who is concerned in great affairs, must necessarily have spies in his pay; but he must not too easily credit their informations, which are never exactly true, often very false. His best spies will always be those whom he does not pay, but whom he has engaged in his service by his dexterity and address, and who think themselves nothing less than spies.

There is a certain jargon, which, in French, I should call *un Persiflage d'Affaires*, that a foreign Minister ought to be perfectly master of, and may use very advantageously at great entertainments, in mixed companies, and in all occasions where he must speak, and should say nothing. Well turned and well spoken, it seems to mean something, though in truth it means nothing. It is a kind of political *badinage*, which prevents or removes a thousand difficulties, to which a foreign Minister is exposed in mixed conversations.

If ever the *Volto sciolto*, and the *Pensieri stretti* are necessary, they are so in these affairs. A grave, dark, reserved, and mysterious air, has *fœnum in cornu*. An even, easy, unembarrassed one invites

 confidence,

confidence, and leaves no room for gueſſes and conjectures.

Both ſimulation and diſſimulation are abſolutely neceſſary for a foreign Miniſter; and yet they muſt ſtop ſhort of falſehood and perfidy: that middle point is the difficult one: there ability conſiſts. He muſt often ſeem pleaſed, when he is vexed; and grave, when he is pleaſed; but he muſt never ſay either: that would be falſehood, an indelible ſtain to character.

A foreign Miniſter ſhould be a moſt exact œconomiſt; an expence proportioned to his appointments and fortune is neceſſary: but, on the other hand, debt is inevitable ruin to him. It ſinks him into diſgrace at the Court where he reſides, and into the moſt ſervile and abject dependance on the Court that ſent him. As he cannot reſent ill uſage, he is ſure to have enough of it.

The Duc de Sully obſerves very juſtly, in his Memoirs, that nothing contributed more to his riſe, than that prudent œconomy which he had obſerved from his youth; and by which he had always a ſum of money before hand, in caſe of emergencies.

It is very difficult to fix the particular point of œconomy; the beſt error of the two is on the parſimonious ſide. That may be corrected, the other cannot.

The reputation of generoſity is to be purchaſed pretty cheap; it does not depend ſo much upon a man's general expence, as it does upon his giving handſomely

handſomely where it is proper to give at all. A man, for inſtance, who ſhould give a ſervant four ſhillings, would paſs for covetous, while he who gave him a crown, would be reckoned generous: ſo that the difference of thoſe two oppoſite characters, turns upon one ſhilling. A man's character, in that particular, depends a great deal upon the report of his own ſervants; a mere trifle above common wages, makes their report favourable.

Take care always to form your eſtabliſhment ſo much within your income, as to leave a ſufficient fund for unexpected contingencies, and a prudent liberality. There is hardly a year, in any man's life, in which a ſmall ſum of ready money may not be employed to great advantage *.

* Upon the back of the original is written, in Mr. Stanhope's hand, "Excellent Maxims, but more calculated for the Meridian of France or Spain, than of England."

POLITICAL MAXIMS of the Cardinal de Retz, in his Memoirs; and the late Earl of CHESTERFIELD's Remarks.

1. IL y a fouvent de la folie à conjurer; mais il n'y a rien de pareil pour faire les gens fages dans la fuite: au moins pour quelque tems. Comme le péril dans ces fortes d'affaires dure même après les occafions, l'on eft prudent et circonfpect dans les momens qui les fuivent.

2. Un efprit médiocre, et fufceptible par conféquent d'injuftes défiances, eft de tous les caractéres celui qui eft le plus oppofé à un bon chef de Parti; dont la qualité la plus fouvent et la plus indifpenfablement néceffaire, eft de fupprimer en beaucoup d'occafions, et de cacher en toutes, les foupçons méme les plus légitimes.

3. Rien n'anime et n'appuïe plus un mouvement, que le ridicule de celui contre lequel on le fait.

4. Le fecret n'eft pas fi rare qu'on le croit, entre des gens qui font accoutumés à fe mêler des grandes affaires.

5. Defcendre jufqu'aux petits eft le plus fur moïen de s'égaler aux grands.

6. La mode qui a du pouvoir en toutes chofes, ne l'a fi fenfiblement en aucune, qu'à etre bien ou mal à la Cour: il y a des tems où la difgrace eft une maniere de feu qui purifie toutes les mauvaifes qualités, et qui illumine toutes les bonnes; il y a

des tems ou il ne ſied pas bien à un honnête homme d'être diſgracié.

7. La ſouffrance aux perſonnes d'un grand rang, tient lieu d'une grande vertu.

8. Il y a une eſpéce de galimatias que la pratique fait connoitre quelquefois, mais que la ſpéculation ne fait jamais entendre.

9. Toutes les Puiſſances ne peuvent rien contre la réputation d'un homme qui ſe la conſerve dans ſon Corps.

10. On eſt auſſi ſouvent dupe par la défiance que par la confiance.

11. L'extrêmité du mal n'eſt jamais à ſon période, que quand ceux qui commandent ont perdu la honte; parce que c'eſt juſtement le moment dans lequel ceux qui obéiſſent perdent le reſpect; et c'eſt dans ce même moment que l'on revient de la léthargie: mais par des convulſions.

12. Il y a un voile qui doit toujours couvrir tout ce que l'on peut dire, et tout ce que l'on peut croire du Droit des Peuples et de celui des Rois, qui ne s'accordent jamais ſi bien enſemble que dans le ſilence.

13. Il y a des conjonctures dans leſquelles on ne peut plus faire que des fautes; mais la fortune ne met jamais les hommes dans cet état, qui eſt de tous le plus malheureux, et perſonne n'y tombe que ceux qui s'y précipitent par leur faute.

14. Il ſied plus mal à un Miniſtre de dire des ſottiſes, que d'en faire.

15. Les avis que l'on donne à un Miniſtre paſſent

 pour

pour des crimes, toutes les fois qu'on ne lui eſt point agréable.

16. Auprès des Princes, il eſt auſſi dangereux, et preſqu' auſſi criminel, de pouvoir le bien que de vouloir le mal.

17. Il eſt bien plus naturel à la peur de conſulter que de décider.

18. Cette circonſtance paroit ridicule; mais elle eſt fondée. A Paris, dans les émotions populaires, les plus échauffés ne veulent pas, ce qu'ils apellent, *ſe déſheurer*.

19. La fléxibilité eſt de toutes les qualités la plus néceſſaire pour le maniement des grandes affaires.

20. On a plus de peine dans les Partis, de vivre avec ceux qui en ſont, que d'agir contre ceux qui y ſont oppoſés.

21. Les plus grands dangers ont leurs charmes, pour peu que l'on apperçoive de gloire dans la perſpective des mauvais ſuccès; les médiocres dangers n'ont que des horreurs, quand la perte de la réputation eſt attachée à la mauvaiſe fortune.

22. Les extrêmes ſont toujours fâcheux. Mais ce ſont des moïens ſages quand ils ſont néceſſaires: ce qu'ils ont de conſolant c'eſt qu'ils ne ſont jamais médiocres, et qu'ils ſont déciſifs quand ils ſont bons.

23. Il y a des conjonctures ou la prudence même ordonne de ne conſulter que le chapître des accidens.

24. Il n'y a rien dans le monde qui n'ait ſon

moment

moment décisif; et le chef d'œuvre de la bonne conduite, est de connoître et de prendre ce moment.

25. L'abomination joint au ridicule fait le plus dangereux et le plus irremédiable de tous les composés.

26. Les gens foibles ne plient jamais quand ils le doivent.

27. Rien ne touche et n'émeut tant les peuples, et même les Compagnies, qui tiennent beaucoup du peuple, que la varieté des spectacles.

28. Les exemples du passé touchent sans comparaison plus les hommes, que ceux de leur siecle: nous nous accoutumons à tout ce que nous voïons; et peut-être que le Consulat du Cheval de Caligula, ne nous auroit pas tant surpris, que nous nous l'imaginons.

29. Les hommes foibles se laissent aller ordinairement au plus grand bruit.

30. Il ne faut jamais contester ce qu'on ne croit pas pouvoir obtenir.

31. Le moment ou l'on reçoit les plus heureuses nouvelles, est justement celui ou il faut redoubler son attention pour les petites.

32. Le pouvoir dans les peuples est fâcheux, en ce qu'il nous rend responsables de ce qu'ils font malgré nous.

33. L'une des plus grandes incommodités des guerres civiles, est, qu'il faut encore plus d'application à ce que l'on ne doit pas dire à ses amis, qu'à ce que l'on doit faire contre ses ennemis.

34. Il n'y a point de qualité qui dépare tant un grand

grand homme, que de n'être pas juste à prendre le moment décisif de la reputation. L'on ne le manque presque jamais que pour mieux prendre celui de la fortune; c'est en quoi l'on se trompe, pour l'ordinaire, doublement.

35. La vue la plus commune dans les imprudences, c'est celle, que l'on a, de la possibilité des ressources.

36. Toute Compagnie est peuple; ainsi tout y dépend des instans.

37. Tout ce qui paroit hazardeux, et qui pourtant ne l'est pas, est presque toujours sage.

38. Les gens irrésolus prennent toujours, avec facilité, les ouvertures qui les ménent à deux chemins, et qui par conséquent ne les pressent pas d'opter.

39. Il n'y a point de petits pas dans les grandes affaires.

40. Il y a des tems ou certaines gens ont toujours raison.

41. Rien ne persuade tant les gens qui ont peu de sens que ce qu'ils n'entendent pas.

42. Il n'est pas sage de faire, dans les factions, ou l'on n'est que sur la défensive, ce qui n'est pas pressé. Mais l'inquiétude des subalternes, est la chose la plus incommode dans ces rencontres; ils croient que, dès qu'on n'agit pas, on est perdu.

43. Les chefs dans les factions n'en sont les maîtres, qu'autant qu'ils sçavent prévenir ou appaiser les murmures.

44. Quand

44. Quand la fraïeur eſt venue à un certain point, elle produit les mêmes effets que la témérité.

45. Il eſt auſſi néceſſaire de choiſir les mots dans les grandes affaires, qu'il eſt ſuperflu de les choiſir dans les petites.

46. Rien n'eſt plus rare ni plus difficile aux Miniſtres qu'un certain ménagement dans le calme qui ſuit immédiatement les grandes tempêtes, parce que la flatterie y redouble, et que la défiance n'y eſt pas éteinte.

47. Il ne faut pas nous choquer ſi fort des fautes de ceux qui ſont nos amis, que nous en donnions de l'avantage à ceux contre leſquels nous agiſſons.

48. Le talent d'inſinuer eſt plus utile que celui de perſuader, parce que l'on peut inſinuer à tout le monde, et que l'on ne perſuade preſque jamais perſonne.

49. Dans les matiéres qui ne ſont pas favorables par elles-mêmes, tout changement qui n'eſt pas néceſſaire eſt pernicieux parce qu'il eſt odieux.

50. Il faut faire voir à ceux qui ſont naturellement foibles toutes ſortes d'abîmes: parce que c'eſt le vrai moïen de les obliger de ſe jetter dans le premier chemin qu'on leur ouvre.

51. L'on doit hazarder le poſſible toutes les fois que l'on ſe ſent en état de profiter même du manquement de ſuccès.

52. Les hommes irréſolus ſe déterminent difficilement pour les moïens, quoique même ils ſoïent déterminés pour la fin.

53. C'eſt preſque jeu ſur avec les hommes fourbes, de

de leur faire croire que l'on veut tromper ceux que l'on veut ſervir.

54. L'un des plus grands embarras que l'on ait avec les Princes, c'eſt que l'on eſt ſouvent obligé, par la conſidération de leur propre ſervice, de leur donner des conſeils dont on ne peut pas leur dire les véritables raiſons.

55. Quand on ſe trouve obligé de faire un diſcours que l'on prévoit ne devoir pas agréer, l'on ne peut lui donner trop d'apparence de ſincerité: parce que c'eſt l'unique moïen de l'adoucir.

56. On ne doit jamais ſe jouer avec la faveur, on ne la peut trop embraſſer quand elle eſt véritable; on ne la peut trop éloigner quand elle eſt fauſſe.

57. Il y a de l'inconvenient à s'engager ſur des ſuppoſitions de ce que l'on croit impoſſible; et pourtant il n'y a rien de ſi commun.

58. La plûpart des hommes examinent moins les raiſons de ce qu'on leur propoſe contre leur ſentiment, que celles qui peuvent obliger, celui qui les propoſe, de s'en ſervir.

59. Tout ce qui eſt vuide dans les tems de faction et d'intrigue, paſſe pour myſtérieux dans les eſprits de ceux qui ne ſont pas accoutumés aux grandes affaires.

60. Il n'eſt jamais permis à un inférieur de s'égaler en paroles à celui à qui il doit du reſpect, quoi qu'il s'y égale dans l'action.

61. Tout homme que la fortune ſeule, par quelque accident, a fait homme public, devient preſque toujours avec un peu de tems un particulier ridicule.

62. La

62. La plus grande imperfection des hommes est la complaisance, qu'ils trouvent, à se persuader que les autres ne sont point éxemts des défauts qu'ils se reconnoissent à eux mêmes.

63. Il n'y a que l'expérience qui puisse apprendre aux hommes à ne pas préférer ce qui les pique dans le present, à ce qui les doit toucher bien plus essentiellement dans l'avenir.

64. Il faut s'appliquer, avec soin, dans les grandes affaires encore plus que dans les autres, à se défendre du goût qu'on trouve pour la plaisanterie.

65. On ne peut assez peser les moindres mots, dans les grandes affaires.

66. Il n'y a que la continuation du bonheur qui fixe la plupart des amitiés.

67. Quiconque assemble le peuple, l'émeut.

TRANSLATION

Of Cardinal De Retz's Political Maxims.

1. IT is often madness to engage in a conspiracy; but nothing is so effectual to bring people afterwards to their senses, at least for a time. As in such undertakings, the danger subsists, even after the business is over; this obliges to be prudent and circumspect in the succeeding moments.

2. A middling understanding, being susceptible of unjust suspicions, is consequently, of all characters, the least fit to head a faction. As the most indispensable

fable qualification in fuch a Chief, is, to fuppress, in many occafions, and to conceal in all, even the beft-grounded fufpicions.

3. Nothing animates and gives ftrength to a commotion, fo much as the ridicule of him againft whom it is raifed.

4. Among people ufed to affairs of moment, fecrecy is much lefs uncommon than is generally believed.

5. Defcending to the Little, is the fureft way of attaining to an equality with the Great.

6. Fafhion, though powerful in all things, is not more fo in any, than in being well or ill at Court. There are times, when difgrace is a kind of fire, that purifies all bad qualities, and illuminates every good one. There are others, in which the being out of favour is unbecoming a man of character.

7. Sufferings, in people of the firft rank, fupply the want of virtue.

8. There is a confufed kind of jumble, which practice fometimes teaches; but is never to be underftood by fpeculation.

9. The greateft Powers cannot injure a man's character, whofe reputation is unblemifhed among his party.

10. We are as often duped by diffidence, as by confidence.

11. The greateft evils are not arrived at their utmoft period, until thofe who are in power have loft all fenfe of fhame. At fuch a time, thofe who fhould obey, fhake off all refpect and fubordina-

tion. Then is lethargic indolence roufed; but roufed by convulfions.

12. A veil ought always to be drawn over whatever may be faid or thought concerning the rights of the People, or of Kings; which agree beft when leaft mentioned *.

13. There are, at times, fituations fo very unfortunate, that whatever is undertaken muft be wrong. Chance, alone, never throws people into fuch dilemmas; and they happen only to thofe who bring them upon themfelves.

14. It is more unbecoming a Minifter to fay, than to do filly things.

15. The advice given to a Minifter, by an obnoxious perfon, is always thought bad.

16. It is as dangerous, and almoft as criminal, with Princes, to have the power of doing good, as the will of doing evil.

17. Timorous minds are much more inclined to deliberate than to refolve.

18. It appears ridiculous to affert, but it is not the lefs true, that at Paris, during popular commotions, the moft violent will not quit their homes paft a ftated hour.

19. Flexibility is the moft requifite qualification for the management of great affairs.

20. It is more difficult for the member of a faction to live with thofe of his own party, than to act againft thofe who oppofe it.

* This Maxim, as well as feveral others, evidently prove they were written by a man fubject to defpotic government.

21. The greateſt dangers have their allurements, if the want of ſucceſs is likely to be attended with a degree of glory. Middling dangers are horrid, when the loſs of reputation is the inevitable conſequence of ill ſucceſs.

22. Violent meaſures are always dangerous, but when neceſſary, may then be looked upon as wiſe. They have, however, the advantage of never being matter of indifferency; and, when well concerted, muſt be deciſive.

23. There may be circumſtances, in which even prudence directs us to truſt intirely to chance.

24. Every thing in this world has its critical moment; and the height of good conduct conſiſts in knowing, and ſeizing it.

25. Profligacy, joined to ridicule, form the moſt abominable, and moſt dangerous of all characters.

26. Weak minds never yield when they ought.

27. Variety of ſights have the greateſt effect upon the mob, and alſo upon numerous aſſemblies, who, in many reſpects, reſemble mob.

28. Examples taken from paſt times have infinitely more power over the minds of men, than any of the age in which they live. Whatever we ſee, grows familiar; and perhaps the Conſulſhip of Caligula's Horſe might not have aſtoniſhed us ſo much as we are apt to imagine.

29. Weak minds are commonly overpowered by clamour.

30. We ought never to contend for what we are not likely to obtain.

31. The inſtant in which we receive the moſt favourable accounts, is juſt that wherein we ought to redouble our vigilance, even in regard to the moſt trifling circumſtances.

32. It is dangerous to have a known influence over the people; as thereby we become reſponſible even for what is done againſt our will.

33. One of the greateſt difficulties in civil war is, that more art is required to know what ſhould be concealed from our friends, than what ought to be done againſt our enemies.

34. Nothing lowers a great man ſo much, as not ſeizing the deciſive moment of raiſing his reputation. This is ſeldom neglected, but with a view to fortune: by which miſtake, it is not unuſual to miſs both.

35. The poſſibility of remedying imprudent actions, is commonly an inducement to commit them.

36. Every numerous aſſembly is mob; conſequently every thing there depends upon inſtantaneous turns.

37. Whatever meaſure ſeems hazardous, and is in reality not ſo, is generally a wiſe one.

38. Irreſolute minds always adopt with facility, whatever meaſures can admit of different iſſues, and conſequently do not require an abſolute deciſion.

39. In momentous affairs, no ſtep is indifferent.

40. There are times in which certain people are always in the right.

41. Nothing convinces perſons of a weak underſtanding ſo effectually, as what they do not comprehend.

42. When Factions are only upon the defensive, they ought never to do that which may be delayed. Upon such occasions, nothing is so troublesome as the restlessness of subalterns; who think a state of inaction, total destruction.

43. Those who head Factions have no way of maintaining their authority, but by preventing, or quieting discontent.

44. A certain degree of fear, produces the same effects as rashness.

45. In affairs of importance, the choice of words is of as much consequence, as it would be superfluous in those of little moment.

46. During those calms which immediately succeed violent storms, nothing is more difficult for Ministers, than to act properly; because, while flattery increases, suspicions are not yet subsided.

47. The faults of our friends ought never to anger us so far, as to give an advantage to our enemies.

48. The talent of insinuation is more useful than that of persuasion; as every body is open to insinuation, but scarce any to persuasion.

49. In matters of a delicate nature, all unnecessary alterations are dangerous; because odious.

50. The best way to compel weak-minded people to adopt our opinion, is to frighten them from all others, by magnifying their danger.

51. We must run all hazards, where we think ourselves in a situation to reap some advantage, even from the want of success.

52. Irresolute men are diffident in resolving upon the

the Means, even when they are determined upon the End.

53. It is almoſt a ſure game, with crafty men, to make them believe we intend to deceive thoſe whom we mean to ſerve.

54. One of the greateſt difficulties with Princes is, the being often obliged, in order to ſerve them, to give advice the true reaſons of which we dare not mention.

55. The ſaying things which we foreſee will not be pleaſing, can only be ſoftened by the greateſt appearance of ſincerity.

56. We ought never to trifle with favour. If real, we ſhould haſtily ſeize the advantage; if pretended, avoid the allurement.

57. It is very inconſequent to enter into engagements upon ſuppoſitions we think impoſſible, and yet it is very uſual.

58. The generality of mankind pay leſs attention to arguments urged againſt their opinion, than to ſuch as may engage the diſputant to adopt their own.

59. In times of faction and intrigue, whatever appears inert, is reckoned myſterious by thoſe who are not accuſtomed to affairs of moment.

60. It is never allowable in an inferior, to equal himſelf in words to a ſuperior, although he may rival him in actions.

61. Every man whom chance alone has, by ſome accident, made a public character, hardly ever fails of

of becoming, in a ſhort time, a ridiculous private one.

62. The greateſt imperfection of men is, the complacency with which they are willing to think others not free from faults, of which they are themſelves conſcious.

63. Experience only can teach men not to prefer what ſtrikes them for the preſent moment, to what will have much greater weight with them hereafter.

64. In the management of important buſineſs, all turn to raillery muſt be more carefully avoided than in any other.

65. In momentous tranſactions, words cannot be ſufficiently weighed.

66. The permanency of moſt friendſhips depends upon the continuity of good fortune.

67. Whoever aſſembles the multitude, will raiſe commotions.

Lord CHESTERFIELD's Remarks upon the foregoing MAXIMS.

I HAVE taken the trouble of extracting and collecting, for your uſe, the foregoing Political Maxims of the Cardinal de Retz, in his Memoirs. They are not aphoriſms of his invention, but the true and juſt obſervations of his own experience, in the courſe of great buſineſs. My own experience atteſts the truth of them all. Read them over with attention as here above, and then read with the ſame attention, and *tout de ſuite*, the Memoirs; where you will find the facts and characters from whence thoſe obſervations are drawn, or to which they are applied; and they will reciprocally help to fix each other in your mind. I hardly know any book ſo neceſſary for a young man to read and remember. You will there find, how great buſineſs is really carried on; very differently from what people, who have never been concerned in it, imagine. You will there ſee what Courts and Courtiers really are, and obſerve that they are neither ſo good as they ſhould be, nor ſo bad as they are thought by moſt people. The Court Poet, and the ſullen, cloiſtered Pedant, are equally miſtaken in their notions, or at leaſt in the accounts they give us of them. You will obſerve the coolneſs in general, the perfidy in ſome caſes, and the truth in a very few, of Court friendſhips. This will teach you the prudence of a general diſtruſt; and the imprudence of making no exception

 to

to that rule, upon good and tried grounds. You will ſee the utility of good-breeding towards one's greateſt enemies; and the high imprudence and folly, of either inſulting or injurious expreſſions. You will find, in the Cardinal's own character, a ſtrange, but by no means an uncommon mixture, of high and low, good and bad, parts and indiſcretion. In the character of Monſieur le Duc d'Orleans, you may obſerve the model of weakneſs, irreſolution, and fear, though with very good parts. In ſhort, you will, in every page of that book, ſee that ſtrange, inconſiſtent creature, Man, juſt as he is. If you would know that period of hiſtory (and it is well worth knowing) correctly, after you have read the Cardinal's Memoirs, you ſhould read thoſe of Joly, and of Madame de Motteville; both which throw great light upon the firſt. By all thoſe accounts put together it appears, that Anne of Auſtria (with great ſubmiſſion to a Crowned Head do I ſay it) was a B——. She had ſpirit and courage without parts, devotion without common morality, and lewdneſs without tenderneſs either to juſtify or to dignify it. Her two ſons were no more Lewis the Thirteenth's than they were mine; and if Buckingham had ſtaid a little longer, ſhe would probably have had another by him.

Cardinal Mazarin was a great knave, but no great man; much more cunning than able; ſcandalouſly falſe, and dirtily greedy. As for his enemy, Cardinal de Retz, I can truly call him a man of great parts, but I cannot call him a great man. He never was

was ſo much ſo as in his retirement. The Ladies had then a great, and have always had ſome ſhare in State affairs in France; the ſpring and the ſtreams of their politics have always been, and always will be, the intereſt of their preſent Lover, or their reſentment againſt a diſcarded and perfidious one. Money is their great object; of which they are extremely greedy, if it coincides with their arrangement with the Lover for the time being; but true glory, and public good, never enter into their heads. They are always governed by the man they love, and they always govern the man who loves them. He or ſhe, who loves the moſt, is always governed by him or her who loves the leaſt. Madame de Montbazon governed Monſieur de Beaufort, who was fond of her; whereas ſhe was only proud of his rank and popularity. The *Drudi* for the time being always governed Madame and Mademoiſelle de Chevreuſe, and ſteered their politics. Madame de Longueville governed her brother the Prince de Conti, who was in love with her; but Marſillac, with whom ſhe was in love, governed her. In all female politics, the head is certainly not the part that takes the lead: the true and ſecret ſpring lies lower and deeper. La Palatine, whom the Cardinal celebrates as the ableſt and moſt ſenſible woman he ever met with, and who ſeems to have acted more ſyſtematically and conſequentially than any of them, ſtarts aſide however, and deviates from her plan, whenever the intereſts or the inclinations of La Vieuville, her Lover, require it. I will add (though with great

great ſubmiſſion to a late friend of yours at Paris) that no woman ever yet, either reaſoned or acted long together conſequentially; but ſome little thing, ſome love, ſome reſentment, ſome preſent momentary intereſt, ſome ſuppoſed ſlight, or ſome humour, always breaks in upon, and overſets their moſt prudent reſolutions and ſchemes.

CONSIDERATIONS upon the Repeal of the Limitation, relative to Foreigners, in the Act of Settlement.

THE particular Limitation, relative to Foreigners, in the Act of Settlement, and now to be repealed, was marked out as peculiarly ſacred, by the firſt Parliament, and that no uncomplaiſant one, of the late King, by enacting, that that Limitation ſhould be inſerted in all future acts of Naturalization; and it was ſo, even in the act for naturalizing the Prince of Orange, the King's ſon-in-law.

But, it ſeems, Meſſieurs Prevot, Bouquet, and others, are now to receive a mark of diſtinction, which the King's ſon-in-law could not then obtain: But, can the ſame indulgence, hereafter, ever be refuſed to foreign Proteſtant Princes, of the higheſt birth, and greateſt merit, and, many of them, nearly related to his Majeſty and the Royal Family; who may, very probably, prefer the Britiſh ſervice to any other?

The poor military arguments, urged in juſtification of the Repeal of this moſt ſacred Law, are too trifling to be the true ones, and too wretched to be ſeriouſly anſwered, unleſs by the unfortunate Britiſh Officers; who are hereby, in a manner, declared and enacted to be incapable of doing the duty of Captains, Majors, *&c.*

Some other reaſon, therefore, muſt be ſought for; and, perhaps, it is but too eaſily found.

May it not be *periculum faciamus in anima vili?* If this goes down, it ſhall be followed; ſome foreign Prince, of allowed merit, ſhall make the firſt application to the Crown, and to the Parliament, for the ſame favour which was ſhown to Meſſieurs Prevot, Bouquet, and Company. Can either of them, in common decency, refuſe it? Beſides that, perhaps a time may come, when Generals, and ſuperior Officers, may be as much wanted in England, as great Captains and Majors are now wanted in America.

Great evils have always ſuch trifling beginnings, to ſmooth the way for them inſenſibly; as Cardinal de Retz moſt juſtly obſerves, when he ſays, that he is perſuaded, that the Romans were carried on by ſuch ſhades and gradations of miſchief and extravagancy, as not to have been much ſurpriſed or alarmed, when Caligula declared his intention of making his horſe Conſul. So that, by the natural progreſſion of precedents, the next generation may probably ſee, and even without ſurpriſe or abhorrence, Foreigners commanding your troops, and voting the ſupplies for them in both Houſes of Parliament.

As to the pretended utility of theſe foreign Heroes, it is impoſſible to anſwer ſuch arguments ſeriouſly. What experience evinces the neceſſity? Cape Breton, the ſtrongeſt place in America, was very irregularly taken, in the laſt war, by our irregular American troops. Sir William Johnſon lately beat, and took moſt irregularly, the regular General Dieſkau, at the head of his regular forces: and General Braddock, who was moſt judiciouſly ſelected out of the

whole

whole British army, to be our *Scipio Americanus*, was very irregularly destroyed, by unseen, and to this day unknown enemies.

How will these foreign Heroes agree with the English Officers of the same corps, who are, in a manner, by act of Parliament, declared unfit for their business, till instructed in it by the great foreign masters of Homicide. Will they not even be more inclined to advise, than to obey their Colonel; to interpret, than to execute his orders? Will they co-operate properly with our American troops and Officers, whom they will certainly look upon, and treat, as an inexperienced and undisciplined rabble? Can it possibly be otherwise? or, can it be wondered at, when those Gentlemen know, that they are appointed Officers by one Act of Parliament, and at the expence of another, the most sacred of the statute-book?

O! but there is to be but one half of the Officers, of this thundering Legion, who are to be Foreigners: so much the worse: for then, according to the principle laid down, it can be but half disciplined. Besides, the less the object, to which a very great object is sacrificed, the more absurd, and the more suspicious such a sacrifice becomes. At first, this whole legion was to consist of all Foreigners, Field-officers and all; which, upon the principle of the absolute utility and necessity of foreign Officers, was much more rational; but, thus mitigated, as it is called, is a thousand times more absurd. And how does it stand now? Why truly, the sacred Act of Settlement is to be repealed, and in the tenderest part, for the

sake

ſake of ſome foreign Captains and Majors, who are to be commanded by Britiſh ſuperior Officers, who, by this act of Parliament, are ſuppoſed not to know their trade.

One has heard, (but one hears a thouſand falſe reports) that this abſurd ſcheme was, ſome time ago, quaſhed by his Majeſty's own prudence and goodneſs; and, from the rightneſs of the thing, I am inclined to believe that it is true: and I am ſure I will not ſuppoſe, that ever that might be among the reaſons for reſuming it in this ſhape, and forcing it down the throats of the reluctant Nation: but this is certain, that it was once dropped, and at ſome expence too. The foreign Heroes were contented with Money inſtead of Laurels, and were going away about their own buſineſs; but, perhaps, a condeſcenſion to the unanimous wiſhes of the whole *people of England, at leaſt*, was looked upon as a dangerous precedent, and the repeal of the Act of Settlement as an uſeful one. But however I will have candour enough to believe, that this was merely an abſurd, wrong-headed meaſure; for, if I did not, I muſt think it the wickedeſt that ever was puſhed.

AXIOMS IN TRADE.

TO ſell, upon the whole, more than you buy.

To buy your materials as cheap, and to ſell your manufactures as dear as you can.

To eaſe the manufacturers, as much as poſſible, of all taxes and burthens.

To lay ſmall or no duties upon your own manufactures exported, and to lay high duties upon all foreign manufactures imported.

To lay ſmall or no duties upon foreign materials, that are neceſſary for your own manufactures; but to lay very high duties upon, or rather totally prohibit, the exportation of ſuch of your own materials as are neceſſary for the manufactures of other countries; as Wool, Fuller's earth, *&c.*

To keep the intereſt of money low, that people may place their money in trade.

Not to imagine (as people commonly do) that it is either prudent or poſſible to prohibit the exportation of your gold and ſilver, whether coined or uncoined. For, if the balance of trade be againſt you, that is, if you buy more than you ſell, you muſt neceſſarily make up that difference in money; and your Bullion or your Coin, which are in effect the ſame thing, muſt and will be exported, in ſpight of all laws. But if you ſell more than you buy, then foreigners muſt do the ſame by you, and make up their deficiency in Bullion or Coin. Gold and ſilver are but merchandize, as well

as

as Cloth or Linen: and that nation that buys the leaſt, and ſells the moſt, muſt always have the moſt money.

A free trade is always carried on with more advantage to the public, than an excluſive one by a company. But the particular circumſtances of ſome trades may ſometimes require a joint ſtock and excluſive privileges.

All monopolies are deſtructive to trade.

To get, as much as poſſible, the advantages of manufacturing and freight.

To contrive to underſell other nations, in foreign markets.

To the KING's moſt Excellent MAJESTY.

The humble PETITION of PHILIP Earl of CHESTERFIELD, Knight of the moſt noble Order of the Garter,

SHEWETH,

THAT your Petitioner, being rendered, by deafneſs, as uſeleſs and inſignificant as moſt of his equals and cotemporaries are by nature, hopes, in common with them, to ſhare your Majeſty's Royal favour and bounty; whereby he may be enabled either to ſave or ſpend, as he ſhall think proper, more than he can do at preſent.

That your Petitioner, having had the honour of ſerving your Majeſty in ſeveral very lucrative employments, ſeems thereby intitled to a lucrative retreat from buſineſs, and to enjoy *otium cum dignitate*; that is, leiſure and a large penſion.

Your Petitioner humbly preſumes, that he has, at leaſt, a common claim to ſuch a penſion: he has a vote in the moſt auguſt aſſembly in the world; he has an eſtate that puts him above wanting it; but he has, at the ſame time (though he ſays it) an elevation of ſentiment, that makes him not only deſire, but (pardon, dread Sir, an expreſſion you are uſed to) *inſiſt* upon it.

That your Petitioner is little apt, and always unwilling, to ſpeak advantageouſly of himſelf; but as, after all, ſome juſtice is due to one's-ſelf, as well

as

as to others, he begs leave to represent, That his loyalty to your Majesty has always been unshaken, even in the worst of times; That, particularly, in the late unnatural rebellion, when the Pretender advanced as far as Derby, at the head of, at least, three thousand undisciplined men, the flower of the Scottish Nobility and Gentry, your Petitioner did not join him, as, unquestionably, he might have done, had he been so inclined; but, on the contrary, raised sixteen companies, of one hundred men each, at the public expence, in support of your Majesty's undoubted right to the Imperial Crown of these Realms; which distinguished proof of his loyalty is, to this hour, unrewarded.

Your Majesty's Petitioner is well aware, that your Civil List must necessarily be in a low and languid state, after the various, frequent, and profuse evacuations, which it has of late years undergone; but, at the same time, he presumes to hope, that this argument, which seems not to have been made use of against any other person whatsoever, shall not, in this single case, be urged against him; and the less so, as he has good reasons to believe, that the deficiencies of the Pension-fund are, by no means, the last that will be made good by Parliament.

Your Petitioner begs leave to observe, That a small pension is disgraceful and opprobrious, as it intimates a shameful necessity on one part, and a degrading sort of charity on the other: but that a great one implies dignity and affluence on one side; on the other, regard and esteem; which, doubtless,

your Majeſty muſt entertain in the higheſt degree, for thoſe great perſonages whoſe reſpectable names ſtand upon your Eleemoſynary liſt. Your Petitioner, therefore, humbly perſuades himſelf, upon this principle, that leſs than three thouſand pounds a year will not be propoſed to him: if made up gold the more agreeable; if for life, the more marketable.

Your Petitioner perſuades himſelf, that your Majeſty will not ſuſpect this his humble application to proceed from any mean, intereſted motive, of which he has always had the utmoſt abhorrence. No, Sir, he confeſſes his own weakneſs; Honour alone is his object; Honour is his paſſion; Honour is dearer to him than life. To Honour he has always ſacrificed all other conſiderations; and upon this generous principle, ſingly, he now ſolicits that honour, which, in the moſt ſhining times, diſtinguiſhed the greateſt men of Greece; who were fed at the expence of the public.

Upon this Honour, ſo ſacred to him as a Peer, ſo tender to him as a Man, he moſt ſolemnly aſſures your Majeſty, that, in caſe you ſhall be pleaſed to grant him this his humble requeſt, he will gratefully and honourably ſupport, and promote with zeal and vigour, the worſt meaſure that the worſt Miniſter can ever ſuggeſt to your Majeſty: but, on the other hand, ſhould he be ſingled out, marked, and branded by a refuſal, he thinks himſelf obliged in Honour to declare, that he will, to the utmoſt of his power, oppoſe the beſt and wiſeſt meaſures, that your Majeſty yourſelf can ever dictate.

And your Majeſty's Petitioner ſhall ever pray.

A FRAGMENT.

A Chapter of the Garter is to be held at St. James's next Friday; in which Prince Edward, the Prince of Orange, the Earls of Lincoln, Winchelsea, and Cardigan, are to be elected Knights Companions of the Order of the Garter. Though solely nominated by the Crown, they are said to be elected; because there is a pretended election. All the Knights are summoned to attend the Sovereign at a Chapter, to be held on such a day, in order to elect so many new Knights into the vacant Stalls of the deceased ones; accordingly they meet in the Council Chamber, where they all sit down according to their seniority, at a long table, where the Sovereign presides. There every Knight pretends to write a list of those for whom he intends to vote; and, in effect, writes down nine names, such as he thinks proper, taking care, however, to insert the names of those who are really to be elected; then the Bishop of Salisbury, who is always the Chancellor of the Order, goes round the table, and takes the paper of each Knight, pretends to look into them, and then declares the majority of votes to be for those persons who were nominated by the Crown. Upon this declaration, two of the old Knights go into the outward room, where the new ones are attending, and introduce them, one after another, according to

their

their ranks. The new Knight kneels down before the King, who puts the riband about his neck; then he turns to the Prince of Wales, or, in his absence, to the oldest Knight, who puts the Garter about his leg. This is the ceremony of the Chapter: that of the Installation, which is always performed in St. George's Chapel at Windsor, compleats the whole thing; for till then the new Knights cannot wear the Star, unless by a particular dispensation from the Sovereign, which is very seldom granted. All ceremonies are in themselves very silly things; but yet, a man of the world should know them. They are the outworks of Manners and Decency, which would be too often broken in upon, if it were not for that defence, which keeps the enemy at a proper distance. It is for that reason that I always treat fools and coxcombs with great ceremony; true good-breeding not being a sufficient barrier against them. The knowledge of the world teaches one to deal with different people differently, and according as characters and situations require. The *versatile ingenium* is a most essential point; and a man must be broke to it while he is young. Have it always in your thoughts, as I have you in mine. Adieu.

P. S. This moment I receive your letter of the 15th N. S. with which I am very well pleased: it informs me, and, what I like still better, it shows me that you are informed.

A FRAGMENT.

YOUR riding, fencing, and dancing, constantly, at the Academy, will, I hope, lengthen you out a little; therefore, pray take a great deal of those exercises: for I would very fain have you be, at least, five feet eight inches high, as Mr. Harte once wrote me word that he hoped you would. Mr. Pelham likewise told me, that you speak German and French as fluently and correctly as a Saxon or a Parisian. I am very glad of both: take care not to forget the former; there is no danger of your forgetting the latter. As I both thank and applaud you for having, hitherto, employed yourself so well abroad, I must again repeat to you, that the manner in which you shall now employ it, at Paris, will be finally decisive of your fortune, figure, and character in the world, and consequently of my esteem and kindness. Eight or nine months determine the whole; which whole is very near compleat. It consists in this only: to retain and increase the learning you have already acquired; to add to it the still more useful knowledge of the World; and to adorn both, with the Manners, the Address, the Air, and the Graces of a Man of Fashion. Without the last, I will say of your youth and your knowledge, what Horace says to Venus;

Parum comis sine te Juventas,
Mercuriusque.

The

The two great fubjects of converfation now at Paris are, the difpute between the Crown and the Clergy, and between the Crown and the States of Brittany: inform yourfelf thoroughly of both; which will let you into the moft material parts of the French hiftory and conftitution. There are four letters printed, and very well written, againft the pretended rights and *immunities* of the Clergy; to which there is an Anfwer, very well written too, in defence of thofe *immunities*. Read them both with attention; and alfo all reprefentations, memorials, and whatever fhall appear, for or againft the claims of the States of Brittany. I dare fay, that ninety-nine in a hundred, of the Englifh at Paris, do not give themfelves the trouble of enquiring into thofe difputes; but content themfelves with faying, that there is a confounded buftle and rout between the King and the Priefts, and between the King and the States of Brittany; but that, for their parts, they do not trouble their heads about them; fight Dog, fight Bear: but, with fubmiffion to them, thefe are objects worthy the attention and inquiries of a man of fenfe and bufinefs.

Adieu, my dear child! Yours tenderly.

We have been favoured with the following letters, written by the late EARL of CHESTERFIELD to different perſons.

LETTRE de recommandation, en faveur de Madame Cleland, adreſſée à Madame de Tencin.

Londres, ce 20 Aouſt, V. S.

COMBATTU par des mouvemens bien différents, j'ai long tems ballancé, avant que d'oſer me déterminer, à vous envoïer cette lettre. Je ſentois toute l'indiſcrétion d'une telle démarche, et à quel point c'étoit abuſer de la bonté que vous avez eu pour moi, pendant mon ſéjour à Paris, que de vous la redemander pour un autre: mais ſollicité vivement par une Dame que ſon mérite met à l'abri des refus, et porté, d'ailleurs, à profiter du moindre prétexte pour rappeller un ſouvenir qui m'eſt ſi précieux, que le vôtre; le penchant (comme il arrive preſque toujours) a triomphé de la diſcrétion; et je ſatisfais en même tems à mes propres inclinations et aux inſtances de Madame Cleland, qui aura l'honneur de vous rendre cette lettre.

Je ſçais par expérience, Madame (car j'en ſuis moi-même un exemple) que ce n'eſt pas la première affaire de la ſorte, à laquelle vôtre réputation, qui ne ſe renferme point dans les bornes de la France, vous a expoſée: mais je me flatte, auſſi, que vous ne la trouverez pas la plus déſagréable. Un mérite ſupé-

rieur, un esprit juste, délicat, orné par la lecture de tout ce qu'il y a de bon dans toutes les langues, et un grand usage du monde, qui ont acquis à Madame Cleland l'estime et la considération de tout ce qu'il y a d'honnêtes gens icy, me rassurent sur la liberté, que je prends, de vous la recommander; et me persuadent même que vous ne m'en sçaurez pas mauvais gré.

Si vous me demandez, par hasard, pourquoi elle m'a choisi pour son introducteur chez vous, et pourquoi elle a crû, que je m'étois acquis ce droit là; je vous dirai naturellement, que c'est moi, qui en suis cause. En cela j'ai suivi l'exemple de la plupart des voïageurs, qui, à leur retour, se font valoir chez eux, par leurs prétendues liaisons avec ce qu'il y a de plus distingué, chez les autres. Les Rois, les Princes et les Ministres les ont toujours comblé de leurs grâces. Et moïennant ce faux étalage d'honneurs qu'ils n'ont point reçû, ils acquièrrent une considération qu'ils ne méritent point.

J'ai vanté vos bontés pour moi; je les ai exagérées même, s'il étoit possible; et enfin, pour ne vous rien cacher, ma vanité a poussé l'effronterie au point même de me donner pour vôtre ami favori, et enfant de la maison. Quand Madame Cleland m'a pris au mot, et m'a dit; "Je vais bientot en France; je n'y "ambitionne rien tant, que l'honneur de connoitre "Madame de Tencin; vous qui êtes si bien là, il ne "vous coutera rien de me donner une lettre pour "elle."

Le cas étoit embarassant: car, après ce que j'avois

 dit,

dit, un refus auroit été trop choquant à Madame Cleland, et l'aveu, que je n'étois pas en droit de le faire, trop humiliant pour mon amour propre. Si bien que je me suis trouvé réduit à risquer le pacquet, et je crois même que je l'aurois fait, si je n'avois pas eu l'honneur de vous connoitre du tout, plûtot que de me donner le démenti sur un article si sensible.

Aïant donc franchi le pas; je voudrois bien en profiter, pour vous exprimer les sentimens de reconnoissance que j'ai, et que j'aurai toujours des bontés que vous m'avez temoigné à Paris; je voudrois aussi vous exprimer tout ce que je pense des qualités qui distinguent votre cœur et votre esprit, de tous les autres: mais cela me méneroit également au delà des bornes d'une lettre, et au dessus de mes forces.

Je souhaitterois que Monsieur de Fontenelle voulut bien s'en charger pour moi. Sur cet article, je puis dire, sans vanité, que nous pensons de même; avec cette différence, qu'il vous le diroit avec cet esprit, cette délicatesse, et cette élégance, qui lui sont propres et seules convenables au sujêt.

Permettez donc, Madame, que destitué de tous ces avantages de l'esprit, je vous assure simplement des sentimens de mon cœur, de l'estime, de la vénération, et de l'attachement respectueux, avec lequel je serai toute ma vie, Madame,

Vôtre, *&c.*

Je crois que vous me pardonnerez bien, si je vous supplie de faire mes complimens à Monsieur de Fontenelle.

TRANSLATION.

TRANSLATION.

LETTER of Recommendation, in favour of Mrs. Cleland, to Madame de Tencin.

London, Auguſt the 20th, O. S.

AGITATED by various thoughts, I have long been in ſuſpence, before I durſt reſolve to ſend this letter. I felt all the indiſcretion of ſuch a ſtep, and how much it would be treſpaſſing upon the goodneſs I had experienced from you during my ſtay at Paris, to require the ſame for another. A Lady, whoſe merit ſecures her from a refuſal, has entreated me in the moſt preſſing manner, and my own inclinations have concurred, to make uſe of the firſt opportunity, to recall a remembrance which will always give me pleaſure; ſo that, inclination having (as it generally happens) overpowered diſcretion, my own wiſhes, and Mrs. Cleland's deſires, will both be gratified, by her having the honour of preſenting this letter to you.

I know, Madam, by experience, and am myſelf a proof, that this is not the firſt affair of that kind, which your reputation, not confined within the limits of France, has brought upon you; but I flatter myſelf that you will not look upon this as the moſt diſagreeable. Superior merit, exquiſite and refined ſenſe, adorned by the knowledge of the beſt authors in every language, and a thorough uſage of the world, have acquired Mrs. Cleland the eſteem and

consideration of all people of most merit here. These motives encourage me to take the liberty of recommending her to you, and even persuade me that you will not be offended at it.

If, by chance, you should ask why this Lady has made choice of me to be her introductor towards you, and how she came to believe that I had any such right; I will candidly own, that I myself have been the cause of it; and, in this respect, I have followed the example of most travellers; who, at their return to their own country, endeavour to raise their reputation, by boasting of imaginary connections with the most distinguished people abroad. Kings, Princes, and Ministers, have always loaded them with favours: in consequence of those boasted honours, which they never received, they often acquire a degree of consideration which they do not deserve.

I have boasted of your goodness to me; I have even, if possible, exaggerated it; and, in short (not to conceal any thing from you) Vanity has even drove me to declare that I was your favourite friend, and domesticated in your house. Mrs. Cleland immediately seized this opportunity, to say; "I am "going to France soon; I wish for nothing so much, "as to have the honour of knowing Madame de "Tencin: since you are so much connected, you "can easily give me a letter for her."

This was an intricate affair; for after what I had said, Mrs. Cleland might have been shocked by a refusal, and my self-love would have been too cruelly hurt, if I had owned that I had no right to do any

such

ſuch thing. So that I find myſelf under a neceſſity of running all hazards; and I really believe, that even if I had not been known to you at all, I ſhould ſtill have done it, rather than have confeſſed ſo mortifying a thing.

As the firſt ſtep is now taken; I wiſh to make the beſt uſe of it, by expreſſing to you the ſentiments of gratitude which I have, and ever ſhall retain, for your goodneſs to me, during my ſtay at Paris. I wiſh it were in my power to tell you alſo, what I think of thoſe perfections, which diſtinguiſh your heart and your mind ſo eminently from all others; but this would carry me beyond the bounds of a letter, and is, indeed, more than I know how to expreſs. Mr. de Fontenelle might undertake this for me; for, to ſay the truth, I know that our opinions upon that ſubject coincide; with this difference only, that he would expreſs thoſe ſentiments with all that energy, delicacy, and elegancy, ſo peculiar to him, and ſo very proper for the ſubject.

Permit me then, Madam, though deſtitute of all thoſe advantages of mind, to aſſure you ſimply of the ſentiments of my heart; and of the eſteem, veneration, and reſpectful attachment with which I ſhall always remain Yours, *&c.*

P. S. I am perſuaded that you will forgive my troubling you to make my compliments to Mr. de Fontenelle.

LETTER.

L E T T E R.

Londres, ce 1 Janvier, V. S.

MADAME,

JE ne ſuis pas diſeur de bonne avanture, ains au contraire; car je vous annonce que ces quatre billets, que j'ai choiſi avec tant d'attention, et que j'eſtimois, l'un portant l'autre, à vingt mille piéces au moins, ſe ſont aviſés d'être tous blancs.

Je ne me conſole de vôtre malheur que par les belles réflexions qu'il me fait faire, et par la morale utile que j'en tire, pour le reſte de mes jours.—Oui! Je vois bien, à preſent, que toute la prudence humaine, les meſures les plus ſages, et les projêts les mieux concertés ſont frivoles, ſi la fortune, cette Divinité inconſtante, biſarre et *feminine*, n'eſt pas d'humeur à les favoriſer. Car que pouvoit-on faire de plus que je n'ai fait, et qu'en pouvoit-il arriver de moins?

Se donnera-t'on, apres cela, du mouvement, formera-t'on des plans, et s'inquiétera-t'on, pour les choſes de ce monde? J'oſe dire, que ſi ces reflexions, auſſi judicieuſes que nouvelles, font la même impreſſion ſur vôtre eſprit qu'elles ont fait ſur le mien, elles vous vaudront plus, que tout ce que vous auriez pû gagner dans la lotterie.

Vous êtes bien querelleuſe, Madame; juſqu'à m'accorder un talent, que je n'ai pas, pour pouvoir, après, me reprocher de ne le pas emploïer avec vous; et je m'épuiſe, dites vous, en *bon ton*, avec Madame de

de Monconseil. Quelle accusation injuste, et denuée de toute vraisemblance! Un Milord Anglois avec le bon ton! Ce sont deux choses absolument contradictoires; ou pour m'expliquer plus clairement, et simplifier mon idée; ce sont deux Etres hétérogenes, dont l'existence de l'un implique, nécéssairement, la privation de l'autre.

Me voici donc justifié dans toutes les formes de la logique; et si vous n'en êtes pas contente, Madame de Monconseil, qui a en main mes pieces justificatives, pourra vous en convaincre. Au reste; si j'en possédois tant soit peu, ce nouvel an me fourniroit une belle occasion de l'étaler. Et quoique depuis plus de cinq mille ans, toute la terre ait traité ce sujet; je vous dirois quelque chose de nouveau, de galant, et d'obscur, dont on ne s'est jamais avisé auparavant: vôtre mérite, et les sentimens de mon cœur, y seroient alembiquées, jusqu'à la plus fine quintessence.

TRANSLATION.

London, January the 1st, O. S.

MADAM,

I HAVE no skill in fortune-telling: for I must acquaint you, that the four lottery tickets I had chosen with so much care, and valued one with another at the rate of (at least) twenty thousand pounds, are all come out blanks.

My only consolation in this misfortune is, the fine reflections which it occasions, and the most useful Moral drawn from it, for the rest of my days. Now,

I plainly ſee that all human prudence, the wiſeſt projects, and the beſt-concerted ſchemes, are vain and frivolous; if Fortune, that capricious, inconſtant, and *feminine* Deity, is not diſpoſed to favour them: for what more could have been done than I did, and what leſs could have happened?

After ſuch a reverſe; ſhall we ever take pains, form projects, or be uneaſy concerning worldly events? I will venture to ſay, that if ſuch reflections, equally judicious as new, make the ſame impreſſion upon your mind, that they do upon mine, they will be more valuable, than all you could have won in the Lottery.

Surely, Madam, you muſt have a great inclination to quarrel, ſince you allow me to be in poſſeſſion of a talent which I really have not; in order to reproach me with not availing myſelf of it towards you, while, ſay you, "I exhauſt that talent of ſaying agreeable "things in favour of Madame de Monconſeil." What an unjuſt accuſation, and how void of all probability! An Engliſh Lord, and ſay things in faſhionable French phraſes! This is quite contradictory; or to explain myſelf more clearly, and to ſimplify my idea, I muſt anſwer, that they are two heterogeneous Beings; the exiſtence of the one neceſſarily implying the non-exiſtence of the other.

Now I think my juſtification complete, according to all the rules of logic; but if that does not ſuffice, Madame de Monconſeil has it in her power to convince you, by producing my letters.

Was I poſſeſſed of the talent you ſuppoſe, the

New-

New-year would be a proper occaſion to diſplay it on; and, although that ſubject has been treated by the whole world for above five thouſand years, yet I ſhould then ſay ſomething new, gallant, and unintelligible, which never before was thought of. Your merit, and the ſentiments of my heart, would then be diſtilled to the moſt refined quinteſſence.

L E T T E R.

A Londres, ce 9me Fevrier, O. S.

ADIEU donc toute coquetterie, de part et d'autre, et vive la vraie et ſolide amitié! Heureux ceux qui peuvent s'y attendre: c'eſt le gros lot, dans la lotterie du monde, contre lequel il y a des millions de billets blancs.

S'il pouvoit y avoir quelque choſe de flatteur dans mon amitié; je dirois, que nous pourrions nous flatter que la nôtre ſeroit également vraie et durable; puiſqu'elle eſt à l'abri de tous ces petits incidens, qui brouillent la plûpart des autres. D'abord, nous ſommes de différent ſexe, article aſſèz important; et qui nous garantit de ces défiances et de ces rivalités, ſur les objêts les plus ſenſibles, et contre leſquels la plus belle amitié du monde ne tient point. En ſecond lieu; il n'entre point d'amour dans nôtre fait; qui, quoique, à la verité, il donne un grand feu à l'amitié, pendant un certain tems, la flamme de l'un venant à s'éteindre, on

voit

voit bientôt les cendres de l'autre. Et enfin (ce qui me regarde uniquement) nous ne nous voïons pas trop. Vous ne me connoissez que par mon bon côté; et vous ne voïez pas ces moments de langueur, d'humeur, et de chagrin, qui causent, si souvent, le dégout ou le repentir des liaisons, qu'on a formé, et qui font, qu'on se dit à soi-même; L'auroit-on crû? Qui l'auroit dit? Comme on peut se tromper aux dehors? Et la perspective, dans laquelle vous me voïez, m'est si favorable, qu'elle me console un peu *della lontananza*, ou je suis obligé de vous chercher.

Une caillette, a beaux sentimens, critiqueroit impitoïablement ceux-ci comme tres *indélicats*; mais en sont-ils moins naturels pour cela? Et ne sommes nous pas, pour la plûpart, redevables de nos vertus à des situations et des circonstances un peu fortuites? Au moins j'ai assez d'humilité pour le croire; et (si je voulois dire toute la verité) assez d'expérience, de moi-même, pour le sçavoir. En tous cas; tel que je suis, je vous suis acquis, et vous voïez que je suis de trop bonne foi pour vous surfaire dans le prix de l'acquisition, que vous avez faite.

Vous avez beau faire les honneurs de vôtre païs, et désavouer vôtre propriété exclusive des Graces; il faut convenir, pourtant, que la France est leur séjour, ou plûtot leur païs natal. Si elles pouvoient se fâcher contre vous, dont il y a peu d'apparence; elles seroient piquées, au point de vous

quitter, de ce que vous les envoïez promener dans un païs, ou elles ne connoissent, ni ne sont connues de personne: et si par hasard je les connoissois, ce ne seroit que pour les avoir vûes si souvent, chez vous.

Il est bien sur que les Graces sont un don de la nature, qu'on ne peut pas acquérir; l'art en peut relever l'éclat, mais il faut que la nature ait donné le fond. On voit cela en tout. Combien de gens ne dansent-ils pas parfaitement bien, mais sans grace; comme il y en a qui dansent très mal avec beaucoup: combien trouve-t'-on d'esprits vigoureux et délicats, qui instruits et ornés par tout ce que l'art et l'étude peuvent faire, ne plaisent pourtant guére, faute de ces graces naturelles, qui ne s'acquiérent point: chaque païs a ses talens, aussi bien que ses fruits et ses denrées particulieres. Nous pensons *creux*, et nous aprofondissons; les Italiens pensent *haut*, et se perdent dans les nües: vous tenez le milieu; on vous voit, on vous suit, on vous aime.

Servez vous, Madame, de tout ce que cet esprit et ces graces, que je vous connois, peuvent faire en ma faveur, et dites, je vous en supplie, tout ce qu'elles vous suggéreront, à Monsieur de Matignon, de ma part. Mon cœur ne vous désavouera pas sur tout ce que vous pourrez lui dire de plus fort, à propos du mariage de Mademoiselle sa fille: mais ne vous bornez pas à ce seul article, car il n'y en a pas un, au monde, qui peut le regarder, auquel je ne prendrois pas également part. Ce seroit abuser de sa bonté

que

que de lui écrire moi-même: une messagére comme vous me fera bien plus d'honneur, et à lui plus de plaisir.

Adieu, Madame. Je rougis de la longueur de ma lettre.

TRANSLATION.

London, Febrrary the 9th, O. S.

ADIEU then to all coquetry, on both sides, and prosperity to real and solid friendship! In this lottery of the world, happy are those who can obtain that greatest prize, to which there are millions of blanks. If any thing could be pleasing in my friendship, I would urge that we have reason to flatter ourselves, that with us, friendship may be equally true and permanent, since ours will be unattended by all those little incidents, which are the bane of others. We are of different sexes; an important article, and such a one as prevents those suspicions, and sentiments of rivalship, which the finest friendships that ever were formed cannot withstand. Secondly, we are free from love, which, though it may, during a time, add warmth to friendship; yet, when the flames of the one begin to extinguish, you soon perceive the ashes of the other. And lastly (but this relates only to myself) we do not see one another too frequently. You view me in the best light, and do not perceive those moments of languor, caprice, or ill-humour, which are so generally the occasion of dislike, cause us

to repent of the connections we have formed, and are the motives that occasion our saying, Who would have thought it? Who could have imagined it? How one may be deceived by outward appearances! The distant point from which you view me, is so very favourable, that it affords me some consolation for being under the necessity of remaining so far from you.

A trifling woman, with pretensions to refined sentiments, would criticise these unmercifully, as very indelicate; but are they the less natural? And are not most of us beholden for our virtue to particular circumstances, or to accidental causes? As for me, I have humility to own, and (were I to tell the whole truth) self-experience to confirm it. At all events, such as I am, you may dispose of me; and you see I am too ingenuous to deceive you, by enhancing the merits of the person who is intirely yours.

It is in vain you strive to do the honours of your country, by disavowing your exclusive right to the Graces; for it must be confessed that France is their abode, or rather their native country. It is highly improbable that they can be angry with you; but were that possible, they would be provoked to leave you, as a punishment for sending them a rambling, into a country where they neither know, nor are known by any mortal. If, by chance, I had any knowledge of those Goddesses, it could only be from having seen them so frequently with you. It is true that the Graces cannot be acquired; art may add to their lustre, but nature must have given them. It is

 the

the ſame in every thing. How many people are there who dance exceedingly well, but ungracefully; and what numbers who dance very ill, and yet gracefully! Do we not ſee frequently, people with great and good ſenſe; who, though inſtructed and adorned by knowledge and ſtudy, yet never can pleaſe, for want of thoſe natural Graces, not to be acquired?

Every country has talents peculiar to it, as well as fruits, or other natural productions. We here think deeply, and fathom to the very bottom. Italian thoughts are ſublime, to a degree beyond all comprehenſion. You keep the middle path, and are conſequently ſeen, followed, and beloved.

I beg of you, Madam, make uſe of all that ſenſe, and thoſe Graces, which I know you to be poſſeſſed of, in my favour, by telling Mr. de Matignon, whatever they may inſpire you, from me. The moſt friendly things you can ſay to him upon the marriage of his daughter, will beſt explain the ſentiments of my heart. But do not confine yourſelf to that circumſtance alone, for there is no event whatever that concerns him, in which I ſhould not take an equal ſhare. To write myſelf to Mr. de Matignon would be incroaching upon his goodneſs; ſuch a meſſenger as you, muſt be more honourable to me, and more pleaſing to him.

Adieu, Madam: I am aſhamed of the length of this letter.

These Lines are inserted, in order to introduce the following Letter with greater propriety.

To the EARL of CHESTERFIELD,
August the 7th, 1763.

REclin'd beneath thy shade, Blackheath!
From politics and strife apart,
His temples twin'd with laurel-wreath;
And virtues smiling at his heart:

Will CHESTERFIELD the Muse allow
To break upon his still retreat?
To view, if health still smooths his brow,
And prints his grove with willing feet?

'Twas this awak'd the present theme,
And bade it reach thy distant ear,
Where, if no rays of genius beam,
Sincerity at least is there.

May pale disease fly far aloof
O'er venal domes its flag display,
And health beneath thy peaceful roof,
Add lustre to thine evening ray.

If this my fervent wiſh be crown'd,
   I'll dreſs with flow'rs Hygeia's ſhrine;
Nor thou with wiſdom's chaplet bound,
   At any abſent gift repine.

What tho' thou doſt not grace a throne,
   While ſubjects bend the ſupple knee;
No other King the Muſes own,
   And ſcience lifts her eye to thee.

Tho' deafneſs, by a doom ſevere,
   Steals from thy ear the murm'ring rill,
And Philomel's delightful air;
   Ev'n deem not this a partial ill.

Ah! if anew thine ear was ſtrung,
   Awake to ev'ry voice around,
Thy praiſes by the many ſung,
   Would ſtun thee with the choral ſound.

EDWARD JERNINGHAM.

LETTER

To Edward Jerningham, Esquire.

Blackheath, August the 12th, 1763.

SIR,

I Do not know whether I can, with decency, acknowledge the favour of your poetical letter of the 7th. But Men, as well as Women, are very apt to break through decency, when desire is very strong, as mine I assure you is, to thank you for it. Could I give you as good as you bring, my thanks should be conveyed to you in rhyme and metre: but the Muses, who never were very propitious to me when I was young, would now laugh at, and be as deaf as I am to the invocation of a *septuagenary* invalid. Accept then my humblest thanks, in humble prose, for your very good verses, upon a very indifferent subject; which, should you be reproached with, you may very justly make the same answer that your predecessor, Waller, did to King Charles, after the Restoration: the King accused him of having made finer verses in praise of Oliver Cromwell, than of himself; to which he agreed, saying, that Fiction was the soul of Poetry. Am I not generous to help you out of this scrape at my own expence? I am sensible, that before I end this letter, I ought to show some common-place modesty at least; and protest to you that I am ashamed, confounded, and in a manner annihilated, by the praises you most unde-

servedly bestow upon me; but I will not, because if I did I should lie confoundedly; for every human creature has vanity, and perhaps I have full as much as another. The only difference is, that some people disown any, and others avow it; whereas I have truth and impudence enough to say, *tu m'aduli ma tu mi piaci.*

What am I to suppose that you are now doing in Norfolk?

Scribere quod Cassi Parmensis opuscula vincat,
An tacitum sylvas inter reptare salubres?

If you stray among the hills, vales, and purling streams, it is to make your court to the Muses, who have long had such an affection for you, that (I will answer for it) they will meet you wherever you please to appoint them. If to those nine ideal Ladies you add a tenth, of real good country flesh and blood, I cannot help it: but God forbid that I should advise it. In all events, I believe you would be equal to the ten.

I am, with equal truth and esteem,

SIR,

Your most faithful, humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

P. S. I desire my respects to Lady Jerningham. But not one word of the tenth Muse.

LETTER

To Doctor Monsey.

Bath, December the 23d, 1767.

DEAR DOCTOR,

YOUR friend and my Governor, Mr. W——, told me that he had received a letter from you, with your kind inquiries after my health; but at the same time said, that I might e'en answer it myself; for how the devil should he know how I did, so well as I myself did? I thought there was reason in what he said; so take the account of myself from myself, as follows. When I first came here, which was just six weeks ago, I was very weak of my legs, and am so still. A fortnight ago I had a little return of my fever, which Doctor Moisy called only a *Febricula*; for which he prescribed phlebotomy, and, of course, the saline draughts. The phlebotomy did me good, and the saline draughts did me no harm; which is all I ask of any medicine, or any *medicus*. My general state of health has, ever since that, been as good as, at my age, I can hope for; that is, I have a good appetite, a good digestion, and good sleep. You will, perhaps, ask me what more I would have? I answer, that I would have a great deal more, if I could; I would have the free use of my legs, and of all my *members*. But that, I know, is past praying for. Perhaps you may be in the same case. Whom have you quarrelled with, or whom have you been reconciled

to lately? The house of G——, or the house of M——? And where are you now; in Norfolk or Monmouthshire? Wherever you are, I hope you are *vastly* well; for I am, very sincerely,

Your most faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER

TO DOCTOR MONSEY.

PRAY, dear Doctor, why must I not write to you? Do you gentlemen of the faculty pretend to monopolize writing in your prescriptions or proscriptions? I will write, and thank you for your kind letters; and my writing shall do no hurt to any person living or dying: let the Faculty say as much of theirs, if they can. I am very sorry to find that you have not been *vastly* well of late; but it is *vastly* to the honour of your skill to have encountered and subdued almost all the ills of Pandora's Box. As you are now got to the bottom of it, I trust that you have found Hope; which is what we all live upon, much more than upon Enjoyment; and without which we should be, from our boasted Reason, the most miserable animals of the Creation. I do not think that a Physician should be admitted into the College, till he could bring proofs of his having cured, in his own person, at least four *incurable* distempers. In the old days of laudable and rational Chivalry, a Knight could not even pre-

ſent himſelf to the ad ɔble eject of his affections, till he had been unhorſed, knocked down, and ha! two or three ſpears or lances in his body; but, indeed, he muſt be conqueror at laſt, as you have been. I do not know your Goddeſs Venus or *Vana*, nor ever heard of her; but if ſhe is really a Goddeſs, I muſt know her as ſoon as ever I ſee her walk into the rooms; for *vera inceſſu patuit Dea.* It is for her ſake, I preſume, that you now make yourſelf a year younger than you are; for laſt year you and I were exactly of an age, and now I am turned of ſeventy-three. As to my body natural, it is as you ſaw it laſt; it labours under no particular diſtemper but one, which may very properly be called Chronical, for it is *Χρονος* itſelf, that daily ſteals away ſome part of me. But I bear with philoſophy theſe gradual depredations upon myſelf; and well know, that *levius fit patientiâ quicquid corrigere eſt nefas.* And ſo good night, dear Doctor.

Bath, November 26th, 1766.

LETTER

From the Earl of Chesterfield to Sir Thomas Robinson, of Chelſea.

SIR, Bath, November 17th, 1757.

YOUR letters always give me pleaſure and information; but your laſt gave me ſomething more, for it ſhowed me that you was recovered from that

that illness, which the fears [illegible] und of forty infirma-
[illegible] magnified into a dangerous [illegible] Thriller found of your being sent, to Hampstead [illegible] women. This sounded very like Kensington Grav[illegible] ldressing my sure I need not tell you the part I [illegible] vity in my recovery.

As to General ———'s affairs, my op[illegible] [illegible]oral re[illegible]ts of fixed; and I am very sure, that nothing will a[illegible] upon this examination to make me alter it. The[illegible] is a mystery in it; and wherever there is a mystery, I have done; I respect, but never reason. The Ode upon that expedition is written by a master, whoever it is: the author of the verses upon the scull, is certainly a Poet, though he has spun out his matter too fine; half the length would have been much better. I cannot imagine why the Grub upon the Comet was laid at my door: but people have long thrown out their wit and humour under my name, by way of trial; if it takes, the true father owns his child; if it does not, the foundling is mine.

I take it for granted, that the King of Prussia's victory engrosses the thoughts of all your great politicians in town, and gives you what you call great spirits: he has shown his abilities in it; which I never doubted of; but then — nothing, only that there are now seven or eight thousand of the human species less than there were a month ago. France will send double that number immediately, and the match will be as unequal as it was before; since all Europe is still combined against him; I will not say, *and us*, because I think it would be impudent *for us*, now,

to

waters always do r
mporary; but they do by no
me. I grow deafer and deafer, consequ
er and duller; and therefore, for your sake
I put an end to this dull letter; and assure you,
h all the truth of a man who has no invention,
at I am,

Your most faithful, humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER

From Lord CHESTERFIELD to Sir T. ROBINSON.

SIR, Bath, December 3d, 1765.

I Always thought myself much obliged to you for your letters from Yorkshire, while you were in the hurry both of business and pleasure; your land-steward, your tenants, and your agreeable country neighbours, employing your whole day in pleasure and profit: but I think myself still more obliged to you for your last letter, from your Monastic retreat in the midst of Ranelagh garden; the place in the world the best calculated for serious reflections upon the vanities of this world, and the hopes of a better. There you may enjoy a philosophical and religious solitude, uninterrupted; except, now and then, by

the

... induced; and, in a...
will take care to mix no l...
but confine myself to grave and m...
...ons. For instance; see the dire effe...
...ssion, or brandy, or both, in the case of Mr. —
whose usual tranquillity and immobility have been
transported to the most violent excesses, of assa...
and battery, even upon the wife of his body; whom,
really believe, he never assaulted with so much
spirit before; and if he gets the reputation of madness, he will rather be a gainer by it; for nobo...
ever thought it could have happened to him. We
have here a great many great folks, and a great
many fine folks: the former met in Council, to
consider how they should best serve their country
in the approaching session; that being their only
view: and the latter, I mean the Ladies, in the intention of serving themselves, or of being served
right enough by others. But all these are dispersed,
or dispersing, now; and, I believe, I shall follow
their example soon, and take myself away from
hence to London; where I am too material a part
of the busy, as well as of the gallant world, to be
longer absent. But, whatever I am, and wherever
I am, I am, very truly,

SIR,

Your very faithful, humble Servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

THE END.